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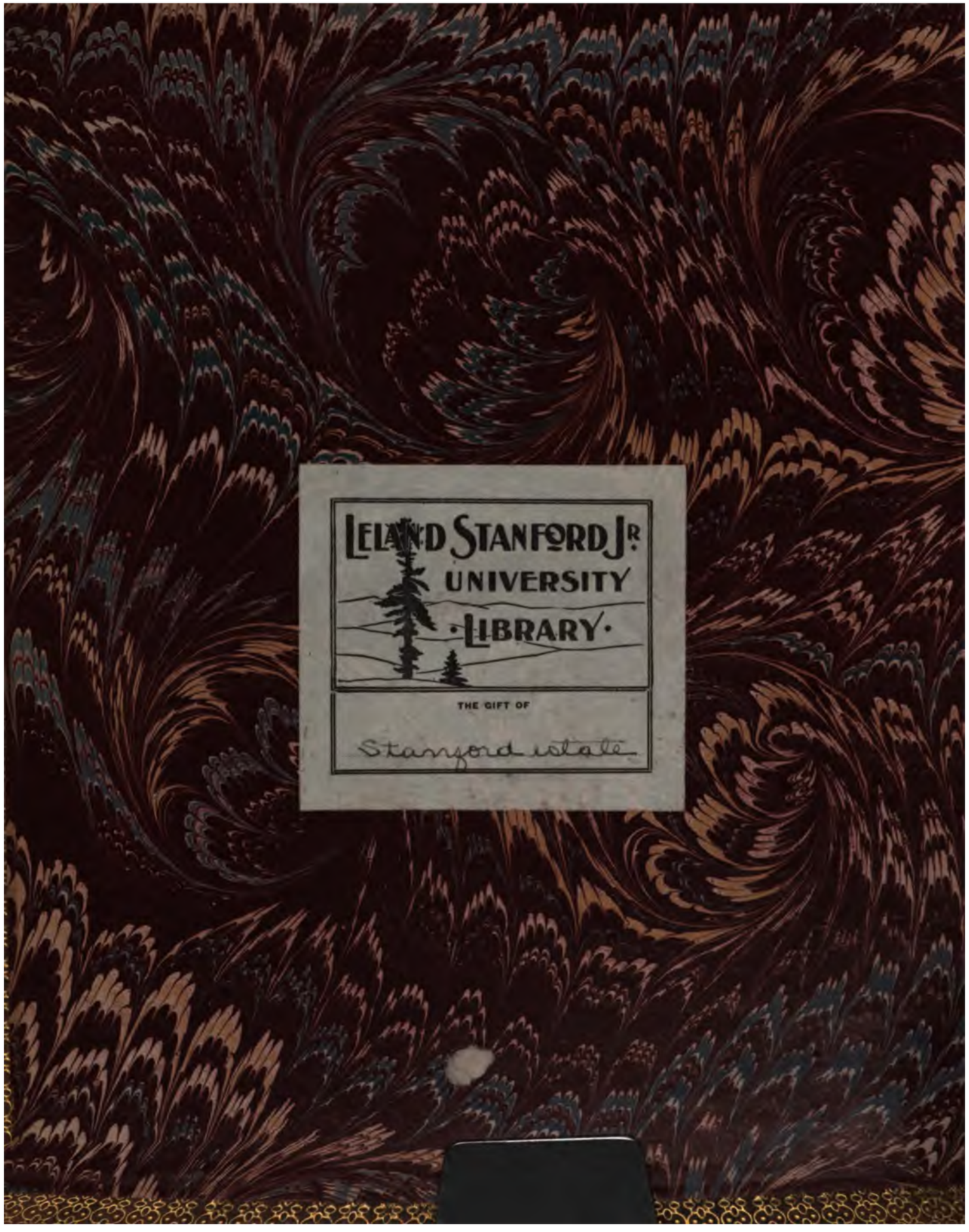
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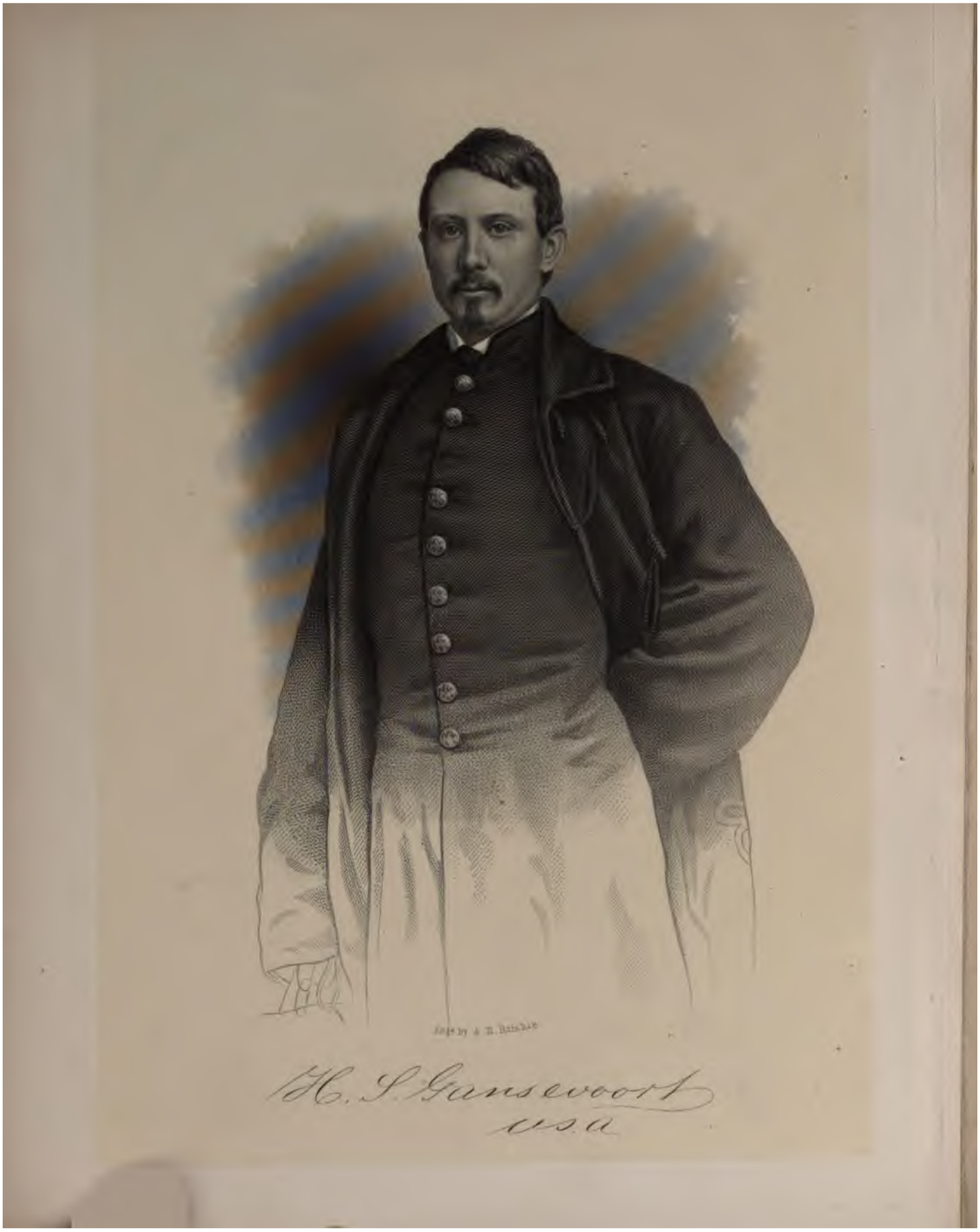

Engd by A. H. Ritchie

H. S. Ganseevoort
U.S.A.

MEMORIAL

OF

HENRY SANFORD GANSEVOORT,

CAPTAIN FIFTH ARTILLERY, AND LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BY BREVET,
U.S.A.; COLONEL THIRTEENTH NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEER CAVALRY, AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL
OF VOLUNTEERS BY BREVET.

EDITED BY

J. C. HOADLEY, A.M.

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"THERE are two kinds of biographies; and of each kind we have seen examples in our time. One is a golden chalice held up by some wise hand to gather the earthly memory ere it is spilt on the ground: the other is a millstone, hung by a partial yet ill-judging friend around the hero's neck, to fling him as deep as possible into oblivion.

"Let us hope that he who writes these pages may take for his model the faultless biographies we possess, and condense the volume within such limits as shall commend it not only to partial friends, but also to some other readers."

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INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION.

IN addition to the just and discriminating tributes to be found in this volume to the personal worth, high character, and distinguished services of Colonel Gansevoort, from the pens of those who knew him long and well, friends and companions in arms, it has been thought becoming to insert such selections from his letters, chiefly those addressed to his father, to his mother, and to his sister, as should most clearly trace the outlines of his military biography, and illustrate the development of his character. This grateful task, which has been intrusted to me, has been very much lightened by the discernment and care with which his sister had already made a series of selections and extracts from his letters to her, extending through four and a half eventful years, nearly half the period covered by this correspondence.

So graphic, so vigorous, and so fresh are these letters, so vividly do they recall the stirring scenes in which

their writer was an actor, that all, and many more which might be drawn from the same repository, would prove both interesting and instructive, and would furnish valuable materials for the history of that great struggle in which Colonel Gansevoort took a part so earnest and so devoted. But a sense of propriety and of just proportion forbids us to overshadow the deeds of the gallant soldier by even his own graphic and spirited descriptions, or his wise and sagacious reflections. His was a life of action, and of patriotic dedication to duty; and the record of such a life should set his acts clearly in the foreground, and relegate his words to their truly subordinate position. So far as they illustrate his career, or reveal his character, and only so far, are they admissible here.

To this labor of selection and arrangement, I can add but little; for, although I was happy in the acquaintance of Colonel Gansevoort during almost twenty years, nearly all I could have contributed has been so well and so fully said by those who knew him more intimately and for a longer period, that my individual tribute to his memory could have little worth. While he was at the Law School in Cambridge, I saw him often; and I can never forget the brilliancy, vivacity, and genial wit with which he enlivened some memorable evenings. But it was in Washington, during the sad days after the first battle of Bull Run, while he was trying to find a place

for active duty as a soldier, that I had revealed to me something of the height and depth of his nature, of his prophetic forecast of the impending struggle, of his unselfish patriotism, and of the clearness of his intellect which could look through all the sophisms of a political school, and see only his country, beyond all, above all, supreme over all, alone worth living for, worth dying for.

He had already been commissioned a second lieutenant of artillery in the regular army; but he had taken up the idea, that well-drilled cavalry, while most difficult to form, would be found of the greatest use in a war that seemed likely to spread over so wide an area; and he therefore desired to obtain a transfer to that branch of the service. His application to Mr. Cameron, then secretary of war, although backed by the Honorable John P. Hale and others of influence, position, and character, was unsuccessful; and he contentedly returned to duty with his battery, anxious above all things to be somewhere useful to his country.

Nothing could be finer or more instructive than to witness the process by which his clear, cultivated intellect, his unselfish patriotism and his unfaltering courage, wrought out, beneath the obstructions of unconscious party prejudice, a conviction of duty so strong and clear as to leave no lingering doubt. "State rights" were to him very sacred, but only so far as they *were* "rights."

State usurpation, arrogation by the States of superiority to the country, was to him as hateful and abhorrent as State rights were hallowed. He believed that if extreme and unjustifiable State pretensions endangered the Union, true State rights would insure its safety; that the Union would be triumphant, the country saved, the nation established on a sure foundation, because the States still faithful were powerful and free. It was because the people of New York, of Massachusetts, of Illinois, and of all the West, the North, and the East, were firmly organized into great and powerful States, that the Union, around whose standard these States rallied in accordance with the ardent yearnings of their people, must prove invincible and indestructible. His sympathies and his lifelong associations were all bound up with the Democratic party, and leaned strongly towards the South to the utmost verge of inviolable loyalty to his country, but were powerless to urge or lure him one step beyond.

With a fine sense of professional honor as a soldier, he abstained from criticising the civil acts of his government during the war;[1] and when measures were under consideration such as the emancipation proclamation and the enlistment of negroes, — measures which were by some regarded as necessary, by others as of necessity fatal to the success of his country's cause, —

[1] See pp. 181, 188, 271.

he refrained his prejudices, and held his judgment in abeyance; trusting that they on whom the responsibility of decision was laid would decide wisely, and fully satisfied with his own share of responsibility for the execution of the duties assigned him.

He dreaded above all things a patched-up, hollow peace,[1] which should leave every thing unsettled. He feared and distrusted the politicians, but he never lost his faith in the people, although bitterly conscious of their shortcomings when judged by his own high standard. He deplored the evidences of such a spirit as was shown in the riots in New York and elsewhere in the fall of 1863;[2] and, in spite of party ties which were an ineradicable part of his nature, he expressed in his letters profound satisfaction at the result of the general elections in 1864,[3] because he believed that a change of front would have had a disastrous effect upon the future of the Union arms.

His innate and inbred courtesy never forsook him; and he won the respect of his foes in arms not more by his vigilance and gallantry in camp and field, than by his considerate treatment of prisoners and of the inhabitants of the seat of war, to whom[4] he afforded all possible protection so long as they abstained from actual or detected aid and comfort to the enemy. A

[1] See pp. 108, 146.
[2] See pp. 141, 146.
[3] See pp. 181, 189.
[4] See p. 164.

letter in this volume,[1] coming, unsolicited and unexpected, from a lady whose father's house in Virginia he had protected, tells of one of a class of acts which revealed his gentle nature.

A strict if not a severe disciplinarian, and the inexorable foe of all sneaks and shirks and shams, he necessarily made enemies of such men in his command as incurred his censure; and as some such men there were at one time holding commissions in his regiment, who had active and influential friends at Washington, and at the capital of his native State, efforts were made to injure him which may have caused him some pain, but appear chiefly to have excited his contempt.[2]

His constant endeavor was "to deserve well of his country;" and as

> "He fought for his country, and not its hurrah," —

After making one earnest effort to obtain a more conspicuous field, as did the heroic Lowell[3] in whose brigade he was, he continued to serve faithfully in the obscure and distasteful theatre where his allotted duty lay; fighting an ignoble foe who never attacked save

[1] P. 71. [2] See Chap. xii.

[3] "I am vexed at having to remain here, when there is so much going on close by. I almost wish I was back a captain in the Sixth. However, I have done all I dare to get away. . . . I suppose there *will* come a time when the regiment will have a chance."— *Harvard Memorial*, vol. i. p. 293. See also p. 294.

when in superior force and by stealth, dispersing when foiled in a plundering raid, and instantly becoming to all appearance peaceful farmers, and even Quakers, "thee-ing and thou-ing" their pursuers from under their borrowed broad-brims;[1] confessedly — shall we say ostentatiously? — held together by "the cohesive power of plunder,"[2] and greatly dispirited by finding that "there were blows to receive, as well as blows to give."[3] Some such blows, and by no means light ones, were given by Colonel Gansevoort, as when he burned the house and barns of Joseph Blackwell, near Piedmont, on the 25th of September, 1864, together with a large quantity of arms and ammunition there stored in "Mosby's arsenal;" and when on the 14th of October following he captured Mosby's camp, with his four guns and their caissons and ammunition, together with the entire camp-guard.[4]

But his regiment — composed largely of raw recruits, often of the worst material that could be gathered from the dregs of cities; invalids, deserters, and bounty-jumpers, with of course a varying and constantly increasing proportion of good men; always weak in numbers, and so hard worked by daily duty on detached service, dismounted, as sometimes to be with difficulty

[1] Partisan Life with Col. John S. Mosby, by Major John Scott, p. 109. New York: Harper Brothers. 1867.

[2] *Ibid.* pp. 75, 76. [3] *Ibid.* p. 88.

[4] "The report of this success cheered the dying moments of his former commander, General Lowell." — *Harvard Memorial*, vol. i. p. 303.

drilled at all in their own proper tactics — suffered severely; and with all his efforts, seconded by the excellent officers under his command, although gradually weeded of its worst material, and embracing much of the very best, could never be brought up to the high standard which he set up for it; and but for untiring exertion and much personal expense on the part of its colonel, in promoting enlistments, securing the return of deserters, and procuring the discharge of invalids and of incompetent and inefficient officers, would have gone to pieces.

That it was kept together in a state of creditable and ever-growing efficiency until finally mustered out of service at the close of the war, was due to exertions on his part which can be fully appreciated only upon a careful perusal of Colonel Gansevoort's official correspondence and journals; which have been carefully preserved, constituting a record of arduous duties from the most trivial to the most important, faithfully, intelligently, and devotedly performed.

Repeatedly prostrated by malarial fever, he as often rose from his pallet and resumed his duties while convalescent and far from well, each attack leaving him weaker than the preceding, and gradually sapping a constitution naturally delicate, although free from hereditary taint, until he was prepared to fall an easy prey to quick consumption.

Tall and commanding in person, with a bearing in which dignity and grace were so blended that "each seemed either," endowed with quick perceptions which took in all things at a glance, sympathetic, yet self-possessed; his manners, which were the outward expression of his nature, equally removed from arrogant self-assertion and from bashful reserve, set all men at ease in his presence, and often made him the centre of an animated conversation among a group of strangers alike to him and to each other, without effort, pretension, or obtrusiveness. Not often has so much sweetness been combined with so much strength. Be it our task to set before the reader such extracts and selections from his letters as shall best enable him to portray himself, that they who knew him and loved him and admired him may recall him as he was; and that they who knew him not may learn how rich a life he gave to his country's service, how good his title to a place among the noble dead who should long live in the memory of his countrymen.

J. C. HOADLEY.

IN MEMORIAM.

CHAPTER I.

Biographical Sketch: In Memoriam.

BY EDWARD SANFORD.

HENRY SANFORD GANSEVOORT was born at Albany, New York, December 15, 1835. He was the grandson of General Peter Gansevoort of Fort Stanwix memory, and only son of the Honorable Peter Gansevoort of Albany; and on his mother's side grandson of Chancellor Sanford, so honorably known by his judicial career in this State, and his useful services in the Senate of the United States.

His early education was principally obtained at the Albany Academy, when under the charge of Dr. T. Romeyn Beck, and subsequently of Dr. William H. Campbell now of Rutgers College. He also passed some time at the Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts.

From the Albany Academy, he entered the first term sophomore at Princeton College, Princeton, New Jersey, and attached himself to the same literary society to which

his father had belonged many years before, and was graduated in 1855 with distinguished honors; his collegiate course having been highly successful, not alone in mere scholarship, but in having secured to him a fixed position among his associates as the possessor of leading and brilliant qualities of mind. This general success as a student culminated well at the close of his college life, when his display of oratorical ability at commencement was regarded as showing the possession of powers of a high order.

He then went to Harvard Law School at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and afterwards entered the law-office of Sprague and Fillmore at Buffalo, New York, and still later that of Bowdoin, Barlow, and Larocque, at New York City; and, while with the latter firm, went with his father, accompanied by his mother and sister, to Europe, where he remained for some fifteen months.

On his return, he formed a law-partnership with George H. Brewster, in New York, and was engaged as a member of that firm in the practice of his profession when the war of the rebellion broke out.

Many incidents of his life thoroughly prove that while emulous of civil distinction, he had a strong inclination for the military service. This view is forcibly illustrated by the incident that while on the eve of returning from Europe, about the time of the war in Italy which led to Italian unity under the present king, he made some

overtures to Garibaldi with a view to a position under his command.

With tastes and predilections of this character, it is not strange that in the public incidents at this time occurring, his active mind should at once seek employment in a new and congenial career. He had joined the Seventh Regiment, New York State militia, which was among the first to be sent to Washington upon the outbreak of the war, and at a time when that city was cut off from all communication with the North.[1] He served as a private with the regiment until its return;[2] but what was to some of his comrades the termination of a dangerous service was to him but the beginning of an active public duty to which he became solely devoted, and to which he finally gave up his life.

He accordingly applied himself with great industry and determination to obtaining a commission in the regular service; for which purpose he went to Washington, and remained there until, after many delays and disappointments which might well have disheartened him, but during which he pursued his purpose unfalteringly and without relaxing his energy, he was rewarded by receiving a commission as second lieutenant in the Fifth Regiment of regular artillery in the United States army.[3]

Adopting the profession of a soldier, it was with the fixed belief that the war upon which the country was

[1] See p. 87. [2] See p. 89. [3] See p. 94.

entering was to be protracted to a period limited only by the exhaustion and utter prostration of one of the powers engaged. He had the sagacity to realize the feelings and impulses, and duly to estimate the resources, of both parties to the struggle; and his opinion as to the duration of the war,[1] though regarded at the time as mistaken, was proved by the logic of events to have been almost prophetic. Hence, as he felt that it was no holiday service upon which he was entering, this high and just sense of its difficulties and dangers was additional proof of the devotion with which he dedicated himself to its duties; while this combination of cool judgment and patriotic enthusiasm forms a trait of character upon which his friends may dwell with peculiar gratification.

After receiving his commission, and while General McClellan was moulding the material under his command into the Army of the Potomac, Colonel Gansevoort was under orders as second lieutenant in a camp of instruction at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania,[2] fitting himself with great diligence and industry for the duties of an artillery officer. He joined McClellan on the Peninsula,[3] and was with the Potomac Army throughout the whole of the peninsular campaign after it left Yorktown. He was in the second battle of Bull Run, and afterwards at Antietam, where his battery was placed in position near

[1] See p. 95. [2] See chap. v. [3] See chap. vi.

the celebrated cornfield, by General Hooker's immediate orders,[1] and sustained heavy loss in men and horses. He was with his battery throughout the battle, and for a while commanded it.

Obtaining leave of absence from the regular army to take a command in the volunteers,[2] he was appointed by Governor Seymour lieutenant-colonel of the Thirteenth Regiment of New York State volunteer cavalry, took command of his regiment very soon after his appointment, and was almost immediately ordered to take it to Washington.[3] This was about the time when General Lee was advancing to the Potomac, and just previous to the battle of Chancellorsville.

His regiment, though entirely new and undisciplined, never having been previously in the field,[4] was at once put on duty in the outskirts of Washington. It is stated in Colonel Gansevoort's letters, that after he had obeyed orders to report at Washington, and had re-

[1] See p. 135. [2] See p. 141. [3] See p. 143.

[4] Nor in a camp of instruction; never having been mounted, never having handled a sabre, or fired a carbine or pistol; never having been formed in line, and whole companies never having had a squad drill on foot; composed, about one-fourth of bounty-jumpers who had deserted from other regiments; about one-fourth of bounty-jumpers not yet deserters, but who had enlisted with the intention of deserting at the first opportunity; about one-fourth of invalids, a burden upon the regiment until discharged; and about one-fourth of the best men in the country, strong, brave, patriotic, and devoted, but raw and undisciplined. The officers also were new and untried, without mutual knowledge or confidence, or *esprit de corps*. See letters, pp. 144–147.

ported the number of men in his command, he received an immediate reply, that there were an equal number of horses and saddles awaiting them, and orders to go forward to the defence of the capital.[1]

In these embarrassing circumstances, with a regiment secured in the advanced period of enlisting, with untried, and to a great extent turbulent and insubordinate soldiers, Colonel Gansevoort's conduct was worthy of the highest commendation.[2] After Lee's retreat, the Thirteenth New York Cavalry Regiment was stationed in Virginia at various posts, with other troops engaged in watching the actions of Mosby, and in seeking to effect his capture; a feat at one time actually accomplished by a detachment acting under Colonel Gansevoort's immediate orders.[3] The escape of Mosby after capture, by his

[1] See p. 144. [2] See pp. 43, 48. Gen. Lowell's letter, p. 69.

[3] This circumstance is very fully narrated by Major Scott, in the "Partisan Life with Colonel John S. Mosby." "Captain Taylor's company of the Thirteenth New York (cavalry) surrounded the house, and through one of the windows Corporal Kane discharged his carbine at a man within. This man was Mosby. The ball struck him in the abdomen, but fortunately without penetrating, ranged around, and came out just above and back of the hip. The lights were extinguished as the enemy rushed into the house; but, with a self-possession which never deserts him, Mosby determined to affect the dying man, and by that stratagem to baffle his enemies. Throwing his coat, which denoted his rank, under the bed, his first act in this tragic performance was to besmear his lips with blood from his wound, to give the appearance of internal hemorrhage, and then to stretch himself on a couch as if exhausted. . . . Captain Taylor and Major Frazar, after examining the wound, pronounced it mortal. . . .

"As soon as Mosby discovered from the conversation of the family assembled in the adjoining room, that the Federals had taken their departure, he arose, and

H. S. GANSEVOORT, COL. 13TH N. Y. CAVALRY, AND STAFF.

feigning to be badly wounded and dying, was an incident of peculiar interest among the many adventures that attended his sphere of service. At another time, through a well-conceived and successfully executed plan, Colonel Gansevoort was rewarded for his patience and energy by the capture of Mosby's artillery, which crippled Mosby, and in a measure defeated his further raids on the troops stationed in that vicinity. These trophies are preserved at Washington among the mementos of the brave achievements of our troops during that perilous war.[1]

The duties of this service demanded constant vigi-

appeared among them, creating almost as much astonishment as if they had seen one risen from the dead. . . . The raiders had divested the wounded man of his boots, and carried with them his cloak. These they examined upon the march; and finding the cloak, which was of rich gray cloth trimmed with English scarlet and gold clasps, to correspond with one which they had often heard described by the citizens of the valley as worn by Mosby, and the boots to agree exactly in make, and maker's name, with a pair taken from his headquarters when burned last summer, they concluded that they had let the object of their search slip through their fingers, and at once despatched a squadron to repair the error. . . . One of these fractions on their homeward route camped within a mile or two of Glen Welby, whither Mosby had been removed. As soon as the presence of the Federals in the neighborhood was ascertained, he was conveyed by a circuitous route to Culpepper Court House, and from thence to Amherst County. . . . At one time the rangers who had him in charge were so hard pressed by the enemy, that Mosby told them they would be compelled to scatter. They inquired, 'What shall we do with you?' He answered, 'Bury me.'" This event took place December 17, 1864. [Partisan Life, &c. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1867. Pp. 387–390.]

[1] Partisan Life, p. 339; Colonel Gansevoort's letter of October 31, 1864, p. 322; official announcement from Washington, p. 187, *post*.

lance and activity; and he discharged them with great zeal and fidelity, at the time fully acknowledged by the Government. It was a source of great annoyance to him, that he was unable to obtain orders to join Sheridan's cavalry in the valley, though he constantly applied for such orders, or for orders removing him to the field.

His regiment was among the very last mustered out of service;[1] and its condition at that time was not inferior to any other cavalry regiment in the volunteers, presenting a most complete contrast to the state in which it left New York.

Colonel Gansevoort was brevetted brigadier-general of volunteers, and lieutenant-colonel in the regular service; and held, at the time of his death, the rank of captain of artillery in the regular line of promotion in the army of the United States.

In Swinton's "History of the Seventh Regiment,"[2] the principal events of Colonel Gansevoort's active service are briefly condensed, and to it we refer the reader.[3] In its naked enumeration of events it is a simple and unadorned record which tells with emphasis of one

[1] But first consolidated with the Sixteenth New York Cavalry under the colonel of that regiment, through the machinations of officers dismissed from his regiment for drunkenness and incapacity, and their influential friends, by means of malignant political misrepresentation.

[2] Swinton's New York Seventh Regiment, "Roll of Honor," p. 471; see also *ibid*, p. 104, *et seq.*, for military record.

[3] See *post*, p. 77, *et seq.*

whose name has worthily found a place on that "Roll of Honor" which it has been the aspiration of so many — the fortune of so few — to reach.

After the close of the war, Colonel Gansevoort was ordered to Fortress Monroe, and thence to Barrancas, Florida,[1] and from the latter place to Fort Independence, Boston Harbor. During his long period of service, he was several times prostrated by fever, the seeds of which seemed to remain in his system and to cause at intervals new attacks.[2] He was thus prostrated anew in the fall of 1870; and when the fever had nearly abated he sought his home at Albany, where he arrived with a bad cough which constantly increased upon him.

Not long after his return he insisted on going back to Boston; and, though his strength seemed not to warrant it, he had so determinedly made up his mind to go that remonstrance was unavailing.

He went on with a friend who accompanied him at his request, and, having arranged his affairs, immediately returned to Albany. It is probable that this journey was undertaken with the strong conviction that he might otherwise never survive to accomplish the important business upon which he went. Its only object was to

[1] See pp. 202, 211.

[2] See pp. 138, 148, 154, 212. Several slight attacks mentioned in his letters have been passed unnoticed in these pages.

arrange such affairs as he had been unable to attend to during his illness.

His visit to Nassau, New Providence, which failed to give him any hopes of a restoration to health; his yearning for home and its comforts and consolations; his homeward journey in company with his sister who could not be kept from his side; his gradually wasting strength as he neared that home, the goal of his earthly hopes, on the bosom of his beloved river; his consciousness of the death soon to close over him; and his readiness to meet his end, firm in his honor as a soldier, and humble in his faith as a Christian, — these scenes follow in sad but quick succession upon all that was earthly of the beloved object of this imperfect sketch.

It does not seem difficult to describe a character composed of so many salient points as were apparent in the case of Colonel Gansevoort.

Candor and frankness, a high and delicate sense of honor, a due appreciation of the rights and feelings of others, cheerfulness of temperament, fondness for the acquisition of knowledge and readiness in that acquisition, an inclination to test his ability in debate and to manifest without offensively displaying his powers, — these traits presented themselves in strong relief to all who enjoyed his society.

He had taste in drawing and painting, and was a

devoted lover of history, of which he was a student in the fullest sense of the term.

His inclination for oratory was very strong, and the lives and history of orators were to him subjects of the liveliest interest.

He had a taste for writing; and from boyhood he was distinguished for his readiness in debate, and the facility with which he could as occasion required express his thoughts. He was a graceful speaker, self-possessed, evidently imbued with the true sense and spirit of his discourse, and commanding by his earnestness the approval of his audience. His voice was strong, clear, and agreeable in tone. When he left the Albany Academy he delivered the salutatory oration; and his address at Princeton when he was graduated is remembered as conspicuous among the exercises of the day. While sojourning at Allentown, Pennsylvania, he delivered a Fourth-of-July address at that place, and the local papers spoke of it in warm terms of commendation.

Colonel Gansevoort's after-life, of course, gave him little opportunity for the cultivation or use of his powers in this respect. But he was sometimes called upon while in the army to meet and refute accusations made against him by revengeful and designing men; and in these instances he displayed great judgment and reserved power.[1]

[1] See chap. xii.

While in the army, he was often called upon to act on courts-martial,[1] where his powers were thoroughly and successfully tested, and his ability conspicuously exhibited. His success in this regard, while to some extent the result of previous training, was also due to other causes not less potential. These were the possession of a cool and clear judgment, joined to a most exalted sense of right and justice, and to a firmness that never flinched from the most thorough discharge of duty.

In this respect he never varied. He was undeviatingly honorable; and the possession of this admirable trait was fully recognized and respected by all who came in contact with him.

There was also in Colonel Gansevoort's connection with the army a disavowal of all adherence to party, or connection with party politics.[2] Notwithstanding his decided political convictions and predilections, it was part of his creed, that the duties of a soldier were incompatible with any active participation in political strifes. To many who like him had long been interested in political affairs, this self-abnegation would have been regarded in the light of a sacrifice of his opinions, and would have been submitted to, if at all, only with complaining reluctance; but, as he never was troubled with misgivings when the path of duty lay clear before him, the adoption of this article of faith without hesita-

[1] See pp. 44, 159, 204, 259. [2] See pp. 157, 180.

tion was followed by a strict adherence to its injunctions from which he never departed.

Thus imperfectly sketching a few traits in the character of our beloved friend, we leave his good name in charge of those who will cherish and preserve it in their memories as long as life lasts.

> "He hath been mourned as brave men mourn the brave,
> And wept as nations weep their cherished dead,
> With bitter, but proud tears."

And it is a solace to us in our sorrow, that a life of truth and honor found its fitting close in the service of his country.

EDWARD SANFORD.

NEW YORK, June, 1871.

TRIBUTES

FROM

COMPANIONS IN ARMS.

CHAPTER II.

Tributes from Companions in Arms.

FROM BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U.S.A.

HEADQUARTERS, FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, May 14, 1873.

IN attempting to picture to others the true character of my former friend and associate, General H. S. Gansevoort, I find no language adequate to express the high regard in which I hold his memory. There were few officers of my acquaintance during the late war whose patriotism, gallantry and fine qualities of head and heart, impressed me so favorably; and none whose strict integrity, high moral character and true chivalric bearing, more commanded my respect.

It was not my good fortune to make his personal acquaintance until the year 1865, during the closing scenes of the war; but his brilliant war-record was well known, as well as the enviable reputation of his noble regiment. The important, difficult and valuable services they had rendered the country, were familiar to those conversant with the operations of the Union forces.

The fact that he entered the army in a humble capacity, and gradually gained advancement by true merit and arduous service in the field, until high rank was bestowed upon him, and he was intrusted with responsible commands, speaks volumes in his praise.

It was after active hostilities had ceased, and he had given up his commission in the volunteer service, and had returned to his position as an officer of the regular artillery, that I became convinced of his superior attainments as an officer and gentleman, and invited him to assist me in the administration of affairs with which I was then charged. In the disposition of many complicated cases, and the settlement of difficult questions which arose during the transition period between martial law and civil government, I found his clear, comprehensive mind, and legal abilities, of great assistance.

When the army was re-organized in 1866, I went to Washington with the hope of securing for him a position as field-officer in one of the new regiments. In advocating his claims with Secretary Stanton, I found the great war minister fully aware of his honorable record: yet, owing to a lack of harmony then existing between the heads of the government, the valuable military services of this officer — as of many others — were made secondary to personal friendship or political service, and he failed to receive the preferment which was justly his due.

In his life he fully sustained the proud name of his illustrious ancestry, exhibited the faithfulness, honor, and heroism which are the pride of his profession, and have rendered illustrious his country's history; and by his death the army and the nation have lost one they could but ill spare, and cannot cease to mourn,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

NELSON A. MILES,
Brevet Major General, U.S.A.

FROM BREVET MAJOR E. Y. LANSING, U.S.V.

I first met Henry S. Gansevoort in military life early in June, 1862, at the Chickahominy camp of the Potomac Army then within seven miles of Richmond, and in daily expectation of a battle or of a series of battles.

He was then serving in Battery C, Third Artillery, as a second lieutenant (his commission, however, was in the Fifth Artillery), and was daily engaged in drilling and preparing himself and his command for the anticipated conflicts. In this duty he was most zealous; and at that time I saw him almost daily. I know how faithfully he gave his health and strength in drilling his section under the fierce rays of the Peninsula sun during the day, and how at night, breathing the death-laden malaria, and surrounded by the rifles of the enemy, he was vigilant and active on guard.

Soon after followed the "seven-days' fight;" and I did not meet him again until our army, exhausted with its great hardships and severe fighting, found safety on the banks of the James River at Harrison's Landing.

Here again I found my way to his camp, and learned of the dangers and escapes he had met during that fearful march by night and day; at Gaines's Mill, White Oak Swamp, and at the turning conflict at Malvern Hill.

When the army moved again I occasionally met him, and always to find that he had been constantly on duty with his battery, and present at all subsequent battles in which it took part. I remember very well hearing one of the officers of his battery (himself afterwards killed at Cedar Creek, under Sheridan) speak of Lieutenant Gansevoort's courage and devotion at the battle of Antietam, and of his remaining bravely in charge of his section until nearly all his horses were rendered useless, and many of his soldiers were killed and wounded, so that it was only by an unexpected turn in the tide of battle that the entire section was saved from destruction;[1] yet through courage, and determination to fight to the last, he brought his guns and caissons safely off the field.

After the army reached Fredericksburg, under Burnside, I saw but little of Lieutenant Gansevoort until I

[1] See letters, p. 135.

joined him as an officer in his regiment at the cavalry camp at Vienna, Virginia.

No regiment ever left its native State under greater difficulties, or with less preparation for active service,[1] than did the Thirteenth New York Cavalry. Composed of raw recruits raised for infantry and all the different branches of the service, many of them foreigners scarcely able to understand a word of English, the organization was made by telegraphic order from Washington, at a time when that city was in peril from the Confederate raid into Pennsylvania, preceding the battle of Gettysburg. Men who had never bestrode a horse were transformed by telegraph into "cavalrymen," armed and equipped with pistol, carbine, and sabre, and supplied with untrained horses they trembled to mount.

Many of the line-officers had also gone through the same transformation, and in a few hours found themselves transferred from the sidewalks and bar-rooms of New York to the rank and dignity of cavalry officers, — to command and to be commanded. It is needless to say that many of this class proved worse than useless, and were but a burden to those who could and would endeavor to render valuable service. Much of this element was afterwards, through Colonel Gansevoort's efforts, thrown out of the regiment, at the cost of their bitter enmity, — for the gratification of which they had abun-

[1] See note, p. 31, *ante*, also letters, pp. 143–147, *post*.

dant leisure,[1] — and the hostility of their influential political patrons.

It was but about six months after the departure of the regiment from New York City that I joined it; and yet in this short space of time the discipline of the troops had been much improved, and the camp was in good order. It was through Colonel Gansevoort's attention to duty that this degree of discipline and order had been attained.

The service to which the regiment was finally assigned was the harassing and thankless one of operating against Mosby's guerillas.

This service was extremely hard and dangerous; and the severe picket and scouting duty to which it was subjected separated the regiment into small detachments, and seldom gave the opportunity for operating entire.[2]

[1] It was through their machinations that his regiment was frittered away in small dismounted detachments, doing duty of infantry as patrols and pickets; that a large proportion of the recruits obtained through his efforts, and largely at his expense, were diverted to other regiments after leaving their recruiting stations; that his regiment depleted by severe duty, and weakened by thus depriving it of recruits, was at the close of the war consolidated with the Sixteenth New York Cavalry under the colonel of that regiment; and, finally, it was by these men that a determined but abortive effort was made to impeach his loyalty, and procure his dishonorable discharge from the service which he adorned, by means of a political trick performed in his camp during his absence in command of his regiment, on dangerous service. See letters, pp. 179, 188.

[2] "He" (Mosby) "seldom would fight unless far superior in numbers. The character of the country, and the strict accountability to which we were held by the authorities at Washington, prevented the exercise of rigorous measures, and favored

Knowing that this field of service would never offer advantages for promotion or distinction which all true soldiers wish for, Colonel Gansevoort made every effort to obtain orders to join the main cavalry force under General Grant, and at a later period under General Sheridan in his Shenandoah Valley campaign. Once he had the assurance that this long-sought-for object had been attained, but was doomed to disappointment. Still, with all these things to dampen his ardor, he remained active and faithful in the duty assigned him, and maintained discipline among his men, and control over them, although they were frequently separated from him, in

brigandage and guerilla operations. The enemy hid themselves in the secret and almost inaccessible places of the Blue Ridge, and suddenly assembled superior numbers on some small force or picket post.

"Many a man has fallen without seeing whence the bullet sped; and many a party has disappeared without leaving any tidings of its fate. If attacked, the guerillas scattered in small squads and parties, uniting at some rendezvous previously agreed upon. Thus, in attacking them, we were at disadvantage, for they could only be brought to fight when superior in strength; and in pursuing we were placed at disadvantage unless we divided into parties or squads, which were liable in turn to be overpowered.

"The enemy knowing every bridle-path, thicket, and secret place in that vast region, were doubly armed; and the (almost) universal sympathy of the inhabitants in their favor, made every citizen their courier, and every house their signal-tower.

"Mosby's men were selected" [in part] "from the cavalry regiments of the rebel service. They were well mounted, often having three or four horses each secreted in the mountains. They were generally armed with two pistols (revolvers), discarding the sabre. They were excellent riders and good marksmen, and well organized. They were reckless, daring adventurers, and were actuated as much by love of plunder as by perverted patriotism.

"Their service with Mosby was voluntary on their part, as they could return to

detachments, for long intervals. Whenever a colonel's command was formed, and intrusted to him, he gave a good account of its operations, illustrated with trophies and prisoners of war.

On two scouts commanded by him in person, Mosby was wounded; and, but for the assistance rendered at every farmhouse, this famous guerilla would have been brought into camp a prisoner. It was by Colonel Gansevoort, as has been already stated, that eight pieces of artillery,[1] presented to Mosby by dying request of the rebel General Stuart (Mosby early in the war had served as Stuart's adjutant), were captured, and safely lodged in the arsenal at Washington.

their regiments at any time. They, however, preferred their free forest life" [with its charm of booty, which their organization exempted them from rendering any account of to the Confederate Government]. "The fear of being returned to duty with their regiments, which Mosby held *in terrorem* over them, operated to produce a kind of discipline which was certainly effective. Many of Mosby's men were killed and captured by my regiment." [Memorandum written by Colonel Gansevoort, dated New York, February 2, 1867.]

This statement is confirmed to the minutest detail by Major Scott's "Partisan Life," already quoted. It is doubtless true, as more than once rather ostentatiously declared, that Mosby himself declined all share in the plunder which constituted the bond of union among his followers; although he may have reserved the right to buy any coveted article of booty at his own price. But the true moral of this episode — for it was not war — is, that a region where the inhabitants permit and favor such predatory operations must be devastated, if after suitable notice they persist in such a course. It was by this means that the Government at Washington, after submitting through mistaken clemency to the sacrifice of many lives and the loss of a vast amount of property, finally succeeded in breaking up "Mosby's confederacy."

[1] Four guns and four caissons: see pp. 56, 186, 187.

Although it would not be in accordance with the wish of our departed friend to condemn the action of the officers of high rank who commanded the department in which he served, yet I consider it but justice to say that had the counsel of Colonel Gansevoort been heeded, and his plan for operating against Mosby's forces been carried out earlier (as it was towards the close of the war), the campaign would much sooner have been ended, and the great loss of life and material which occurred in Mosby's country would have been avoided. It was by direction of authority superior to his own that the cavalry forces were stationed on the advanced outpost, and from there sent off on picket and patrol duty in small bodies of five to ten men, unable to defend themselves against stealthy attacks of superior forces made at every favorable opportunity by a watchful enemy.

Colonel Gansevoort's wish was to withdraw the cavalry forces, and station infantry on the outpost line in suitable fortifications, to do the necessary picket duty,[1] and then to send out large detachments of cavalry to operate, mounted and dismounted, in silent parties by night; in other words, to "bushwhack" Mosby in the same manner that he did our forces. This was the true theory; and I speak of it only because I know how earnestly Colonel Gansevoort urged the plan for adoption. It was

[1] Duty actually done by dismounted cavalry, acting as infantry, their unused horses standing idle in camp. See p. 165.

but a few days before his departure for Nassau, that he spoke to me of this with much feeling, as of a great disappointment of his life. Had Colonel Gansevoort been placed in command of the entire outpost line from Fairfax Court House to Leesburg, he would have had the satisfaction of carrying out his own views, afterwards acted on by others.

Of the particulars of Colonel Gansevoort's more recent service in the army; of his life in Florida, and his transfer to the wintry winds of Boston Harbor, I will say nothing. To his character as an honorable soldier and true gentleman, his old comrades in arms bear joyful witness. His official conduct was never tarnished with a dishonorable act or word; and his courage and soldier-like qualities were proved on many a hard-fought field. He has gone to the grave regretted and admired by his many friends and former comrades, resignedly and bravely as he would have met his death upon the field of battle; and he has left a name, now thrice illustrious, secure of an honorable memory as long as honor, courage, and patriotic self-devotion are held in reverence among his countrymen. EDWIN Y. LANSING.

FROM BREVET CAPTAIN J. A. FESSENDEN, U.S.A.

FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA, October 2, 1872.

IT is fitting that such a tribute [to Colonel Gansevoort] should emanate from the regiment in which he was an

accomplished, brave, and honored officer. . . . I send you a page or two that will at least bear witness to the high esteem and kind regard in which he was held by his brother officers.

Truly yours,

J. A. FESSENDEN,

Fifth U. S. Artillery.

Among the thousands of young men who hastened to tender their services and lives to the nation's defence at the first outbreak of the Rebellion, there were none who made the offer with greater sincerity, and more entire abnegation of personal opportunities, than marked the prompt response of Henry Sanford Gansevoort to the call of patriotic duty. Endowed with the advantages of a thorough liberal education, blessed with all which in popular estimation tends to make man happy in his home associations, elevated by fortune above the reach of need, and just entering upon a professional career in which he had a cloudless future before him, he unhesitatingly thrust all aside at the first warning of his country's danger, and pushed himself into the foremost ranks of those who had volunteered for her defence.

This earnest zeal attended him throughout his military career; and in all its vicissitudes of field or camp life, in the presence of the enemy, or in the performance of milder garrison duty, he was always thoroughly alive to

the work he had undertaken, courageously determined to do his best and utmost in all circumstances, and to leave no slightest detail unperformed through carelessness or neglect. As a consequence, he was raised within the period of little over three years from the grade of a private in the ranks to the command of a brigade detailed to oppose the movements of one of the nation's most vigilant and troublesome enemies.

His military history is concisely but eloquently summed up in the short, sharp sentences which official brevity allots to an officer's record in the archives of the War Department: —

"Entering the service in April, 1861, as a private of the New York State militia, he was appointed in May a second lieutenant in the Fifth Regiment of United States Artillery;" the only regiment added to that special arm of the service during the war. In this regiment, organized to consist exclusively of mounted batteries, an organization theretofore unknown on such a scale in the American army, he was brought into immediate association with many of the most redoubtable heroes of the war, comprising, besides General Harvey Brown, its first colonel, such names as Burton, Sherman, Williams, Barry, Hunt, Getty, Hardie, Griffin, Ayres, Arnold, Terrill, Weed, Smead, De Hart, Ames, and Upton; and to these, be it said, the honor of his own achievements imparted no diminished lustre.

From this point the record proceeds: "At camp of instruction, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to March, 1862; joined Army of the Potomac, and engaged in the seven-days' fight, and in reserve at the battle of Malvern Hill; first lieutenant Fifth United States Artillery, August, 1862, and engaged in the battles of Gainesville, Second Bull Run, South Mountain, and Antietam; lieutenant-colonel Thirteenth New York Cavalry, June, 1863; colonel Thirteenth New York Cavalry, March, 1864; engaged against the rebel guerilla Mosby at the action of Chantilly, Virginia, September, 1864, and engaged in the surprise and capture of Mosby's artillery; at Prospect Hill, Virginia, January to August, 1865; brevet brigadier-general United States Volunteers for faithful and meritorious services; with battery at Fort Monroe, Virginia, January, 1866, to May, 1867; and acting assistant adjutant-general on staff of General Miles, July, 1866.

"Brevet captain United States Army for gallant and meritorious services near Manassas Gap, Virginia; brevet lieutenant-colonel United States Army for gallant and meritorious services during the war; captain Fifth United States Artillery, May, 1867; commanding battery from May, 1867, at Barrancas, Pensacola Harbor, Florida; and at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, to 1871."

To the above brief recapitulation of promotions and dates of various service, no significance could be added by multiplying words of commendation, the record itself

being the perfect embodiment of a noble and gallant career. Though his sensitive disposition restrained him from ever vaunting his own praise, even in familiar intercourse with his intimate regimental associates, his bravery and vigilance made themselves conspicuously apparent to his superiors; and his name has been honorably attached by official impress to some of the most thrilling epochs of the Rebellion. History, too, has been not unmindful of his fame. Mr. B. F. Lossing, in his excellent "History of the Civil War in America," describes the command of Colonel H. S. Gansevoort as Mosby's most dreaded enemy in the region of Upper Virginia, east of the Blue Ridge, during the years 1863 and 1864. The estimation in which Mosby was held by the Government is shown by the expressions of the assistant secretary of war in the following account of an exploit in October, 1864: —

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
October 17, 9.40, P.M.

Colonel Gansevoort, commanding the Thirteenth New York Cavalry, has succeeded in surprising the rebel camp of the guerilla and freebooter Mosby in the Blue Ridge Mountains, capturing his artillery consisting of four pieces with munitions complete.

C. A. DANA,
Assistant Secretary of War.

At the close of the war, as above stated, General Gansevoort, with the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel in the regular army, and of brigadier-general of volunteers, returned to service with his regiment, the Fifth Artillery, and in the spring of 1867 was regularly promoted to the captaincy of Battery E of that regiment, which rank he held until his death.

The many agreeable qualities he possessed to endear him to his companions in arms, other loving hands have testified to in this memorial. The following concluding words, however, of a tribute to his memory, printed in "The Brooklyn Daily Union" on the day of his burial, written by one who knew him well and affectionately in camp and garrison, may not be deemed superfluous in this place: —

"Possessing the nicest sense of honor, brave and determined in the performance of his duty, yet never forgetting his native courtesy of demeanor, generous to his enemies, who were very few, and always ready to make a sacrifice on behalf of his friends, who were many, the service has lost by Colonel Gansevoort's death a worthy officer not soon nor easily to be replaced."

It was under the inspiration of the memory of such noble spirits as his that the orator cried, —

"Sleep, sleep in quiet, grassy graves, where the symbols that ye loved so well shall cover and spread over you, — by day the flowers of red and white and blue, and

by night the constellated stars, — while out of those graves there grows the better harvest of the nation, and of times to come."

FROM CAPTAIN THOMPSON P. McELRATH, U.S.A.

58, Douglass Street, Brooklyn,
June 22, 1873.

I can assure you no token was required to fix among the tenderest associations of my memory the recollections of your brother. I knew him quite intimately through a joint experience as officers of the Fifth Artillery of very nearly nine years, although we were, I think, on only one or two occasions stationed together at the same post for any length of time.

Among all my companions I knew none whose sterling qualities shone more conspicuously than his through the rude atmosphere which generally envelops a soldier's character, in too many instances obscuring it, or blotting it with a fatal tarnish.

Gansevoort was everywhere and in all associations a fine type of the gentleman. The quality was ingrained in his nature; and the self-respect which he always maintained invariably gained him the respect of all with whom he came in contact whose respect was worth having. He was a frequent visitor at my house; and I believe that none knew him better, or appreciated him with warmer sincerity, than my wife and myself.

An illustration of his dignified resolution came under my observation in 1862, which he probably never thought it worth while to relate. As I was the only witness of the occurrence, I will take the liberty of telling the story briefly, even at the risk of converting what I intended for a short note into a long letter.

I was a lieutenant in the battery of Captain Weed, — afterwards killed at Gettysburg, — and had been ordered from the artillery reserve in front of Yorktown to Fortress Monroe, for some trifling supplies. Travelling alone on horseback, I called upon your brother, who was encamped with McKnight's Battery near Hampton; and he agreed to ride down to the fort, and dine with me, on condition that I would return and accept his hospitality for a night's lodging.

We tied our horses to a post at the Hygeia House; and after taking dinner, and walking about the Point for some time, we decided to return to camp. We were somewhat disconcerted, however, at discovering that Gansevoort's horse had been abstracted while we were amusing ourselves. The horses had been securely hitched, and it was of course evident that the animal had been stolen. It was almost dark; and, considering the mixed state of affairs occasioned by the Peninsula being at the time chiefly populated by about one hundred thousand volunteers, it struck me as very dubious whether your brother would ever see his property again.

After a moment's deliberation he borrowed my horse, and started in search of his own. Riding in every direction, in the course of an hour or so he was gratified at recognizing the animal in the custody of an orderly in front of General Butler's headquarters inside the fort. Upon inquiry he was told that the horse had been brought there by Colonel Halliday, an European adventurer and rather notorious desperado, who at that time commanded the Rip Raps.

Gansevoort immediately sent in his card to the colonel, and requested a few minutes' conversation. Upon the appearance of the latter at the door, your brother without further ado demanded an apology. "For what?" inquired the colonel, who was somewhat in liquor. "You have stolen my horse, sir, and I insist upon an apology. Your conduct has not been that of a gentleman, sir. My name is Gansevoort, of the Fifth United States Artillery. You have my card, and the address at which your apology can reach me at any time." And, having meanwhile resumed possession of his horse, Gansevoort rode quietly away, and rejoined me just as I was beginning to fancy that perhaps the same parties who had taken his horse had captured him also, and my horse into the bargain.

The dialogue I have given was related to me afterwards by an officer of General Butler's staff who overheard it; and he added that Halliday was almost beside

himself with rage, and vowed all sorts of murderous revenge. Of course in these circumstances it would have been undignified for us to make any appearance of hastening out to camp: so we sat on the piazza of the hotel some time longer, and were finally edified by hearing Colonel Halliday pass near us with some friends, swearing what he intended to do to "that fellow who had insulted him." Then we mounted, and rode "home." I thought that trouble would of course grow out of the matter, for Halliday had the reputation of being a vicious duellist. But his friends probably talked him into reason, and I believe that was the last of the affair.

Halliday was a man of enormous stature. He was drowned some time later while attempting in drunken bravado to swim from the Rip Raps to the shore; and few men bearing the rank he did, nominally at least, went out of life during the war with fewer mourners.

There is nothing, perhaps, of special interest in the incident, except, as I said, in the light it throws upon your brother's cool resolution. The man he defied was notorious as a particularly "rough customer;" and there were many men in the garrison, justly accounted brave, who would not have cared to pass a verdict on his character as your brother did. There were others besides myself, who were surprised that the matter

ended so quietly as it did. I question, however, whether it ever gave your brother the slightest uneasiness. . . .

And now, apologizing for my letter of unseemly length, I beg leave to subscribe myself, my dear Miss Gansevoort,

Sincerely yours,

THOMPSON P. MCELRATH.

FROM CAPTAIN H. F. BREWERTON, U.S.A.

FORT PREBLE, MAINE, 19th October, 1872.

I consider it a privilege to furnish any information relative to the military career of your lamented brother. Our acquaintance commenced in Europe in 1859; and on my return to this country in 1861 we renewed it as second lieutenants in the same regiment.

I think I knew your brother better than any officer of his regiment, and we were both "companions" of the same "order," or "society." At this time we were very intimate, and I learned to understand and appreciate him.

A brave soldier, cultivated gentleman, and true friend, it is a melancholy pleasure to pay this slight tribute to his worth. . . .

Sincerely your obedient servant,

H. F. BREWERTON,

Fifth U. S. Artillery.

FROM BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. G. GIBSON, U.S.A.

NEWPORT BARRACKS, KENTUCKY,
November 11, 1872.

I felt a high regard for your brother, formed whilst he served under me, and subsequently during the few days we were together at Barrancas, Florida, in the spring of 1866.

Your brother joined my battery (C, Third Artillery) just after the battle of Williamsburg, and served under me until after the seven-days' battles (I believe), and was with me while we were under General Stoneman, guarding the rear of the Army of the Potomac. If my recollection serves me, he left me at Yorktown, to which point we had fallen back; and we were not associated together again until we met at Barrancas at the time mentioned above.

I am sorry that my military history of your brother is so meagre, but I can say that I ever found him a thorough and efficient officer, and an accomplished gentleman; and I deeply regretted to hear of your sad bereavement in his death. . . .

Very sincerely yours,

H. G. GIBSON,
Brevet Brigadier-General, and Major Third Artillery.

FROM BREVET CAPTAIN O. E. MICHAELIS, U.S.A.

WATERTOWN ARSENAL, MASSACHUSETTS,
June 15, 1871.

Colonel Gansevoort was an intimate friend of mine; we were both members (army members) of the Union Club of Boston.

He had staid at our quarters here at the arsenal, and had endeared himself to us all by his gentle nature, and by the variety and scope of his information.

I remember well his dining with us one evening, another guest being a well-known *savant* from Cambridge; and I recall with pleasure the favorable impression he made upon the scientific gentleman, and my own pride that I had chanced upon so worthy an exemplar of our army to meet Mr. P. . . . .

Yours truly,

O. E. MICHAELIS, *U. S. Army.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHAPTER III.

Miscellaneous.

LETTER FROM GENERAL C. R. LOWELL.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE, FALLS CHURCH,
June 22, 1864.

COLONEL, — I am very glad you have been so successful in your last "raid" upon the "enemy." You will, of course, prefer charges against the enlisted man under Thirty-Eighth Article of War. The colored man please hold until Sunday, when Lieutenant Alvord, Provost Marshal, will take charge of him, and bring him before the military commission now in Washington.

Your obedient servant,

C. R. LOWELL, JUN.,
Second Mass. Cavalry.
[Commanding Brigade. — ED]

COLONEL H. S. GANSEVOORT,
Commanding Thirteenth New York Cavalry.

FISHER'S HILL, October 11, 1864.[1]

MY DEAR COLONEL, — I received by last mail your note of September —. Mails, thanks to Gilmore and others, are rather uncertain. How does Lazelle feel about losing your regiment, and getting a worse one in its place? Until I know that, I hardly feel like urging any one to make a change in his command. . . . It might look like interference or intrigue! Having an opportunity on Sunday last, I *did* speak to General Sheridan on the subject, asking what the chance was of both regiments being ordered away. He said that an order to that effect had been issued not long ago, but that General Augur considered the presence of cavalry necessary to the protection of Washington.

If it is decided that two regiments are to be kept, I suggest two changes which you might work for. . . . If you decide to try for either of these definite transfers, let me know, and I will do all I can for you as soon as I know which you prefer. . . . Excuse my great haste, for entirely unexpectedly the *generale* has sounded at division headquarters, and we are to march.

Yours very truly,

C. R. LOWELL, JUN.,
Colonel Second Mass. Cavalry.

COLONEL H. S. GANSEVOORT.

[1] Just eight days before his heroic death at the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864.

PETITION

TO THE HONORABLE EDWIN M. STANTON, SECRETARY OF WAR, WASHINGTON, D.C.

The undersigned, citizens of Queens County, Long Island, State of New York, do respectfully request that a sufficient number of the men to be raised for the quota of this county be assigned to fill up the Thirteenth Regiment New York Volunteer Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel H. S. Gansevoort, to the maximum strength, it being largely represented both by officers and men from this county; and that a detail be made from this regiment for the purpose of procuring recruits for it.

Upon this petition are found the following indorsements: —

HEADQUARTERS, CAVALRY CAMP, VIENNA,
December 6, 1863.

The within memorial having been handed to me for perusal, I take this opportunity to say, that the two battalions of the Thirteenth New York Cavalry already raised, and now under my command, have, in my opinion, been excellently commanded and well officered; the rank and file too are good. I believe that men sent to this regiment will be made *soldiers.*

Recruits, I think, have the choice of their regiment: if any, however, having no choice, are to be assigned, I

recommend that the Thirteenth New York Cavalry be filled up by those from Queens County.

C. R. LOWELL, JUN.,
Col. Second Mass. Cav., Com'g Cav. Brigade.

I fully approve of the within application.

JOHN A. KING,
Jamaica, Long Island, Dec. 11, 1863.
P. F. PRIOR,
Surgeon of Board of Enrolment, First Congressional District, New York.
JAMES A. FLEURY,
Deputy Provost Marshal, First Congressional District.
GEORGE S. DOWNING,
Supervisor, Oyster Bay.
JOHN ORDRONAUX,
Late Surgeon Board of Enrolment, First District, New York.
GEORGE W. COCKS.
Y. N. SNEDECKER,
Supervisor, Hampstead.
WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

I hope the within request may be granted.

D. R. FLOYD JONES,
Albany, December 16, 1863.
PARKE GODWIN.
ISAAC COLES.
JAMES BIRDSALL.
LEONARD F. COLES,
Postmaster, Glen Cove, New York.

[This is inserted as an example of the many efforts made by Colonel Gansevoort to recruit his regiment. — ED.]

TO THE HONORABLE PETER GANSEVOORT.[1]

MY DEAR SIR. —— June 15, 1871.

Having been absent upon a visit to my parents in Virginia, I did not hear of the death of your son General Gansevoort until a few days ago. Allow me, my dear sir, to offer my sincere sympathy in your great affliction; and yet I feel that it is mockery in any one to say that they *can* sympathize with a father who is mourning the death of such a son. The fortunes of war placed General Gansevoort near my father's plantation in Virginia; and we had the pleasure of seeing him very frequently, as well as of feeling his protection. We found him always a noble, *honorable* gentleman, a dear friend. At the close of the war I married a cavalry officer, and we were sent to the far South-west. Though hearing occasionally from him, I have not seen General Gansevoort since the day of my marriage; and now no time or place on earth will give him to me again. Let us thank God for the hope, the *certainty*, of immortality!

Since I heard the sad news, I have written home of the general's death (was it unexpected?); and now many friends in our poor stricken South land weep with you. May God's blessing rest upon the father and all who were dear to the much-loved son! . . .

[1] Extract from a letter addressed to the father of Col. Gansevoort by a lady who resided during the war in the region of Virginia which formed the theatre of Colonel Gansevoort's military operations.— ED.

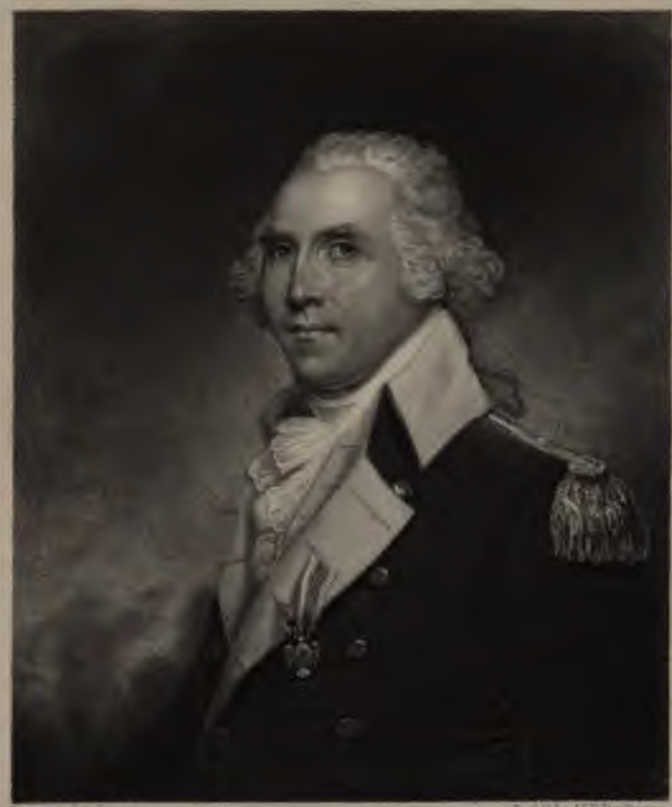
THE MILITARY.[1]

By recent orders the State of Florida ceases to be a military district; and Colonel Sprague, recently in command, is now simply in charge of a post. The reign of the military is over. Its sublime achievements on the battlefield will live in poetry; its barbarity and abuse of power will die as should perish all evil, and sink into oblivion as will the sad realities of the late conflict, when obscured in the light of the era of prosperity now dawning upon the country. We part with the past, and hail the coming future, with no ordinary emotions. The departure of the Fifth United States Artillery stationed at Barrancas, commanded by Brevet-Colonel H. S. Gansevoort, breaks the link connecting us with military rule in this locality. Pleasant as may be this idea, the departure of this courteous officer will cause many regrets. Did military rule continue longer under such an officer, its presence would scarcely be perceived, except in the feeling of security it caused.

BANNER PRESENTATION TO THE THIRTEENTH NEW-YORK CAVALRY.

In these patriotic days of flag-giving, I have seen nothing so superb as the banner of the Thirteenth New

[1] From "The Observer," Pensacola, Florida, February 23, 1869.



Painted by G. Stuart. Engrd by J.B.L. Prudhomme.

Peter Gansevoort

York Cavalry, presented by Peter Gansevoort, son of the revolutionary hero of Fort Stanwix,[1] to the regiment of his son, Colonel Henry Sanford Gansevoort, in honor of his taking command of his regiment, in which he has held for some time the post of lieutenant-colonel. It is a rich and costly compliment from a patriotic father to his brave and noble son.

Colonel Gansevoort was one of the New York Seventh, who left for the defence of the capital in the first moments of terror and uncertainty, three years ago. Soon after his return from his three-months' service, he obtained a commission in the regular army; and since that time he has been untiringly devoted to his country's service under McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade, bravely serving and suffering with the ever-to-be-remembered Army of the Potomac.

The flag, which has been for a week on exhibition at Tiffany's, was to-day taken to the regiment by Lieutenant-Colonel Coles. The staff is of rosewood, surmounted by an eagle of solid silver. The flag itself is of dark-blue silk, with the coat of arms of the State elaborately embroidered in chenilles and flosses; the tassels, dark blue and white.

Mr. Jenks, who has charge of this department at Tiffany's, says it is the only order he has ever received for a real rosewood staff and solid eagle, and is in

[1] August 6, 1777. See Bancroft's History of the United States, ix. 377, 381.

truth the most elegant and costly flag ever sent from that establishment.

Is it not an appropriate and fitting thing, that from the capital of the Empire State — that banner State which has furnished more men and money [1] than all New England, and yields to the Government more than one-fifth of its support — should be sent the most beautiful flag that waves over the Army of the Republic, and that it should be presented by the present head of a family of Revolutionary fame to his hero son of modern wars, who, we understand, is not thirty years of age? [2]

A. P.

MAY 16, 1864.

WASHINGTON, June 24, 1865.

DEAR GENERAL, — I have the pleasure of informing you that your son is a *brevet brigadier-general.* I made the application to the secretary of war this morning, and the order was made before I left the office. The colonel was here yesterday, and I told him, if he would come in again on Tuesday next, I would be able to inform him of the result. Please accept my most cordial congratulations.

Yours sincerely,

IRA HARRIS.

GENERAL GANSEVOORT.

[1] With larger population and valuation. — ED.

[2] From the Albany "Atlas and Argus," May 16, 1864, where the number of the regiment is erroneously given as the eighteenth. This is the article referred to by Colonel Gansevoort in his letter of June 10, 1864, p. 162.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES: MASSACHUSETTS COMMANDERY.

Colonel Gansevoort became a member of the Massachusetts Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States on the 6th May, 1868, by transfer from the Pennsylvania Commandery.

In the Biennial Register of the Commandery of Massachusetts, May, 1872, his name appears with notice of his death. On the 17th June, 1871, at a stated meeting of the Commandery, a report was received and adopted from a special committee previously appointed; with a preamble, and series of resolutions, which were communicated by the recorder to the father of Colonel Gansevoort with an appropriate letter.

These proceedings are subjoined.

Headquarters Commandery of the State of Massachusetts.

M. O., L. L., U. S.

CIRCULAR No. 51.

BOSTON, June 10, 1871.

At a stated meeting of this Commandery held at the Parker House, School Street, on Wednesday Evening, June 7, 1871, the following Report of a Committee to draft resolutions relative to the decease of Companion Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel HENRY S. GANSEVOORT, Captain Fifth United States Artillery, was adopted.

REPORT.

The Special Committee of the Massachusetts Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, appointed to draft resolutions upon the recent death of Companion Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel HENRY S.

GANSEVOORT, whose death occurred at Albany, N.Y., on the twelfth day of April, 1871, have the honor to submit the following Preamble and Resolutions: —

CHARLES H. TURNBULL,
Brevet Colonel U. S. Army.
WILLIAM COGSWELL,
Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Vols.
J. WALDO DENNY,
Captain U. S. Vols.
} *Committee.*

Whereas, This Commandery has learned of the recent death of Companion Brevet-Lieutenant Colonel HENRY S. GANSEVOORT, Captain Fifth United States Artillery, therefore

Resolved, That the death of our late Companion impresses us with the fact that our circle of companionship is becoming gradually narrowed; and while we submissively bow to the inevitable law of nature, which decimates our number, we desire to record the high estimation in which our late Companion was held. His patriotism was early evinced by the offer of his services to the Government in April, 1861, and its steadfastness proved by a long and honorable service during the war, continuing to the time of his death. His character, commanding the respect of all his associates, his excellent record of military service, are the heirlooms he leaves to us and the circle of his family and friends.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of our late Companion our warmest sympathy in this day of their sorrow, and that this declaration of our remembrance of our late Companion be entered upon the records of this Commandery, and a copy of the same be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and be published in The Army and Navy Journal.

[Extract from the Minutes.]

CHARLES DEVENS, JUN.,
Brevet Major-General U. S. Volunteers, Commander.

[SEAL.]

JAS. B. BELL,
Recorder, No. 12, Old State House.

OFFICIAL.
JAS. B. BELL, *Recorder.*

OFFICIAL MILITARY RECORD[1] OF HENRY SANFORD GANSEVOORT.[2]

1861.

April 19. — Private in the Seventh Regiment New York State Militia at Washington, D.C., and in Virginia.

May 14. — Appointed second lieutenant in the Fifth Regiment U.S. (Regular) Artillery.

September 1. — Serving at Camp of Instruction of Fifth Artillery, Camp Preble, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

December 1. — Commanding Battery M, Fifth Artillery; and organized that battery from recruits.

1862.

March 30. — Joined the Army of the Potomac at Hampton, Virginia, serving with Battery M, Fifth Artillery.

May 8. — On detached service until June 19, with Battery C (Horse), Third Artillery.

[1] With some additional details gathered from his letters and journals.

[2] Military Record of Civilian Appointments in the United States Army. By Guy V. Henry. New York: Carleton. London: S. Low, Son, & Co. 1871. Vol. i. p. 205.

June 19. — Rejoined Battery M, Fifth Artillery, and served therewith in the seven-days' battles, and at Malvern Hill in reserve.

August, Promoted to be first lieutenant, and joined Battery C, Fifth Artillery; served therewith in several skirmishes, and in the following battles: —

Gainesville.

August 30. — Second Bull Run.

September 14. — South Mountain.

September 17. — Antietam.

1863.

January, Owing to typhoid fever, on leave of absence, and thereafter on duty at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor.

March, Received leave of absence from the War Department to accept lieutenant-colonelcy of volunteers.

June 25. — Reported at Washington, D.C., with six companies of the Thirteenth New York Cavalry, at the time of General Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania. On duty with cavalry in Virginia; encamped successively near Centreville, Fairfax Court-House, and Vienna.

1864.

January, Commanding Thirteenth New York Cavalry at Vienna, Virginia; in cavalry brigade under command of General C. R. Lowell, engaged in outpost duties, picketing, and scouting.

March 28. — Promoted to be colonel of the Thirteenth New York Cavalry.

Engaged with command in scouting and skirmishing in Virginia between Manassas Gap, Culpepper, and Gordonsville, against rebel troops including Mosby's command; commanded in affair near Chantilly, in which Colonel Mosby was wounded.

September, Stationed at Manassas Gap in command of cavalry brigade (formerly Lowell's).

October 14. — Captured Mosby's camp in the Blue Ridge, and all his artillery, consisting of four guns, with their caissons, ammunition, and harness.

October 17. — Holding Manassas Gap when the battle of Cedar Creek was fought (in which General Lowell was killed).

1865.

January, At Prospect Hill, Virginia, south-west of Washington, engaged in outpost duty.

June 24. — Appointed brevet brigadier-general of volunteers for gallant and meritorious service.

August, Mustered out of volunteer service.

September, Rejoined Battery C, Fifth Artillery, as first lieutenant, and served therewith during the remainder of the year.

Appointed captain by brevet, U.S.A., for gallant and meritorious service at Antietam.

Appointed major by brevet, U.S.A., for gallant and meritorious services near Manassas Gap.

Appointed lieutenant-colonel by brevet, U.S.A, for gallant and meritorious services during the war.

1866.

January, Served with Battery C, Fifth Artillery, at Fortress Monroe, Virginia.

July, Assistant adjutant-general on the staff of Brevet Major-General Miles at Fortress Monroe.

1867.

May, Promoted to be captain in the Fifth Artillery, and joined Battery E, Fifth

Artillery, at Barrancas, Pensacola Harbor, Florida.

1868.

July, Commanding Pensacola Harbor, Florida, and Battery E, Fifth Artillery, to March, 1869.

1869.

March, Commanding Battery E, Fifth Artillery, at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor.

1870.

May 25. — Ordered with his battery to the northern frontier about St. Albans, to watch the Fenians, and prevent a threatened raid by them into Canada.

June 4. — Returned to Fort Independence, and remained in command of Battery E, Fifth Artillery, until December, 1870.

1871.

April 12. — Died on board the steamboat "Drew" on the Hudson River, opposite Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, New York, on the morning of Wednesday.

OBITUARY NOTICE.[1]

THE LATE COLONEL GANSEVOORT, FIFTH UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.

The fears entertained for the last few months are at length realized in the death of Colonel Gansevoort of the United States Army.

So high-bred and accomplished a gentleman, so fearless and brave a soldier, deserves more than passing notice.

Henry Sanford Gansevoort was the only son of General Peter Gansevoort of Albany, and grandson of the famous General Gansevoort of Fort Stanwix memory, and on his mother's side of Chancellor Sanford, so well known in the judicial history of the State.

He was graduated with honors from Princeton College, and, intending to follow the legal profession, went through the Law School course at old Harvard, afterwards reading for a time in Mr. Fillmore's office in Buffalo, and finally with Messrs. Bowdoin, Barlow and Larocque in the city of New York.

General Gansevoort was anxious to give his only son every advantage in preparing for his profession, and thought it best that before he went into active practice he should travel in Europe.

[1] From the Albany Argus, April 15, 1871.

It was in the autumn of 1860, that Mr. Gansevoort returned home. Having decided to settle in the city of New York, he entered at once upon the practice of the law. Full of ambitious hopes, he thought to achieve fame at the bar, and render illustrious his honored name.

But the murmurs of discontent and dissatisfaction felt throughout the land were daily becoming louder and stronger, and burst forth finally in unrestrained wrath in the spring of 1861. Then young Gansevoort felt that the honor of the nation was at stake, and that he should be among the first to guard the liberties his grandsire had helped us to gain; and, indeed, —

> "How could man die better
> Than facing fearful odds
> For the ashes of his fathers,
> And the temples of his gods?"

Mr. Gansevoort went with the New York Seventh Regiment on their famous three-months' service, and during the summer of 1861 procured a commission in the regular army.

Time would fail me to recount the experiences, trials, and glories of his career in the Army of the Potomac. Several times he endured great suffering from the camp-fever; and these attacks gradually began to undermine his constitution, which was naturally delicate. When peace was declared, he was ordered to Florida; but the climate and surroundings only increased the evil already

begun. It was not until after his transfer to Fort Independence, near Boston, and within the last year, that the result of his exposures in the field and at the post began to alarm his friends.

After a severe sickness, in November, he was advised to try a warmer climate, and early in December went to Nassau, New Providence.

There in the "land of sun and flowers," tended by loving hands, and the recipient of every kind attention, he remained until April 3, when, knowing his end was drawing near, his sister bravely undertook to gratify his wish that he should be brought home.

And thus it came to pass that,—

> "He, the young and brave, who cherished
> Noble longings for the strife,
> By the wayside fell and perished,
> Wearied with the march of life."

Surrounded by those he dearly loved, believing in God and His Dear Son, Henry Sanford Gansevoort fell quietly and calmly asleep at twelve o'clock of April 12, 1871.

> "At midnight is a cry!
> Is it the bridegroom draweth near?
> Come quickly, Lord, for I
> Have longed thy voice to hear!"

A. P. P.

LETTERS, AND EXTRACTS,

OFFICIAL AND PERSONAL.

CHAPTER IV.

THREE MONTHS' SERVICE IN THE RANKS OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

WASHINGTON CITY, Tuesday, April, 30, 1861.

I ARRIVED in this city after a tedious time, on Monday morning. On the way sickness, and almost starvation, conspired to render the prospect any thing but romantic, and the darkest side of a soldier's life was opened to my experience. I left New York last Tuesday night in "The Alabama," after a tedious march under a heavy knapsack, down Broadway, and until Friday morning was tossed about on the waters in the disagreeable company of a regiment composed, to some extent, of "short boys." . . . I was taken sick from exposure to the night air, for our quarters were on deck; and at one time the surgeon concluded to send me back. On arriving at Annapolis, however, I determined to proceed; and, after landing with the sixteen members of the Seventh Regiment who accompanied me, we pitched our habitations on the beautiful lawn which is enclosed within the four walls of the Naval Academy, and there spent the night.

Saturday came, and brought with it several baggage-wagons from our regiment, which had reached Washington. We hailed them with joy; and after sending back by steamer several of our

companions, one of whom want of food and exposure had rendered delirious, we guarded the baggage-wagons filled with baggage to the dépôt of the Washington Railroad, and there waited for the train. . . . Late in the evening, Sunday, we reached Washington; and, after delivering the baggage, we joined the regiment at its quarters in the Capitol, occupying the Hall of Representatives, and all the halls and passages. We sleep on the marble floors. . . .

I have one favor to ask of you. It is possible at present to obtain for me a second-lieutenant's commission in the additional twenty-five thousand men to be raised for the regular army. Will you please apply for me at once, —*to-day?* Please speak to Judge P——. Hill,[1] of Albany, has a commission.

CAMP AT MERIDIAN HILL, GEORGETOWN, May 6, 1861.

We are in the midst of a prolonged rain-storm, which has chilled us to our very hearts. . . . Camp-life is a hard one, I confess, but I think would prove quite pleasant, if I were equal to the task. . . . In my last letter to you, I requested that you would move in the matter of my appointment as lieutenant in the regular army. There are, I see, seventy thousand more men to be raised and officered, besides numerous vacancies in the present companies. I like the life, and should pay particular attention to its duties. . . . If by offering myself for dangerous present service in the border States I could secure the appointment, I would do so. . . . Our scouts are thrown out for two miles; and, although we may be attacked, we shall not be sur-

[1] Lieut. Edward Bayard Hill, mortally wounded in one of the battles on the Chickahominy, died June 13, 1862.

prised. This week, probably, we shall begin to act on the offensive. . . . Word has just been sent to us, to be ready to-night, at the long roll of the drum, to form in line of battle. This sounds warlike, but I think it will amount to nothing more than to try our nerve.

SEVENTH REGIMENT ENCAMPMENT, MERIDIAN HILL, D.C.,
17 May, 1861.

MY DEAR FATHER, — The receipt of your letter gave me the greatest pleasure of the past month. I was pleased to learn that you viewed my course with satisfaction, and to read the advice which you now as always have so affectionately given me. I am aware that objections exist to my entering the service of the United States ; but after mature deliberation I have decided to do so, if a commission can be obtained. I am convinced that I am fitted for that position ; but, as my education has been in an opposite direction, I have to unlearn many things, and overcome many prejudices : therefore I request that you make an early application, as there are many applications already, and unless great exertions are made the chances will be small. . . . I think application had better be made on the spot : General Wool, however, could suggest the most usual way. I leave the matter in your hands, knowing that your indulgent and paternal nature will do for me all that can be done. . . . The branch of the service that I should most incline to would be the dragoon or artillery service ; but the infantry would do, if the others proved too difficult to be obtained.

CAMP CAMERON, WASHINGTON CITY, WEDNESDAY, May 29, 1861.

We shall in all probability return to New York to-day or to-morrow. Our thirty days expired on Sunday last ; but, at the

request of the secretary of war, we remained a longer time. Last Thursday, we were notified that we should be called upon to march at midnight; and accordingly, after a full supply of ammunition, we started at one o'clock. We halted at the other end of the Long Bridge, across the Potomac, and about two, A.M., on Friday, commenced the advance as the centre of a force of some twelve hundred men. A defence was expected, and a battle which should commence hostilities in earnest. These did not come. Late on Friday afternoon, we took up our line of march for Columbian Spring, near Arlington Heights, and the residence of General Lee, of the Virginian forces. Here, without blankets, and without food, we passed a night of exposure. The next day brought a continuous rain, and, as my turn to stand guard arrived, I was unusually exposed. . . .

Several times we expected an attack, and were drawn up to meet the enemy. No enemy appeared, and we commenced the erection of a field-work on the heights, to be called Fort Seward. This was quite extensive, and consisted of the usual faces, flanks, bastions, ditches, and redoubts. Saturday, I was on guard, and surely expected an attack. The night passed, however, and Sunday morning ushered in a beautiful day. Major Barnard was the engineer-in-chief, the same officer we met abroad. Sunday afternoon, at a late hour, we received orders to return to Camp Cameron, some eight or ten miles distant.

After a hasty meal of hard crackers and fish, we took up our line of march at seven, P.M. on Sunday. After crossing Long Bridge, and approaching Washington, a heavy shower of rain broke over us, drenching us to the skin, and continued until we reached our camp-grounds. So you have a hasty recital of our little expedition into Virginia. Let me say we went with

every expectation of a battle. We knew not where we were going until we reached Arlington Heights. I think that great service was rendered by the Seventh Regiment to the good cause. I wished that we had advanced farther, and remained longer.

One of our men, named Frothingham, was shot by the carelessness of another person; and several were sunstruck in the trenches. Altogether, it was an eventful time. We should have had the advance upon Alexandria which was given to Colonel Ellsworth, if our colonel had desired it. We heard of the taking of Alexandria, and of Colonel Ellsworth's death, from an army officer who came riding towards us on Friday morning while on our march. Our company had the post of honor, on the right of the line, and would have been first in action. I was in the third line from the head of column, near the officers of the regiment. We marched without music, although with full drum-corps.

You have heard, no doubt, of the death of a member of our company, named Keese, which I may however mention *en passant*. He was a handsome and brilliant fellow. One morning, he was standing not far from me, washing his hands, when a comrade, who was examining his musket, accidentally discharged it, and the ball (a minie) passed through the body of Keese. He fell dead. He was married shortly before our departure. . . .

Our tents are ten feet by ten, and this small space serves for six people. Here we eat and sleep and live. In rainy weather, the discomfort is doubled. We receive rations from the government, but still have to purchase many things for ourselves. We rise at five in the morning, and after roll-call drill till half-past

seven. After breakfast and rest, we drill for about an hour, and then fire at target by squads for another hour. This practice is to improve our calculation and sight. We commence firing at a hundred yards, and then advance to two hundred, three hundred, and up to a thousand yards. After target-practice, we dine, and then read or rest. In the afternoon at four, there is an inspection of tents, which is usually made by the officer of the day, and at five a parade, and sometimes a review, when all the regiment, with the exception of those on guard, are present. After the parade, there are sometimes general exercises, and then supper, which brings the evening to its close. In the morning, we are awakened by *reveillé* at five; at seven, "*Peas on the trencher*" calls to breakfast; at noon, *roast beef*, or dinner, is beaten; and at ten o'clock, *tattoo*, the signal for retiring. Half an hour later, *taps*, or three taps of the drum, are heard, and then all lights are extinguished, and silence prevails.

Such is the routine of camp-life. No one is allowed to pass out of camp unless by direct written permission; and discipline is carried to its pitch. Our belts, clothes, brasses, &c., have to be in perfect order; and the care of our muskets takes much time. Mrs. Aspinwall of New York sent us on our arrival many woollen jackets of stylish cut; and they have proved very comfortable.

[This was amateur soldiering, in the earliest stage of the war, and is here given at much length, for the contrast it affords to the sterner scenes which are to come. Our next extract is dated at Washington just before the advance which was to culminate in the fortunate disaster of Bull Run, and to teach the country to "make haste slowly."]

WASHINGTON, July 13, 1861.

I pendulate between Willard's and the Capitol. Politicians haunt the streets, halls, and hotels, their countenances chiselled by selfish ambition and cowardly revenge, with sharp and cold lines. Martial music loads the still air of the morning and evening; soldiers drunk and sober, lively and grave, crowd every corner; and wagon-trains are all day rumbling in slow procession to the seat of war. Affrays are of daily occurrence. Yesterday there was a fight between many soldiers. I happened to be present; and, as revolvers are carried by all, there was a general whizzing of balls. One man was fatally injured. I had a bayonet run through my sleeve while innocently passing two belligerents.

Let me say, however, that, as a general thing, the soldiers behave well until they drink the vile drug which fires their brains. To-day, the camps are being fast vacated, and regiments are crossing upon the "sacred soil;" and next week will chronicle an advance towards the Southern Cross. Colonel Seward has gone to Hagerstown, and Washington has at last become almost the rear of operations.

[But Washington was soon to reel beneath the shock of the refluent tide. A letter of July 24, 1861, admirably reflects the feeling, and describes the situation, in Washington, just after the first battle of Bull Run; but as the recital of the events of the battle, in which he took no part, was all at second hand, and based on rumors and reports then current, in place of which we now have historic truth, it is mostly omitted.]

We are just recovering in Washington from the sad defeat of Sunday last. . . I forbear to enter into details. Sufficient to say, that our pride has been humbled. . . . The cry is no longer,

"On to Richmond!" but, "Back to Washington!" In a few words, we commenced the march into Virginia, as our troops would march down Broadway. . . I lost many friends; some sent down corpses, some immured in hospitals, and some wounded. . . . The principal loss was in officers, compared with that of men. This is to be a bloody war. . . I send you home a rebel plume and powder-gourd, which I hope you will receive.

WASHINGTON, Sunday, Aug. 4, 1861.

I shall quit this dismal place next Wednesday at the latest, taking French leave. I have obtained a permanent position in the army,—lieutenant in the Fifth Artillery, headquarters at Harrisburg. This regiment is to be composed entirely of flying batteries, of which there are to be twelve. Brown, of Pickens fame, is the colonel, and Sherman the lieutenant-colonel. It is, I know, a dangerous branch of the service, but it is a choice and scientific branch. Under the present system of warfare, officers suffer most, and particularly those commanding batteries, as it is the aim of sharpshooters to thus cripple the guns; but it is on this very account that I prefer it. You are aware, perhaps, that there has been but one regiment of artillery formed under the increase of the army, so that commissions in that branch are comparatively scarce. I obtained this commission by my own exertions. All political influence that I brought to bear failed to aid me in the least; and it was only by the resignation of a friend who held the appointment, that I received it, being substituted in his place. . . .

The army has recovered somewhat from the Bull Run defeat. It has a master spirit at its head now. There is order and

silence in the streets of Washington. Soldiers are compelled to stay in their camps, liquor is forbidden them, and it really seems that there is to be some discipline in the army. General McClellan is a very able man, quite youthful in appearance, although somewhat older than he looks. . . . He travels with a body-guard of mounted rifles, and leaves a long wake of dust behind him.

All day long cavalry and infantry patrol the streets, and arrest all persons wearing uniforms. Colonels, even, are compelled to show their passes, and consequently do not lounge as much as they used to do around bars and corners. We are to have a long and bloody war; and the dependence of an army is on its discipline. Hitherto we could boast little more than an armed rabble, its officers possessing courage, but not that skill which experience alone can generate. Now we must delay further action, until by practice we have made soldiers of our forces.

We are to meet in the field men who fight for what they consider their rights, and for their homes; and I believe they will contend desperately and frantically. They fight on their own soil, and under more favorable auspices than our Revolutionary fathers; and the issue is as doubtful as it is to be sanguinary. We are certain, however, of being on the right side: constitutional liberty cannot survive the loss of unity in the government. That is the voice of history; that is the issue presented to us. This crisis is one that comes to us as naturally as some diseases come to the human race. It comes to enable us to throw off from our system that which might do us more serious injury, and must be endured in the same way. . . .

In my opinion, war teaches a nation — certainly such a nation as ours — more of the higher sentiments and Christian virtues

than peace. It is true that a nation may be made a cockpit to gratify some personal ambition; but I mean a war undertaken for higher purposes, and for the benefit of mankind. We had nearly forgotten in our luxury and prosperity the lessons of our Revolution, and we need new examples and fresher truths. The nation needs more of an inner life, full of sap and virility, and not hollow and faithless. . . . This age of hypocrisy will be turned from us by this war, for "sweet are the uses of adversity;" and that must be the lot of those who stand aloof, as well as of those who fight. . . .

> "No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace
> Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
> . . . . . .
> Nor the cannon bullet rust on a slothful shore;
> And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
> Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more!
> . . . . . .
> Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
> Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold.
> . . . . . .
> We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still,
> And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind;
> It is better to fight for the good, than to rail at the ill;
> I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind,
> I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assigned."

. . . My theory used to be, that human nature had improved and was improving with the ages, and that the lion might be seen to lie down with the lamb, led by a little child, before our century had waned; but I am afraid I shall have to turn back the shadow on the dial of my hopes and aspirations. What is a long time to us is a short time to Heaven, and we must "stand and wait."

CHAPTER V.

SEVEN MONTHS IN ARTILLERY CAMP OF INSTRUCTION.

HARRISBURG, Tuesday, Sept. 10, 1861.

TWELVE days ago, I left Albany, spent three days in New York, and arrived at this city a week ago yesterday, about eight, P.M. . . . Harrisburg seems a real old-fashioned place. The market-house is in the centre of a square on which my hotel, the Jones House, stands. It seems to combine the peculiarities of a city and small village.

In the evening the people fill the streets, and the porches are crowded with ladies. . . . A week ago to-day I reported myself to Major Williams, in command of the regiment at this place. . . . It appeared that I was correct in thinking that I was fully in time to report. In fact, I had received no official notice of my appointment, and was not required to report until such notice was received. However, I was immediately assigned to a battery, and ordered into camp of instruction near Harrisburg. . . .

The camp is about a mile and a half from town, and situated on the level top of a broad hill that slopes away towards a small stream in the rear, and undulates somewhat at the front. The Susquehanna, at the distance of about a mile, gleams in the sunlight through lines of forest; and on all sides in the distance

appear the white tents, and ring the bugles, of volunteer forces. . . . There are about a hundred and fifty men in camp; and as fast as they are prepared they will be sent off in a battery of that number with six guns. I think the guns will be light rifled Parrotts. One battery of our regiment — Getty's — is before Washington to-day. . . .

CAMP GREBLE, HARRISBURG, Sunday, Sept. 14, 1861, 1, P.M.

I retired to rest Thursday night on a cot I had purchased, covered, as to myself, with a blanket. About one o'clock, I awoke to a chilly sensation which shook my very bones. The dampness penetrated every thing; and although under a splendid tent, and tolerably clad, I slept no more; and until the morning *reveillé* startled me and my brother lieutenant from "conscious sleep," I was indulged in the novel sensation of being intensely cold, without the means of becoming warm. Our camp is situated, as I have formerly stated, on high ground; but the dew after seven in the evening is very heavy, and boots and shoes suffer, albeit they be clogs. . . . Drilling is the order of the day, — at six in the morning, nine, and twelve, and three, — five hours' steady work. I commenced my duties to-day. To-night I am officer of the guard, and must stretch a short experience until it answers for a long one. This morning, we had a hundred and seventy men in camp.

Captain Ayres was ordered yesterday to Washington, and left with his battery at half-past seven this morning. This makes the third battery of our regiment at Washington. The men remaining are for Captain Smead's battery, to which I am temporarily attached. There are now here, the major commanding, adjutant, surgeon, a captain, one first and five or six second lieutenants. The remaining officers are now recruiting. Others

continue to arrive. One lieutenant came to-day from New York with fourteen recruits. We are not yet mounted; but as fast as a battery is full it is mounted and sent off.

CAMP GREBLE, 20 Sept. 1861. Friday, 10, A.M.

We have now a battery-and-a-half in camp. Three already are at the seat of war, — Griffin's, Getty's, and Ayres's. Captain Smead's battery is now here, nearly full, and will leave soon. . . . We are engaged in drilling in marching movements, and at the guns. I take to a soldier's life and duties naturally. At *reveillé*, which is at daybreak, we rise, and in turn, each week, we attend to the policing, or having the camp cleaned, which is done under the charge of a sergeant by the guard of the day before. At six we breakfast under an open tent, all together. At six and three-quarters the bugle sounds from the distant hill for drill. We then proceed to quarters, and after inspecting the men, who have been already formed into detachments by the sergeants, we each take a detachment to the piece or to the field. At eight the recall is sounded, the signal to cease drilling. After this the sergeants' call, and at nine o'clock the call for another drill which ceases at half-past ten. At eleven the officers drill, — properly on horseback, but, as we have not our horses, on foot. At twelve drill ceases, and the men are called by bugle to dinner. At one we drill, and at that time there is another "policing" of the camp. At three another drill till half-past four; and at half-past five parade and guard-mounting. At nine, tattoo and taps; and but for the clank of sabre, and the tread of armed sentinels, the camp is silent till daybreak.

Now, all this is very severe; but such is the discipline, and the power given to the officers over the men in the regular service, that there is an excitement and satisfaction in doing one's duty,

and doing it well, which reconcile one to it easily. There is a fulness of health produced by the regularity in meals and exercise, that is truly enjoyable. We shall soon be mounted, and then we shall enjoy it much more. I am dressed in flannel, — blue, with artillery buttons, narrow red stripe down trousers leg, regulation cap with cross cannon, belt, and sword.

CAMP GREBLE, HARRISBURG, Oct. 27, 1861.

Camp life begins to unfold its hardships. The weather is cold, and the wind lets us know that a mere canvas is but a poor shelter. To-day a friend of mine, Lieut. Weir, was taken with typhoid fever, and I can well pity him in its slothful course. I wonder that more here are not unwell, as morning and evening the feet of those who do not wear rubber boots or shoes are wet and cold by reason of the dew or frost upon the ground at the early hour of drill.

CAMP GREBLE, Nov. 5, 1861.

Every day, in addition to practice and drill in artillery tactics, we lieutenants are exercised in riding. This is not any Broadway equestrianism, but a bare-back drill on horses that are rougher than any I had hoped to meet. I have not been thrown yet, although with the quick turns of the drill I expect to be. We are drilled by a graduate of West Point, and I hope soon to be as familiar with a horse as I am now with some other requisites of a soldier's life. This includes every minutia of the harness and its adjustment. In artillery every thing has its name, and the nomenclature has to be made familiar to every officer.

CAMP GREBLE, 17 Nov. 1861; Sunday.

You need not mention it, but last week during drill I was thrown from my horse, and slightly injured. It occurred in this

way: We ride every day new horses, very rough, and sometimes only half broken, which belong to the batteries. There is a parallelogram about two hundred feet long, and fifty feet wide, in which we ride; turning squarely in the trot and walk, but in the gallop performing a species of ellipse. The horses are ridden without any saddle; and it is as much as one's life is worth, sometimes, to mount them.

Well, during the gallop the horse of a lieutenant ran from his place in file, and while I was at full speed came in collision with my steed. The shock nearly threw both of us, but by balancing ourselves we kept our seats. As there was a turn to be made immediately after, I prepared myself for it; and, while balancing, the horse of the same lieutenant, who was endeavoring to resume his place in the file, headed mine off, and mine, becoming frightened, started away from the riding ground, and, before I could regain my balance, threw me with great force upon the ground, but not materially injuring me. When the horse was caught I remounted him, and rode him as before.

The Miss Camerons and the daughter of General Thomas were present, and enjoyed the fun. Beyond a torn coat, and a considerable quantity of soil, I escaped any material injury. I have no fear of horses, and would mount any horse not absolutely vicious. My course here forces me to make horses my study; and, as we have some three or four hundred, I have as much as I can do. We ride every day between twelve and one, and I hope we shall become centaurs, if our limbs stick together.

Yesterday I was transferred to the battery (C) of Captain Seymour, now nearly full. As the captain is commanding officer here now, I practically have the whole charge, as I rank the other officers. His battery is not advanced in drill, and I have

my hands full. The drill is very complex, but beautiful, and I wish you could see it. Our studies are very severe here, and are pursued on the West Point system. They comprise the manual of light artillery, but will soon extend to heavy artillery and ordnance.

CAMP GREBLE, HARRISBURG, PENN., Dec. 25, 1861.

This is Christmas; and, while you are all gathered around the hospitable board, I am alone in my quarters, confined to camp by the military law which forces the "officer of the day" to remain at his post. I have just purchased five turkeys for my men. They are fine ones, and cost about seventy cents each. They are for to-morrow's dinner; and I have also for them a box of raisins, a box of herring, and a bushel of apples and of onions, together with some fine tomato catsup and other little delicacies.

I have purchased about thirty knives and forks, of which they were destitute before. I however omitted to obtain tin plates, a very necessary article; but it seems they make boards answer the purpose, so that I shall wait until I have more money. There are about fifty men in my company, of whom some thirty are here. I have them in perfect control, and preserve strictest discipline. The sergeants recite to me every evening, and the men are drilled three or four times each day. I have about fifty horses under my charge in the stables of the battery.

CAMP GREBLE, HARRISBURG, PENN., Dec. 29, 1861; Sunday.

There never was a time when war was so fashionable as now. It rages in China, and in North and South America, — in both hemispheres. All Europe is convulsed. Italy is heaving politically more than with her volcanoes; Germany and France are

in full training for the fight; dismembered countries — Poland, Hungary, the South-American republics — are on the point of outbreak; Spain, even, has awakened from her sleep of centuries to revive the traditions of Cortez and the faded glories of her crown; England exposes her flank to Napoleon, in order that she may hold up our "lion-skin" to derision; while we are struggling with a rebellion that threatens our political existence. Is this about to be the battle of Armageddon which is to precede the final consummation? or is it only one of those convulsions that history tells us occur in the political as in the physical world, marking a new order of things? Dr. Cummings, who predicted the fall of the Papacy, writes down the year 1867 as the end of things generally. Is he an alarmist? At all events, there are still six good years to repent in. During *that* year, I expect to see many arrayed in white garments, and oiling their shoulders to germinate the promised wings which are to bear them above the ether. Let us live and learn. Christmas has passed, and holiday week is drawing to a close. Soon the new year, 1862, full of events for our country and ourselves, will have begun its race. Its conclusion may be with very different circumstances from the present.

MIFFLIN, JUNIATA CO., PENN., Jan. 28, 1862.

You will be surprised to learn that I am in this part of the country. I spent last night at this place, about fifty miles from Harrisburg. It is on the Juniata River, and is one of those inland towns that seem finished. I came here thus: On Friday night last, three men of my company deserted, and it became necessary that I should apprehend them if possible. On Sunday I received an order to do so; and about five o'clock on Sunday

afternoon I left Harrisburg with two men of my battery, also mounted. On Saturday, after search, I had concluded that they had taken the road up the Susquehanna. There were different reports as to their departure, so that at first it seemed doubtful if I had started right. However, after a rough and windy ride on the snowy banks of the river, we succeeded in ripening our conjectures of their track into certainties.

After proceeding fifteen miles to what is called Clark's Ferry, we learned that the fugitives had crossed the river Saturday night, so that they had two days' start. They were on foot, but had the chance of riding on freight-trains after striking whichsoever railroad they might have chosen. Well, crossing the railroad with my two men, a sergeant and a corporal, I took supper, and then about ten in the evening started for the town of Duncannon, down the opposite side of the river from that which we had come up. This was to procure a sleigh, as horseback riding was not preferable to sleighing.

Duncannon was only two miles distant, but in the snow we lost our way; and in the morning about one o'clock we returned to Clark's Ferry whence we had set out. Here we got a guide, and, having at length reached Duncannon, spent the rest of the night there. In the morning I got a sleigh, and, leaving one of my three horses at Duncannon, started with the others and my men for the Junction. Take down the map of Pennsylvania, and you will see where the Juniata pours into the Susquehanna. The rivers are both innavigable; and the country is wild and thinly settled above here. This was the critical point in my pursuit: which of these rivers did the men ascend? After a drive of fourteen miles we reached the Junction. The men had been there, but I could not learn which way they had taken.

Up the Susquehanna I drove, then, but after three miles could not hear of the men in that direction: so back I drove to Clark's Ferry, and engaged the services of a man who knew the country well. He suggested driving up the Juniata, and off we started at eleven o'clock yesterday (Monday). The river had flooded the road, and in many places it was bare; but, having driven twelve miles, we reached a town called Newport. Nowhere on the route could we learn any thing of the fugitives.

I was in despair, when we heard that they had crossed at the Junction to the other side of the river, in the hope perhaps of taking the cars west. Here, being certain that they had taken the cars, I returned to Newport, and sent my sergeant down to the Junction to inquire further on the railroad side. The other man I sent back with the horses to Harrisburg. I started in the western train at five o'clock in the morning for this place, and spent the night here. Last night I received a despatch from my sergeant that the men had passed the Junction for the West. The man I obtained at Clark's Ferry I left at Millerstown, some twenty miles from here. He will join me, I expect, by the next train, when we shall start for the Alleghanies, Johnstown, and perhaps Pittsburg. The men I am after are desperate fellows: all have been boatmen. Two live in the capital of Indiana. They are well armed, having stolen pistols, and may make resistance. I thus shall have an interesting time. I hope to overhaul them in this State.

PITTSBURG, PENN., Jan. 30, 1862.

Still unsuccessful in my pursuit. I left Mifflin, whence I last addressed you, on Wednesday morning, and proceeded to Altoona, where I spent the night. I was still unfortunate, as the

clew I had to my quarry was lost. Yesterday (Thursday) I started for Florence, a small place on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. About noon I stopped at Florence, and walked seven miles to Bolivia, on the railroad track, in quite a rain-storm. At Bolivia I found that the information I had received related to another man, and that I must commence again. I left at night, and reached Pittsburg last night. Here I have been engaged, and think I may return to Harrisburg to-night. I have so arranged that the two men who live in Indiana must be taken ultimately. I have men on their track in that State. I would have proceeded to Indianapolis but for the desire to avoid unnecessary expense. There is an officer there, and his presence is as good as mine. I have learned much of advantage during this trip. The State of Pennsylvania has been opened to me, especially its western part.

The Alleghanies, and the people on them whom I have met in coming here, are worth the journey. Pittsburg is more like an English manufacturing town than any that I have visited in this country. The smoke, the smell, the black appearance of every thing, the shops, and even the bitter ale, are all essentially English. The men I have been in pursuit of have escaped me for the present for the following reasons: *First*, I started after them too late, not being ordered to do so until nearly two days after their departure. *Second*, the difficulty of deciding which route they had taken, till too late. *Third*, the shameful privilege given to soldiers, of riding on freight-trains. *Fourth*, the chance they had, and perhaps embraced, of leaving the train at some small station on the route, and striking across the country. *Fifth*, the difficulty of identifying soldiers, as so many travel the same routes wearing the same uniform.

CAMP GREBLE, HARRISBURG, PENN., Feb. 10, 1862; Monday.

MY DEAR FATHER, — I returned this morning from Washington, where I have been since Thursday evening last. Washington is crowded with all sorts of people. Soldiers and citizens turn Pennsylvania into a second Broadway. I there met Senators Harris and Hale, and Mr. Corning, and Mr. Pomeroy of New York. Mr. Corning was particularly kind to me. On my arrival I visited the camps adjacent to the city. The artillery reserve of the army of the Potomac is on East Capitol Street, about a mile east of the Capitol. It is in the veriest mudhole that you could imagine. It took me about an hour to go this distance through the mud. In a circuit of a mile or two lie many regular and volunteer batteries. They are prevented from drill by the weather, and are inactive, and I may say inefficient. The plain, when dried by the strong winds of next month, will afford a splendid theatre for evolutions. Every thing looks quite natural at Washington; but the difference in the excitement and the martial visage of the city, between the summer and winter, is astonishing. Gayety seems to be the go there: parties and excursions, parades and funerals, are of daily occurrence. I met Isaac Bronson, who has been enjoying himself very much in a quiet way. It seemed that I was the luckiest of men with regard to meeting those whom I wished to see. I met everybody at the times and places I desired. I also saw nearly all the celebrities, from General Stone, who is now a prisoner in Fort Warren,[1] down to the lowest diplomatist. I was glad to leave

[1] Charles P. Stone, brigadier-general commanding at the disastrous battle of Ball's Bluff (otherwise called battle of Edmund's Ferry, and battle of Harrison's Island, fought October 22, 1861). General Stone was arrested February 8, 1872, and sent to Fort Lafayette, New York, on various charges growing out of this

the city, as the excitement was almost too much for me. On my return I found Kate's letter stating that you were all well, and giving me some news of home affairs. I expect to leave here soon for more active operations, and fear that I shall be unable to see you at home for some time to come; but hoping to hear from you, and sending love to all, I remain

Your affectionate son,

H. S. GANSEVOORT.

CAMP GREBLE, HARRISBURG, PENN., February 23, 1862.

We consider ourselves as belonging to the Army of the Potomac, and liable to participate in the first general engagement. I have hoped to be in active service before this time. Seymour's battery will be off soon. It is complete as far as *materiel* goes. Yesterday on parade I commanded the right section, and the battery fired a hundred guns in turn. The horses are all bays, and number about a hundred. Each piece has six horses, as well as each caisson, or ammunition-wagon. The harness is the finest ever made in this country; and the red or scarlet blankets of the horses, worn under the saddles, contrasted with the dark-blue jackets and trousers of the men who ride on them, produce a fine effect. I am delighted to hear of our successes in the Western States. I only fear that some compromise may shorten this war. Any such result would be

affair, but discharged on investigation. He served with distinguished bravery on the staff of General Banks, in the Red River expedition, April, 1864.

[Rebellion Record, vol. iii. Doc. p. 96; iv. Diary, p. 28; viii. Doc. pp. 246 553; xii. Doc. p. 525; Report of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, House of Representatives, 1863, part ii. pp. 9–18.]

but a temporary one. An unconditional submission to the will of the government, and the assurance of complete and eternal obedience, must be had from the rebellious States.

CAMP GREBLE, HARRISBURG, PENN., March 8, 1862.

Two batteries left camp last week, — Captain Seymour's and Captain Weed's. Our battery, of which I am in command, will leave within the next ten or twelve days if report be true. We may go to Kentucky, but more probably we shall go first to Washington. I am anxious to leave, although I am satisfied that we shall not be able to do much before the spring is well advanced. I consider that the war will be longer than others do, and therefore conclude that my visit to the South will be one of some length.

CAMP GREBLE, HARRISBURG, PENN., March 10, 1862.

Although my battery is full, I am still in command. The guns and ordnance stores have arrived, but the captain has not. He will be here this week. The majority of the stores, including the gun-carriages and caissons, came from the West Troy arsenal. How little I ever expected to receive such missives from there! The guns are three-inch ten-pounders, rifled. They are made of wrought iron, and are between eight and nine hundred pounds weight. The company advances rapidly in drill. In the morning I have harness drill for the drivers, who number thirty-six men, each having charge of two horses. These horses are hitched to the guns and caissons, six horses to each carriage. There are six gun-carriages and six caissons; therefore there are seventy-two horses to draw the twelve carriages. Each gun has a chief of piece, or sergeant, who is

mounted; and then there are six horses to draw the battery-wagon, and six others to draw the battery-forge.

Then there are horses for the first sergeant and quartermaster sergeant, and for the buglers and guidon; and spare horses for each carriage, and for the artificers, &c. The force of a battery consists of at least a hundred and fifty men. These are divided into three sections, each commanded by a lieutenant. Another lieutenant commands the line of caissons. A gun detachment consists of nine men, one of whom is a corporal, who acts as gunner, and has charge of a piece in action. Two of these detachments constitute a section.

The drivers, when the company is formed in line *dismounted*, fall in on the left of these detachments. All fall in on two flanks. You see from this that a light battery is a very extensive affair. I deeply wish I had sole charge of one. After many months training, and after being in command of one since December last, I regret that my position is that of a subaltern. Captain DeHart is now in command of the camp here.

CHAPTER VI.

FOUR MONTHS OF FIGHTING AND ACTIVE CAMPAIGNING, WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

BALTIMORE, Saturday, 29 March, 1862, 11, A.M.

I AM on my way to Fortress Monroe, having left Harrisburg last Thursday at five o'clock in the afternoon. . . . As you know, my battery has been full for a short time, which caused me to look for a speedy departure, the order for which came last Sunday, and Capt. McKnight reached Harrisburg on Monday. The command of the company, which had devolved on me for the past five months, was handed over to the captain; and two of the other lieutenants of the battery arrived at the same time. The fact that I had had sole charge of the drill and *personnel* of the battery for so long a time, caused all duties regarding provision for its departure to fall upon me; and to this time I have had to superintend all operations. Our pieces arrived shortly before we left, with their caissons and the battery-forge and battery-wagon. These had to be transported, together with horses, equipments, battery stores, ammunition, pistols with which the men are all to be armed (revolvers), and an illimitable quantity of things incidental to a battery. We came by special train from Harrisburg,

the company mess property occupying a car, the officers' baggage another, the battery equipments two cars, the pieces eight, and the officers and men four cars, and the knapsacks one car.

Owing to my experience with the battery, its control was handed over to me; and I am happy to say that all, the one hundred and twenty-five men included, have arrived here safely. The officers have fine horses, which occupied a special car. My horse is one that I have ridden all winter, a fine dark bay of speed. We were on the road from Harrisburg to Baltimore till noon yesterday. Our stores were then transported through the city to the Long Wharf, where lay the propeller which is to carry us to the fortress. At the time I write, all our stores and pieces, &c., are safely loaded on board; and I have, with the first lieutenant of the battery, purchased twenty-one dollars' worth of stores for our mess chest. The officers, of whom there are four present, — the captain, and one first and two second lieutenants, — are to mess together, as is usual in batteries in service. I write this letter in a store while otherwise engaged; and you must excuse haste and illegibility, as I desire to communicate with home before I go farther from it. We shall sail in an hour, and reach Fort Monroe to-morrow if the crazy old boat in which we embark survives the little storm that seems to threaten us this afternoon.

Last evening, after the loading of the stores, the company was marched to the Union Relief Association's rooms, where the men had a fine dinner; and was complimented by the man in charge, who stated that he had fed every regiment and every company that had passed through the city, and that Battery M, Fifth Artillery, was better behaved and disciplined than any other set of men that had been seen at the rooms. I am

sorry that I cannot make a visit home before going away. After I know where we are to go to, and have something definite established, I shall apply for a furlough for a day or two, but it is improbable that it will be granted. I deserve a furlough: all the other officers have had theirs, but our departure prevented mine.

CABIN OF THE "THOMAS SPARKS," HAMPTON, VA.,
March 30, 1862; Sunday.

At the close of a short Sunday, I write from this once happy, but now desolate place. I have just come down from the upper deck of the steamboat on which we have spent two eventful days. The dark horizon is illuminated by the camp-fires of the army, now organizing at this point for an advance upon Richmond; and the bugle-calls of distant batteries are sounding the tattoo. We arrived here this afternoon, and after touching at Fortress Monroe, where we expected to be landed, started off for Hampton Creek, passing countless crafts in the roadstead. The Minnesota and smaller satellites surrounded that wonderful novelty the "Monitor," which lay without pretension on the calm waters of the bay. Transports filled with troops, gunboats, canal boats, sloops, and pungies, made our course intricate. Hampton, or all that is left of it, was our destination; and its inhospitable and blackened ruins reminded us that we at last had reached the seat of actual warfare. The place was burnt by the rebels themselves some months ago to prevent our forces from occupying it; and such a miserable, muddy hole it is, that I hope we shall never be forced to encamp near it. Yet troops are all around it, lying in many cases without tents and on the wet ground. We shall probably land to-morrow, and unload; but I pity the men, for even the officers have no tents, and the

rations of men and officers do not differ. Hard bread and "salt horse" does for all.

A battery is unloading near us; and I recognize in its captain the former sergeant-major of the Fifth Artillery, a volunteer, it is true, but an able man. I have just received orders to proceed to Fortress Monroe on horseback to-morrow morning, to attend to our orders, &c. The fort is three miles distant, and they say mud, mud, mud, makes these three miles six to the traveller. . . . I fear the exposure to which we are to be subject, not so much for myself as for my men. They are unaccustomed to great hardship; several have already suffered greatly, and there is one deranged. Luxury ends now, and privations begin. However, whether I fall, or become a prey to disease, I care not. My philosophy is stoical, as my past life shows; and I see so little to live for, that to me there seems but little if any gulf between time and eternity. There is no such thing as the death the world believes in. It is, like other human creations, illusory. What we call death is simply a change of condition, and to me it seems in all circumstances a change for the better. Yet no one mourns the loss of relatives and friends more than I. It is because I am yet human; and so may I remain until my time!

HAMPTON, VA., April 8, 1862.

We are still at Hampton, although the great army under McClellan has moved on to Yorktown. We were under orders, and should have joined them if our horses had arrived. They have been detained, and that detains us at Hampton, which a week ago was noisy with drums and bugles, and filled with armed men and ordnance of all descriptions, but is now restored

to its old quiet; and its streets of fallen columns and gaunt chimneys remind me of Pompeii and Herculaneum. I called upon General Wool the other day, to obtain some orders. He seems rather infirm, and it was with difficulty that I recalled you to his recollection. Even now I hardly think that he really remembered you. I understand that he is rapidly failing. His department can never be the theatre of war, and he has but little responsibility.

Yesterday I rode forty miles on horseback. After finishing certain duties with my battery, I started at about eleven, A.M., and arrived at the encampment of the army about three, P.M. I had traversed the road before, on two occasions, nearly to Great Bethel, and therefore knew it well to that distance. I was carrying despatches to General Barry, as I had done on a former occasion when the headquarters of General McClellan were at Great Bethel. Well, after riding some four miles over a desolate road, I met the carrier of General McClellan's special mail, who assured me that he had been shot at by some scoundrel in the woods which line the road almost the whole distance, and had narrowly escaped. He advised me not to proceed farther, and at one time I concluded to return and take an orderly with me, but finally determined to proceed. The army in its progress has swept every thing before it; and its track is marked by burnt houses, dead horses, woods on fire, fences destroyed, and desolation generally. Here and there a cottage stands intact, showing that loyalty has preserved it and its inmates from the wrath of a hundred thousand men. The road was muddy and swampy, and consequently travelling was slow. I looked in vain for an equestrian going in my direction; all were going contrary to it. Foot-soldiers, camp followers, and wagons were passed; and after

riding about twelve miles I came upon Great Bethel, General McClellan's headquarters last Friday night. The redoubts and earthworks which were used at the time of Gen. Pierce's defeat still remained. They are well made, and certainly formidable.

Four miles farther on I came on another rebel fortification. The road now became very bad. The immense transportation of the army has cut up the roads, and the worst of it was that they were in places badly overflowed. Well, next in course were droves of cattle, and stragglers from the army. Here three soldiers jumped over a fence, and raising their muskets fired. At first I supposed that they were secessionists, and that the mail-carrier's story was true. As I was well armed, I did not hesitate what to do. My idea was soon changed, however, with regard to these soldiers, as I noticed a drove of wild pigs just ahead. They were after them. A mile or two farther on I came upon a portion of the army. I then crossed to the reserve, and there saw General Hunt and General Barry, Chief of Artillery. I also saw General McClellan in his tent. My interview with General Barry was very satisfactory. I have an opportunity of joining the army in the attack upon Yorktown, and have obtained approvals to requisition for Captain McKnight. My order, I expect, has reached Fortress Monroe by this time. It is therefore probable that I shall be attached to a battery in the reserve artillery.

A few words about Yorktown. It is a place of great strength, and has been specially fortified by the rebels. The line of fortifications extends from Yorktown on the York River, to the James River. The weak places are impenetrable by morasses and swamps. It is a difficult pass, and the rebels are constantly strengthened by re-enforcements. They have almost as many

men as we, and their position makes them in effect largely outnumber us. Our army is about four miles from Yorktown; the advance, however, being within five hundred yards of the fortifications. There are Berdan's sharpshooters, with telescopic rifles, and Griffin's battery of our regiment, and other batteries. Continued firing is kept up, and men are falling on one side and the other. I was within a mile of the advance.

On my return the weather was very bad: rain fell in torrents, and the roads were horrible. Six miles from camp I had met but a single person; but then three horsemen came along, with whom I rode the remainder of the journey. One of them was Prof. Lowe, of the balloon service. I left camp at six o'clock, and reached Hampton at half-past nine in the evening. To-day I have been in my tent, as the weather is too severe for labor. This afternoon I go to the fortress.

HAMPTON, VA., April 27, 1862.

I returned yesterday (Saturday) morning from Baltimore by the Fortress Monroe boat. After leaving Albany, last Tuesday morning, I spent the rest of the day in New York City, engaged in executing business of my own and of my friends. . . . Wednesday morning brought me a despatch from Captain McKnight, informing me that he should leave Philadelphia for Washington on Wednesday evening. I answered that I should meet him by next train in Philadelphia. . . . I met Captain McKnight at the Washington House; and we immediately started for Washington City, which we reached at six o'clock on Thursday morning. . . . Our business with General Meigs took us until Friday evening. . . . Friday afternoon, at four o'clock, we left Washington for Baltimore, where we took the Fortress

Monroe boat, "Georgiana," which was filled with troops, . . . and after a long passage, and some sea-sickness, reached Old Point on Saturday morning. . . . Yorktown has not yet fallen; and no one can tell when it will fall. . . . During my absence, my camp was fired on by some persons who fled rapidly. The shots came from the graveyard near which we are stationed. . . . While in Washington, I met Colonel Mix, of the Van Allen Cavalry. I had met him, last summer, while he was raising the regiment which he now commands. He then offered me a majority in the regiment, which I declined. . . . The other day, when I met him, I renewed the subject; when he said that he could promise me a captaincy, or, if I preferred it, the adjutancy and a first lieutenancy in his regiment. I told him that I would take the matter into consideration.

On mentioning the matter to Captain McKnight, he told me . . . that he wished that I would remain where I was; but, if I had any higher aims, he would aid me. I then told him that my ambition was to command a battery in the volunteer service, as I knew most about the artillery, having served a long course of instruction in it. . . . I propose to obtain the command of a battery, which would of course be called by my name. I next propose to obtain a detachment from my regiment, so as not to lose my position in it. This has been done in several cases. . . . There is no want of officers in the regiment. There are two batteries not yet raised, and their officers are recruiting. The promotions to vacancies would go on as usual in the regiment; and I should be promoted the same as if I was not on detached service, as promotions go by seniority.

Now, this is all plain to understand, and easy to execute; . . . and I can, I feel assured, distinguish myself. I am willing to

stand an examination. Not long ago, a sergeant-major of our regiment obtained his discharge, and was appointed a lieutenant in a volunteer battery, and soon became its captain. Now, father, you are not able to take the field yourself: will you not do the next best thing, and aid me, your son, in getting such a position as accords with his years and feelings? I can have as high a position in infantry or cavalry as I wish; but I do not like or understand the service of either as well as I do the artillery service. . . . Will you, therefore, see or send to Governor Morgan, and explain my wishes, and see what can be done?

CAMP NEAR WILLIAMSBURGH, VA., May 9, 1862; Friday.

As I may not have an opportunity to write again for some time, and as to-morrow at dawn we take up our line of march for a decisive battlefield, I wish to give you an account of the past few days. Yesterday, in the morning, I left camp at Hampton, and rode on horseback to Yorktown. The country had improved in appearance since my last ride; and the dead bodies of horses had been carefully disposed of. I obtained permission from Captain McKnight to be absent from my battery for a short time, in order to participate in the next engagement. His battery, unfortunately, wanted some horses, and could not move. He left last night for Baltimore, in order to have them transported as soon as possible. On my arrival at Yorktown, which, as you know, had been already evacuated, I obtained a written order from General Barry, chief of artillery, to join Battery H, First Artillery. After visiting the intrenchments, at the risk of an explosion of torpedoes, I returned, and slept that night at General Barry's headquarters. The next morning I had the pleasure of breakfasting with him, and of accompanying his suite to the advance

at this place. On the road, we again passed the works at Yorktown, which are truly formidable. They could have been held, had it not been for the gunboats, which made them untenable. Beyond Yorktown, the troops were encamped on the borders of heavily timbered, marshy land. After riding some ten miles over almost impassable roads, we reached the battlefield of Williamsburgh. On emerging from thick woods, we came upon an extensive open field with strong earthworks. Here the stench was overpowering. The battle took place on Monday last; and the dead bodies were but half buried. The rebels did not intend this as a real fight. It was merely a defence of their train by their rear-guard. They fought desperately for eight or ten hours. The loss on our side, especially in General Hooker's division, was heavy. It was in killed, wounded, and missing, two thousand men. The hospitals at Williamsburgh are full of wounded. The battery to which I was ordered to report was taken by the rebels. Two of its lieutenants were killed, and its horses and pieces were lost. I reported to the captain on the field (Captain Webber). He had but one officer left, and wished me to stay; but I reported to General Barry, who assigned me to another battery, in which an officer had been killed on Sunday. This was Gibson's battery, C, Third Artillery, Bragg's old battery. It is a battery of real flying artillery; all the cannoneers are on horses, and the battery manœuvres with cavalry. I am with this battery now, encamped on the battlefield.

Williamsburgh is on ground rising slightly from the field. As soon as the enemy had made good their retreat, they left their forts and the town. We occupied it, and it now is filled with the wounded. Almost every house has the red hospital flag. Such a smell as only those who have to do with vaults know,

BATTERY "C," 5TH ARTILLERY, AT FAIR OAKS, VA.

fills the air. Humanity is returning to dust all around us. The town, the seat of William and Mary's College, is like Princeton in many respects, — one long street lined with plain houses, and the college at its head. I am now really in service, and hope to be detained with this battery long enough to be in the next fight. And I am leading the life of a soldier: I sleep on my blanket alone, with my overcoat around me, and my saddle-bags for a pillow; nothing to eat but hard biscuit, a little corn bread, and salt beef. The army will go on many miles to-morrow. The enemy, too, will meet us ere many days. There will be, there must be, a bloody fight. I hope it may take place ere I have to return to my battery, which will be when the horses arrive; and then it will be too late to be in at Richmond. When you write, address me at Fortress Monroe, Battery M, Fifth Artillery, as my letters will be sent me.

CAMP 11 MILES FROM RICHMOND, May 25, 1862.

Since leaving Williamsburgh, we have progressed by slow and tedious marches some forty miles, at night either bivouacking under cover of some wood, or pitching our tents by the side of some stream in which our horses could obtain water. Again and again have we expected to meet the enemy, but so far have been disappointed. Now we are but a short distance from his pickets; and this week must be made immortal with a victory or a defeat. For a few days, I have been unwell, caused by lying on the damp ground. You will remember, I left Hampton with but one blanket; but by the kindness of friends I have obtained another. This, however, is but a poor shelter. My things are at Hampton; and I have not sent for them, as I expect to return there when the fight is over. A whiskey ration is issued to the army, being one gill per day. Hereafter I shall

take doses of quinine and whiskey each morning; and I think I shall enjoy better health.

This is much needed, as the men have to sleep on the ground, having only the shelter tent, a French *tente d'abri*. This is carried on the knapsack, and is only three or four pieces of India-rubber cloth. An encampment of these tents looks curious enough. It is a hard thing to lie on the ground, until one is fully accustomed to it; and I feel the want of my cot, left at Hampton. The regulation only allows eighty pounds to an officer of my rank (first lieutenant); and I fear I shall not be allowed my cot. The other officers in this battery have none, with the exception of the captain. Last night I lay awake by reason of the cold and a bad headache. The ground was wet, or damp at least, around me; and, when the bugle sounded at daybreak, I was glad to seek the sympathy of a camp-fire. A soldier's life is indeed hard.

CAMP BEFORE RICHMOND, NEAR FAIR OAKS, June 25, 1862.

I have just come into camp from the earthworks which our battery (M, Fifth Artillery) has been guarding to-day. There has been hard fighting about a mile ahead of our camp, in which a portion of General Heintzleman's division succeeded in driving the enemy from a line of woods which protected their pickets. The fight, however, did not amount to a regular battle, although there was considerable loss on our side. I have returned to my proper battery, having left Captain Gibson's battery last week. I am now in General Keyes's corps, and encamped about a mile from the pickets of the enemy, near the headquarters of General Keyes.

I have been up to the front several times. The battlefield of Seven Pines lies not far from us, and presents all the sickening

details of the bloody struggle. The army, with the exception of the reserve under General Porter, has crossed the Chickahominy. When the right has crossed, then and not till then, the general engagement will take place. We have had a singular succession of thunder-storms, which seem to be very severe here. I never before heard such continuous thunder. It would seem as though the artillery of the clouds was envious of our immense artillery, and endeavored to out-peal it.

Edwin paid me a short visit while I was with Gibson's battery. He has succeeded in obtaining a very nice position in the Fiftieth New York Regiment. He certainly deserves that and more. I think that a campaign will do more for his health and spirits than any medicine or travel whatever. I sent home my trunks, and a box and sword (the one of grandfather's), and hope they arrived safely. I feared the sword might be lost, and concluded it would be safer at home. . . .

I suppose Edwin spoke to you of my wish to obtain a detachment from my present position, and procure some higher position in the volunteer service. I thus could return to my present position after the war. This, of course, I do not seek until after the fight here. . . . There are regiments to be raised, and batteries to be formed, besides those in the field. Governor Morgan could probably give me what I seek, if I could be detached. . . . I would write more now, but the firing in our front is heavy, and I must get some sleep in anticipation of being ordered out soon. Our horses are harnessed and hitched; and all betokens a general fight on the morrow.

CHAPTER VII.

A MONTH AT HARRISON'S LANDING.

HARRISON'S BAR, VA., Thursday, July 10, 1862.

I AM glad to find you have received my letter from "Savage Station, near Fair Oaks," as the prohibition against writing any thing relating to the situation or movements of the army was very strict. I also concluded not to write again until some movement released us from the effect of the order. Since then, and during the past few weeks, our movement has been so rapid, and our conveniences so few, that writing has been impossible. The retreat occupied several days, during which time the weather was unfavorable, the rain falling in torrents at one time, and the heat being oppressive at another. We had next to nothing to eat, being entirely separated from all our baggage. A hard biscuit was a luxury. A portion of the battery was hotly engaged, and the whole was under a brisk fire for a short time. We lost but few horses and no men. I shall give you or father an account of the present situation of the army. The battery is now near the front, and there most probably will be for some time.

CAMP, HARRISON'S BAR, VA., Friday, July 11, 1862.

MY DEAR FATHER, — Yesterday I sent a letter to Kate, in which I promised to write to-day to you, giving some account

of the situation of the army. The truth is, that but little which is really true gets into the newspapers, because the facts stated, though they may be correct in the main, are colored by the views of the informant. Believe little you see, therefore, in the press, or at least take it *cum grano salis*. According to reporters, the regular army has had but little share of fighting, and the volunteers do it all. This is because organizations of volunteers have, as a general thing, their organ in certain localities. The local interest demands and receives full and too often partial accounts of their engagements. The regular army being recruited at large, there are fewer in any one place to seek to do them justice.

Besides, regular officers are not newspaper correspondents; and they are *expected* to be able to do their duty so well that to mention them would be unnecessary; while volunteers have to *surprise* and delight their friends, even if it is by violations of the truth. I acknowledge as much as any one the fact that this is a volunteer war, as the forces are mainly volunteers, and I admire and esteem their officers; but still I must say that they are not always governed by the same ideas of propriety as are those of the regular army. They have allowed reports that are in many respects false to go uncontradicted, and have in many cases placed merit where it was not deserved. Well, let me give you some little idea of the humble part played by Battery M, Fifth Artillery, in the retreat; for, although placed in very exposed positions, the battery was not as a whole actively and closely engaged. If it had been, perhaps it would not be, as to-day, safely parked some two miles from the James River.

Friday, the 27th June, was the day on which the battle was fought at Gaines's Mill, which turned the fortunes of the right

wing of the army. The left wing of the army rested on White Oak Swamp, some ten miles from Richmond; while the right wing stretched across the Chickahominy River, only six miles from that city. My battery was in Keyes's corps, almost on the extreme left of the army; and that day it was placed in earthworks near Fair Oaks and Savage's, where a sanguinary battle had been already fought. The news of our reverses on Friday and the day previous did not reach us, and we expected a general engagement the next day. Saturday morning, at two o'clock, our battery and several others started off to commence the retreat, as it was supposed that the enemy had gained our rear, and that hard work was before Keyes's forces. Our way was unobstructed till we reached White Oak Swamp Bridge, where the infantry drove the enemy before us, and we crossed to the other side. The mission of Keyes's corps was to cover the retreat; and beyond this crossing it remained till Sunday afternoon, the rest of the army crossing during the time. Sunday morning the right section of the battery was detached under Lieutenant Stone. He proceeded to James Bridge on the Chickahominy, where he had a brisk fight until Monday. That same morning, there was quite a skirmish near where we were placed in battery, in which a portion of a battery near us repulsed a charge of rebel cavalry with great loss. The action took place just in our rear, and the stampede near us was general. Our men behaved very well. Sunday afternoon, the two remaining sections of the battery commenced the march for the James River. The right wing of the army had fallen back, and, when we started, was engaged in the fight at the bridge we had passed at the swamp.

Porter's corps and McCall's (now Seymour's) division fought

right gallantly; and the regular troops in the first corps were diminished by at least one half. Fifty-seven officers were lost in Sykes's regular infantry brigade, and the sick and wounded had to be abandoned. Here let me state that a corps is composed of two or more divisions; and a division, of several brigades. When General McCall was taken prisoner, General Seymour of our regiment took his place, and now commands his division. He was uninjured, but he had three horses shot under him, and his clothes perforated by bullets. Well, Sunday night, all night, we marched on the James River, not knowing exactly what was ahead. In the morning, we parked in the rich grain-fields that skirt the river, and, during Monday and Tuesday, were in battery in the rear of Malvern, where the battle on Tuesday was fought which saved the army from pursuit.

This battle was fought most bravely by the left of the army, while the right continued to fall back. On Wednesday morning, after a sleepless watch, we started down the banks of the James, keeping to the interior of the country. The gunboats in the fight of the day before saved us as much by the heavy moral effect of their guns, as by the destruction they caused in the rebel ranks. They continued to protect our retreat. On Wednesday, it commenced to rain torrents, drenching every thing. We had been separated from our baggage, and had had next to nothing to eat for some time. A hard biscuit was a luxury. Wednesday afternoon, the bulk of the army had reached this place, and every thing was exceedingly confused. The river at this point makes a bend; and, as soon as order was fully established, a line of battle was formed across the neck of land, with its right and left flank pro-

tected by the gunboats. I do not think, *en passant*, that there is the great material effect due to gunboats that we credit to them; but the moral effect, which, after all, is the element of artillery power, is great; for no number of men can hear a hundred-pound shell burst in their vicinity without feeling somewhat nervous. The range and direction are obtained by signals, which are made by the waving of different-colored flags and lights, — the flags by day, and the lights by night. I was struck by the similarity of the method of signalling to that of your eccentric friend Dr. Taylor.

Well, by gaining the present position, the force of the army was concentrated, and its safety secured. Wednesday night was a wretched one. The mud was very deep, and the men slept in several inches of water. Camp equipage had been lost to many regiments, and personal effects to many officers. Thursday morning hardly found us much better. It was a chilly, leaden day. About eight, A.M., the enemy advanced upon our lines, and shells began to fall in the different camps. The range of our battery seemed to have been gained by them, and, for a time, shell and schrapnel fell thick around us. Several came close to me; but, fortunately, no one was hurt.

Soon Stone's section joined us, and we advanced to the front, and took position on a hill that we were told was a very exposed place. Our battery was placed close to an angle of woods, and could have been taken easily by the enemy, as they could have approached close to us under cover. We expected an attack Friday morning. Daybreak seems to be the time when attacks are generally made; and, sure enough, just before dawn, there were heavy volleys of musketry near us. It was a picket fight, and the enemy did not advance. Shortly after, the

dead and wounded were carried past. That day a thousand men commenced earthworks, with ditch and parapet. They were finished Saturday; and we changed our position to the base of the hill, where we now are. The army lies extended along the river some two or three miles, and extends about the same distance into the interior. It is on the old Harrison estate, of many thousand acres. I was told, while visiting the homestead, now used as a hospital, that there were thirteen hundred negroes on the place. Many of these I saw on flat-boats on the river. They are supported by government, and are a sad sight. The loss of the army has been heavy; but there is enough left to form the nucleus of a strong force. The next movement may not be immediate. . . . There is sickness all around us, and many men of our battery are prostrated. They say that the rebels are erecting batteries on the opposite side of the river, which they hold possession of. They have affected already our water communication. The report is, that our letters are detained at Fort Monroe, and examined. I hope you may receive all of mine. This letter, you know, is a continuation of yesterday's. . . . Edwin tells me that he spoke to you about my obtaining a detachment from the Fifth Artillery and a higher command in the volunteers now being raised. This, he says, you objected to, stating that you did not expect that I would want to return home to go to a camp of instruction; that you want me to fight, &c. I perceive that you have mistaken my idea. It was simply this, and I have presented it to you before: I proposed to obtain leave of absence from my regiment for the war, as several of my friends have done in the regular army, and take the command of some regiment or some battery already in the field; not to return home at all, but, when a regiment or bat-

tery was ready to take the field, then to join it, and to continue with my battery till then. There are opportunities thus offered in regiments which have lost field-officers. The difficulty is in obtaining leave of absence. It was for this mostly I desired your influence. I hope I have explained. Best love to mother and Kate.

Your affectionate son,

H. S. GANSEVOORT.

CAMP, HARRISON'S BAR, VA., August 3, 1862; Sunday.

Since I wrote you last, our battery has moved, and is now in the front, on the extreme left, by the James River. Two nights ago, we were awakened by the boom of cannon, and were at our posts for over an hour. My section is detached from the rest, and for some time the suspense was dreadful. The enemy had five gunboats in proximity to our fleet, and, while thus occupying us, commenced to shell us from the opposite side of the river and from our rear. They tried to destroy our shipping; but the deck-lights were raised to half mast, and the consequence was that the shells passed over the decks, and fell upon our troops who were near the shore. Several were killed, and several horses were lost. The night was dark, and a fog hung heavy over the low places. We had just changed our battery (I mean the guns of our battery) for Napoleons, or light twelve-pounders; and we thought the time had come to use them. We did not have occasion, however. I have just received the order of my promotion to another battery, by becoming a first lieutenant of Battery C, Fifth Artillery. You may, however, address me as heretofore until I write you again about it.

CHAPTER VIII.

EIGHT MONTHS OF BATTLE, CAMP, HOSPITAL, AND GARRISON.

LEESBORO', MD., Sept. 8, 1862.

WANT of opportunity, of materials, and of rest, have prevented me from writing home since last I wrote from Harrison's Landing, Va. Then we were close to the rebel capital, safe in a strong position, resting on natural flanks and on gunboats; to-day we are endeavoring to outreach and expel the enemy from one of the loyal States. All this has been brought about by circumstances you are aware of. It is not for me to judge, as I am a soldier, and not a citizen; therefore let me in a hasty way give you an account of the few moves that brought me to this place. For the past few weeks, we have suffered fatigue, hunger, want of sleep, hardships of all kinds, and only reached Washington through fire and blood. The 16th of August found us at Aquia Creek, Va. We came there by transports from Harrison's Landing, and, after a short rest, crossed to Fredericksburg. Our stay here was short. A march of twenty-seven miles brought us to Rappahannock Station, on the river of that name. Here the rebels were on one side of the river, which was swollen by rains. Pope's rear guard was at this place, fighting the enemy.

We here joined Pope's army, and commenced a retreat. After a long march, we arrived at Warrenton, a beautiful place near the Virginia Fauquier Springs. Here there was more fighting, pretty much all on the river, for the purpose of preventing the enemy from crossing. The news came here, that Jackson had crossed the river above us, and was in our rear; that he had burned the bridge across Bull Run, and made a raid upon Manassas Junction. This started us off, and a quick retreat was commenced. Near Gaines' Mountain, the enemy met us. Our battery was in the advance, with the Pennsylvania "Bucktails" supporting it. The enemy commenced a brisk shelling from rifled guns planted on a height in advance of us. We were ordered into battery in a field adjoining the road. Just as we were going into battery, a shell struck Captain Ransom's horse, killing the horse, and stunning the captain.

We soon after commenced firing, and continued till the other battery ceased. We then advanced, and marched on to the Bull Run battlefield, where we slept. On our arrival a battle was going on; but night brought silence. The next morning renewed the contest; and for two days the fight raged with great fury. The amphitheatre was suitable to the tragedy. Our forces occupied a range of heights which sloped towards the foot of an opposite range occupied by the enemy. Our forces were on the left of the battlefield; but, from our position, I could view the whole contest. It was a brilliant sight. On the right, the men seemed like pin-heads, and the columns like the lines on paper one sees so often on plans of battles. I cannot now describe the fight: dust, iron hail, blood, and glory garnished the field. It was lost at the close of the second day. The left was turned, and, after a furious fight, our battery escaped, the captain

wounded by my side. I was grieved at the disaster. I am safe in all except a bad sprain, caused by the recoil of a gun-carriage, which I have only had opportunity to have attended to this day. It is a mere trifle. We retreated upon Centreville. The next night, I was out with my section on picket, and had some firing at long range. A day after, we left Centreville, and marched on Washington, near which city we lay in face of the enemy until yesterday, when, after a long march, we encamped here. We are near the enemy, who are in Maryland, and expect soon to engage them.

During the past three weeks, I have gone sometimes for twenty-four hours without any food except a small army cracker. We have marched at night; and exhaustion has been produced as well by fatigue as want of food. Cut off from our supply trains, the army did wonders; and, if the same causes which defeated us at Manassas last year had not operated again, we should have won the day. We are now at Leesboro', a small post station. To-morrow we march forward. The army is not in first-rate condition, and is unprepared to meet the enemy. It is exhausted, but it calculates to meet the enemy in the same condition. There is much that I might say, but cannot, as it is forbidden. I visited the battlefield of Manassas a day after the battle, under a flag of truce. After I had seen all I wished of the Confederates, I found out that, having no authority to enter the rebel lines, I was a prisoner under the cartel. I escaped, however, but very narrowly. Suffice it to say, it was as an ambulance-driver. Having assumed that position, if I had been discovered, I have a slight idea that I should have swung as a spy. At all events, my excitement was extreme, I assure you.

I received Kate's letters on my arrival here. Thank her for

them. She says that you visited Governor Morgan, and he said that he could not have me detached. This is another matter over which Governor Morgan has no control. The matter is this: I am serving in a subordinate capacity in a battery, when others, my companions, have been detached, and appointed to positions for which I feel myself qualified. I do not envy the position of colonel; still I would accept it. The command of a light battery, of which there are many forming or formed in New York State, is something at least which Governor Morgan could grant. If he will give me either position, I shall then ask to be detached. I am sorry that Cousin Guert has lost his vessel.

ANTIETAM, MD., Sept. 22, 1862.[1]

Battery C, Fifth Regular Artillery, has been in General Hooker's corps and General Meade's division. There is no need of giving you the particulars of the march. Last Sunday, after leaving Frederick, we fought the battle of South Mountain. Although not actually engaged, as artillery was not called into use to any great extent, the fight being up the side of a mountain, we were under a heavy artillery fire from above. Two pieces we dragged to the top of the mountain, but night came on before they could be used. I slept that night on the mountain, among the dead and dying rebels. The next day the army advanced, and, on Tuesday, reached the town of Cadysville, beyond which was destined to take place the fiercest and perhaps bloodiest battle of the war.

[1] The portions of this letter here given were published in "The Albany Argus" of Oct 3, 1862, contrary to Colonel Gansevoort's expectation, and much to his regret, as he felt all the delicacy of the regular service about corresponding with the journals.—*See* p. 125, *ante*.

That night, Hooker's corps advanced to turn the enemy's left. About dark, our battery was thrown to the front, and engaged a rebel battery. They had our range, and threw spherical case shot that burst among us and around us. . . . The rebel battery retired from the engagement. Our loss was but one man killed, a trusty sergeant, and a few wounded. That night, we slept near the enemy; and the next day the great battle commenced. The account of it I cannot give you. It is in the papers, and you have it. However (as far as I am concerned), in the morning, about ten o'clock, General Hooker ordered our battery to the extreme front, and took it there himself. We passed through a wood, then over a ploughed field into a pasture. Above us in front was a cornfield and a wood. The enemy were driving our troops in front. The balls fell thick around us, but we came into battery quickly, and opened. Our execution was very great, but it was at a great expense. Our horses commenced to fall, until at least twenty were either killed or wounded. Our men fell fast, seventeen killed or wounded. My horse was shot in the flank by a Minie, and struck also by a piece of shell. My stirrup was broken by a ball, and I was wounded by a ball in the right cheek. It was a very narrow escape, but merely a flesh-wound, well already.

The infantry on our right fled, and also on our left. As we came in, a battery on our left retired, and we were left alone without support. The rebels were coming down upon us, and we would have retired to save our pieces; but many of the horses were killed, and it was impossible. We therefore continued firing; and, after a short time, the horses of the caissons (which were in the rear, and covered by woods) came up with the limbers of the caissons, containing fresh ammunition. We then received

fresh supports, and the fight went on. The enemy after a while retired, and with the last horses we also retired, having accomplished our mission, but with great loss.

During the rest of the day, we were under a severe artillery fire, which killed several of our men. As I was taking the battery to a new position (the captain being on General Hooker's staff for the rest of the day), a solid shot passed by my head, and knocked off the head of the swing driver[1] by my side. This was a very narrow escape. In the evening, I took my section to the town, where I obtained volunteers. The next day, I commenced drilling them; and, after getting fresh horses, yesterday joined the other sections here. To-morrow we expect to advance. There has been no fighting here since Wednesday. We occupy the battlefield near the Potomac; the enemy are across. The slaughter has been immense; fifteen thousand of the enemy, and twelve thousand of our own men, killed and wounded.

I was in different parts of the battlefield during the day. The men did well; but they have a fearless foe, and we have many a hard fight in store. General Hooker was wounded in the foot, and we have lost many officers. Our battery is in fine order. We have horses taken from the train of baggage-wagons, a fine supply of ammunition, and only want experienced men. We have lost many lately by reason of disease and death. The new men, however, will be made to stand as long as any officers of the battery remain. We have the old men for the most important posts. A volunteer battery, which had a number of new men, had its pieces deserted by them. They were near us.

[1] "Swing driver," the driver of the middle pair of the six horses attached to each gun and to each caisson in a light battery; between the "leaders" and "wheel horses;" seated on the near horse.

FIELD OF ANTIETAM, MD., Oct. 1, 1862; Wednesday.

Since the battle at this place, all things have remained quiet. The enemy have been in force on the opposite side of the river, but, beyond firing a few occasional shots, have manifested a desire to be "let alone." The season must soon close the campaign, unless some movement takes place before the end of this month. We are in camp rather *too* near the battlefield, on which so many lie buried. Our battery is filled up with men assigned to it from infantry regiments, and refitted with horses from the ammunition trains. When we move, I think it will be to Washington or Harper's Ferry. The war seems to be just commencing. . . . We underrated our opponents; and the result is, we have to commence the war anew. . . .

I must say that there are many things in battle that are exciting and thrilling; but, as the old lady said, I don't "hanker" after it. Besides the danger from shot and shell, the soldier has horrors that are sufficient to appall him in this war; the chance of a loathsome captivity if taken prisoner, or of lying (as I saw many at Bull Run) days and nights on the battlefield, until starvation renders him too feeble to survive even a trifling wound. At Bull Run, thousands of men lay for two, sometimes three days, just as they fell. I saw many a wretch whose undressed wounds were covered with vermin, and who was gasping for water. The *majority* were so enfeebled, that they could not survive an operation. I saw some, and even officers, who, when lying at night suffering from their wounds, were run over by artillery, breaking the bones of the hip and arm. Our surgeons are unprepared for the emergencies of a grand occasion. Neither at Manassas nor Antietam had they sufficient attendance, or stimulants, or anodynes. This was confessed to me. For a

government unlimited in resources, this is a crying shame. There should be the most lavish care taken of the wounded, and the most marked respect paid to the dead.

I have already written to you about obtaining a leave of absence from my regiment, and a position for the war in the volunteer service. . . . Since then, the War Department has issued an order that officers of the regular army can have leave of absence in all cases to take command of a volunteer regiment. . . . There have been many New York colonels killed in the recent engagements, and there are many vacancies. General Halleck, in a recent order, requests the governors to fill these vacancies. . . . There are to be appointed, by a late law, three majors to each volunteer regiment of artillery; that is, two in addition to the one at present appointed. I should like a position of that kind, as my experience has been mostly in artillery, and I have tried to improve myself in it by study.

CAMP NEAR SHARPSBURG, Oct. 23, 1862.

We are still on the battlefield of Antietam, and I do not know when we shall advance. The enemy appear occasionally on the opposite bank of the river; and our pickets are stretched along to prevent a crossing. The delay cannot be much longer; winter in a few weeks will seal the fate of the army for the next six months.

BROOKS' STATION, VA., Dec. 2, 1862.

Your last letter found me quite sick. Having in our last camp contracted a fever, I was racked with its severe pains for almost a week. In the hands of a surgeon who has but a limited supply of army medicines, I had to take quantities of old-fashioned medicines, ounces and ounces of quinine, opium,

&c., until I felt that I would rather bear the disease with all its acute effects, than such drugs with their injurious chronic tendencies. To add to the other discomforts, a hot stove was placed in the tent at the head of my cot, which made the heat of fever almost insupportable; and three regular inmates of the tent, whistling, &c., made my condition but the more disagreeable. However, I am recovering, but am left quite feeble. The want of nutritious diet I feel very much. We are lying on the line of railroad from Aquia Creek to Fredericksburg, some six miles from the latter place.

CAMP NEAR STAFFORD COURT HOUSE, VA., Dec. 20, 1862.

We are in Franklin's grand division, Reynolds's army corps, Meade's division. We moved to this place day before yesterday. Weather very bad; rain continual; roads badly cut up.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 30, 1862, Albemarle Hotel.

I have deferred writing to you until I could be satisfied as to my return to the Army of the Potomac. It seems now to be definitely arranged that I shall remain a week or two, perhaps longer, at Fort Hamilton, on duty with one of the batteries of the Fifth Artillery, which is about to leave for the seat of war. . . . In an hour, I shall start for Fort Hamilton. . . . My health is much improved, although I still suffer slightly from the effects upon my system of exposure and changes of water during the past campaigns. However, if there was immediate promise of active operations on the Rappahannock or elsewhere by the Army of the Potomac, I should leave without delay. The best information I have obtained leads me to believe that the

army is in winter quarters, and troubled to maintain the defensive. There will therefore be no movement until after preparation, of which I shall be notified. I am sorry for this state of things, but hope that it may lead to such an organization as will insure us success when the next campaign opens. The troops have mostly been drawn back to Aquia Creek, although a sufficient force, I should suppose, guards the railroad. . . . This is to be a long and trying war, not to be finished by mere dashes, but by laborious operations, however much those at the North who are free from its dangers may wish or imagine it to be otherwise.

EASTON, PENN., Jan. 27, 1863.

I have just received your letter, which really gladdens me in this desolate place where I am recruiting. I expected to be relieved before now, but have been disappointed. I think, however, the time cannot be far distant. I shall then go to New York Harbor, preparatory to returning to the field. You see my prophecy regarding the Army of the Potomac has been fulfilled: they cannot move. The change of generals I hope will be for the better, although there is but little genius in the military shambles. I do not see why it is, — whether our cause is not just, or whether there is a want of faith, devotion, and energy, — but there is something rotten somewhere in the State. There is a demoralization in our army, principally apologized for by the demoralization at the capital. In the field, the soldiers suffer every privation, particularly at this time, without the active sympathy or participation of those who remain at home. In the South, the army endures its sufferings patiently and heroically, because they know that their countrymen at home sympathize with them, and suffer alike with them. They are united,

while we are divided. The people of the North, only troubled with a slight advance of prices, are peevish; contractors are reaping golden harvests, while soldiers are digging bloody graves; politicians are illustrating the depravity of man in all our capitals, while patriotism is sneered at as a virtue of humble growth. This is the condition of things. What can be hoped from it?

To our existence as a nation, it is necessary that we reform our character. We shall thereby strengthen our armies in the field, and show the rebels, that, if it is not in our power to subjugate them, we can at least defeat their armies, and remain the strongest on the borders. Do not think that I have given up the hope of ultimately succeeding in this war. Nothing can be more certain than this; but it will require time, treasure, and men. The divided sentiment at the North is too impatient; few but warriors know what war is.

FORT HAMILTON, NEW YORK HARBOR, Feb. 8, 1863.

General Brown called me here at my own request; and I am on duty with a battery, which will soon be in active service. At present, I am engaged in arranging my recruiting-papers.

FORT HAMILTON, March 2, 1863.

I still remain at this post, engaged in the usual details of the post and battery.

NEW YORK CITY, April 1, 1863; evening.

I hope to be up at Albany soon: it depends upon circumstances. I have not yet received the order No. 122, adjutant-general's office, granting me leave of absence. It has probably

gone to the battery in the field. The regiment I am connected with, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, has a good organization, and every prospect of being filled soon. There is, however, another regiment, nearly full, in which I can obtain the same position; but it is going to New Orleans, whither I do not wish to go. As Butler says (I mean the general), "the climate is brain-scorching;" and I prefer to die on the battlefield, rather than by disease.

CHAPTER IX.

SIX MONTHS IN COMMAND OF A RAW CAVALRY REGIMENT IN THE FIELD.

WASHINGTON, D.C., June 26, 1863.

DEAR FATHER, — I hasten to write you to acquaint you with the exciting circumstances of the past week. As you are aware, I am in this place with my regiment. On the 18th of the month, affairs looked rather dubious for all the organizations in the State of New York. I then visited Albany, as you know, but did not expect that such summary work would be in store for me. On returning to New York, I found that, on consultation with Colonel Lansing, General Sprague had consolidated all the cavalry in the eastern part of the State, and that I had been appointed the lieutenant-colonel thereof; that being, as regards me, an appropriate command. I was ordered to leave officers in charge of the recruiting, and to proceed directly to the field. Thus, you see, my full regiment will be soon in the field, proceeding there by companies as soon as raised. Last Tuesday morning punctually, I left with my command, exhausted as I was by three nights' vigils and the preparation for my departure. I felt quite sick, but still I superintended matters. The loading of the cars with the men at the

station near the camp, embarking by steamboat for Monmouth, New Jersey, and proceeding direct to Camden, and thence by water to Philadelphia, were no small jobs. At Philadelphia, the men were refreshed at the Soldiers' Home, as they were also at Baltimore; but to guard against straggling, and to repress drunkenness among so many men, was an arduous task. We rode all Tuesday night at a snail's pace, and on Wednesday morning broke down near Baltimore. The men were then marched some few miles to that city, where they rested till afternoon, when they were placed in the cars for Washington. Late on Wednesday night, we reached that city. At the soldiers' barracks, I placed the men, and there they have remained till to-day.

I was ordered to encamp on East Capitol Hill, by General Carey. Our tents and stores, just drawn, are there, and my men are with them. However, I am sorry to relate that owing to the supposed advance of the rebels in force on this city, I was this afternoon ordered to immediately procure my horses and equipments, and, *as soon as possible*, move — in what direction I know not, but I am told beyond Alexandria. Now, the rebels are at Fairfax, only fourteen miles from Washington; and I do not feel satisfied with the above order. The men are fresh from New York, a great number having been just enlisted. The officers are new men, and the companies before muster have hardly had a squad drill. To put these men on horses, give them sabres and pistols, and place them in action, as I understand is the intention, owing to the emergency, would be suicidal.

For myself I care but little: I can die but once in the flesh; but a sure disgrace would follow if my men were to meet the enemy. They have hardly been formed in companies. What

would you say if an officer should walk down State Street in Albany, and, picking up the first five hundred citizens he met, should place them on new horses, give them untried line officers, and pit them against regular troops? They would be merely an armed rabble, and would do more injury to themselves than to the enemy. Now, cavalry requires long discipline, experience, and drill. You cannot will it: it grows, as all else. Our cavalry, after two years' service, is just beginning to tell; and every regiment of it has been in camp of instruction. The discharge of a gun would unhorse many of my riders, and no cavalry order could they understand or obey. Oh that this gambling might cease, and a grand, *reasonable*, and effective policy might be adopted! I say all this, as I have a regard for my reputation; and I feel that it would suffer, even if the sheep I command were discomfited by wolves. I shall obey, however, and am now obtaining my equipments. I start for the field tomorrow. I hope mother and Kate are well. Give them my best love. I regret not having had time to say farewell.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
CAMP NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VA., JULY 6, 1863.

My regiment is yet as undrilled as can well be. In fact, no time is given it to drill, as it has been acting here and there on detached duty, — patrolling, scouting, and skirmishing. It is, in my humble judgment, an outrage to expect cavalry to be made in a day. The emergency, however, perhaps excuses all shortcomings. Oh, how I wish I could return home, and let this war be ended! The loss of friends in the recent battle[1] has touched me sorely. Three officers of my regiment (the Fifth Artillery)

[1] The battle of Gettysburg, fought July 2d and 3d, 1863.

are killed, and many wounded. It seems as though the brightest and best fall first. Do not mistake me: I do not wish, whatever the sacrifice, to have the war ended until its object is obtained; but oh that it were obtained! I am sick of the loss of life among those dear to me. Still I am determined to see the war through, if Providence preserves my life. Our news is very encouraging; and another year may find the South subdued. The task is but just begun, although the sanguine American people may consider the war virtually ended. At present we are under orders to proceed to Frederick to aid in pursuing Lee.

WASHINGTON, D.C., July 15, 1863.

My regiment lies between Washington and Frederick. The insanity which ordered it to the front was met with sense when the regiment arrived there. They were therefore ordered to return to Frederick for drill and instruction; and there they are now. Lee, it seems, is retreating down towards Richmond. Another campaign will doubtless have to be commenced, and Richmond follow Vicksburg and Port Hudson. The rebellion must be and can be shaken, if we are alive to our present opportunity. It is a question of men and money. We must seek to build up our army again. The riots in New York show how averse the people are to doing any thing which doesn't suit them. Conscription, however, should be the basis of every republic, as long as it is for the purpose of maintaining the government. When conscription is resorted to to carry on a war of conquest or glory, *à la France*, it is worthy of being resisted. In this case, I hope to see the Government triumph.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 23, 1863.

I have not been able to have the regiment together a single day, since my arrival here, for drill and instruction. . . . All new regiments are afforded a reasonable time for drill before entering upon active duty. Mine has not, and, I fear, never will have any. Almost all the companies, immediately after the battle of Gettysburg, were ordered to Frederick, Md., as a convoy and escort. They were sent under Major Coles, with strict orders from Colonel Wyndham . . . to return. On arriving, they came under the jurisdiction of another department, and were ordered to remain there, and assigned to Buford's division of Pleasanton's cavalry corps. This left me with about a company, and all the quartermaster stores, regimental books and papers, &c., here. On attempting to join the body with Buford, I was ordered to remain here. I have applied officially to have the companies returned. I have stated that they were not fully equipped or armed; that they were raw and undisciplined. To all this I can get no satisfaction. . . . Those men may never return, or they may be kept so long that I never can instruct them.[1] . . . I am offered, by General Barry, if I will resign my present position, the command of a regular battery. As you are aware, Captain Ransom, of my old battery, was mortally wounded in the last fight, and both of the lieutenants wounded. They are, however, with the battery at present (the lieutenants, I mean). I could take command of that battery; in fact, I have been offered it. . . . I am delighted to learn that Cousin Guert has again a vessel under his command.

[1] To this, his father wisely replies, in a letter dated Saturday, July 25, 1863, "The portion of your regiment detached and on duty in Pleasanton's corps will receive much instruction while thus engaged, and will probably be soon returned to your command." This prediction proved true, as we find by the next letter.

WASHINGTON, D.C., July 29, 1863.

Since my last letter to you, the indisposition that I labored under has developed itself. I have fought against it unsuccessfully, and for several days have been confined to my room, — latterly to my bed. It is a bad fever, engendered, the doctor says, by the malaria which, at this season of the year, renders Washington and its vicinity so unfavorable to Northern constitutions. . . . The detached companies of my regiment returned to-day, and are encamped across the Potomac; consequently, I see my surgeon at least once a day. . . . I hope to recover in a few days. . . . It may be, that, when this reaches you, I shall be convalescent.

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 12, 1863.

My leave of absence has been extended, and will expire on the 25th of this month. I shall therefore, at that time, proceed to Washington, unless ordered to complete the regiment here. . . . My health is improving, I think; although I still suffer somewhat from the weakness consequent upon the fever I had in Washington.

CAVALRY CAMP, CENTREVILLE, VA., Oct. 1, 1863.

At last, I am again in the field, and at this place, having left New York on Saturday, 26th September, and coming hither by the way of Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and Washington. At the first-named place, I found many of the officers with whom I had been before connected, and even some of my own regiment (Fifth Artillery). I remained a day in Washington, and left that place to-day. I took the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, proceeding to Alexandria by boat. The report that a number of men had been captured by guerillas about seven miles from Alexandria, on the line of the railroad, did not

HEADQUARTERS 13TH N. Y. CAVALRY, COL. H. S. GANSEVOORT.

improve my spirits. General Rufus King, formerly of Albany, was on the train with his staff. Proceeding at rather a brisk rate, considering that the railroad was liable to be torn up by the rebels, we reached Fairfax Court House, and thence came to this place, some seven miles distant. I met my escort of twelve men at Fairfax, and had a fast horseback ride, which has somewhat chafed me.

Centreville is about twenty-seven miles from Washington. It is a defensible place. The cavalry camp, however, is about a mile from it, and is in rather a dangerous position. It is only about a hundred yards from our pickets; and the enemy could dash through, if they chose, at any time. In fact, the whole country, in our rear, front, and flanks, is full of guerillas. These chaps murder, steal, and disperse. I expect to be in Richmond ere long, if we do not make better dispositions than we have. I hope you will save up some gold for me, if I ever make that trip.

A large part of our men are out on a scout after Mosby (he captured some of our men last night). Colonel Lowell[1] has command of the party. He is a son of Prof. Lowell, of Harvard, and a very excellent officer, though young. I am therefore in command of the brigade in camp, being the next ranking officer. The enemy could surprise me at any moment, as it is a misty, dark day, and our pickets are but a few yards from my tent. On Monday, we move back some seven miles to Fairfax; for it is getting too hot here for us. The other day, I had a captain and eight men attacked near camp. The officer's horse was wounded; he escaped, but his men were taken.

[1] General Charles Russell Lowell, jun., son of Charles Russell Lowell, of Cambridge, Mass. —*Harvard Memorial*, i. 275.

I find the regiment in tolerable condition; but I have lost many men by death and discharge. I am pleased with my officers; and, although it is rather hard to sit all the time with a pistol at hand, I am tolerably well satisfied. I have many men absent on detached service, two companies being body-guard to General King. I hope they soon will be returned. The health of the men is bad, as the location of the camp is bad. The water is filthy, so I confine myself to something else; food, substantial and abundant, but only suitable for India-rubber internals, removable at pleasure. The grounds are as damp as usual, and the nights as silent as of yore.

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, VA., Oct. 8, 1863.

We left Centreville on Monday last, and marched hither, a distance of seven miles, in an afternoon. Colonel Lowell was at that time absent; and I had command of the brigade, both at camp and on the march. This place is about sixteen miles from Washington; and here we are surrounded by the enemy. He makes frequent dashes here and there, surprising, capturing, and destroying. The two great leaders are White and Mosby. Their followers disperse, at a given signal, to meet at some appointed place. They fight with desperation when attacked, but principally confine themselves to dashes here and there, and long pursuits of small bodies of our forces. The night does not know what the morning may disclose.

Colonel Lowell, of the Second Massachusetts, commands the cavalry, composed of my regiment, the Sixteenth New York, and his own. General King has two regiments of infantry here, and several others on the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. I am sorry to say, that to-morrow we shall leave Fair-

CAMP OF THE 13TH N. Y. CAVALRY.

fax Court House for Vienna. My camp here was all that could be desired. It was on a fine southern exposure on the north side of the town. I therefore regret to leave it, as I supposed that we were to winter here. I lost several brother officers of my artillery regiment at Chickamauga; one of whom, Lieutenant Burnham, was a chum of mine at Fort Hamilton. The others were from the West.

[OFFICIAL.]

CAMP AT FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, VA., Oct. 9, 1863.

GENERAL, — I regret that I am unable to detail the eight men you wish to add to the fifteen under Lieut. Haight, at Union Mills. At present, I have hardly enough men to answer the details of Col. Lowell, and attend to usual camp duties.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
VIENNA, VA., Oct. 11, 1863.

GENERAL, — I have the honor to request that the resignation of ———, second lieutenant of Co. — of this regiment, which was sent in some time since, be accepted; as this officer is unfit for duty, and the services of an active officer for that company are greatly needed.

[OFFICIAL.]

[Same date.]

GENERAL, — I have the honor to state, that Captain ———, of Co. — of this regiment, has been absent since the early part of August last, and has failed to forward any proper certificate stating upon what authority he is absent; and, therefore, I would respectfully request he be dismissed the service.

[OFFICIAL.]

[Same date.]

GENERAL, — I have the honor to ask, that in view of the proposed consolidations of the companies of regiments in this department below the minimum standard, and as I am told recruiting for this regiment has greatly diminished, — that the officers having charge of the recruiting-service of this regiment be obliged to increase their efforts, or resign their authorizations, and others be appointed in their places.

CHAPTER X.

NINE MONTHS AT THE FRONT.

CAMP AT VIENNA, VA., Oct. 18, 1863.

YESTERDAY I returned from Washington where I had been to procure arms for my men, and on arrival at the camp I found every thing in confusion. An attack was expected from the enemy, and for two days and nights the men and officers had been on the watch. This has not yet changed. Last night I lost all sleep, and to-day we are in expectation of a fight. As you are aware, Lee has followed Meade to Centreville, and Lee's left is but a short distance from us. Mosby and White with their bands are around us, and the other night they bivouacked but a short distance from the Thirteenth New York. The country is so thickly wooded, and the inhabitants so rebellious, that the enemy is exceedingly audacious. I have had seven sergeants and two men captured lately. A rebel the other night came into camp, having eluded the picket by a cow-bell on the neck of his horse; and, in the pitch-darkness of the night, escaped.

I came out of Washington day before yesterday by boat to Alexandria, and a ride on the top of freight-cars to Fairfax Station. Here the trains of the Army of the Potomac were parked;

and, in a drenching rain, I rode four miles from Fairfax Station over a corduroy road on top of a pontoon wagon to Fairfax Court House, where I staid all night, finding the road too bad to admit of my proceeding to Vienna that night. Several camps of the Army of the Potomac lay near by. Lee is preparing for a fight, but prefers to choose his own ground. I believe he is moving to our right. General King is relieved, and goes as minister to Italy.

CAMP THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
VIENNA, VA., Oct. 30, 1863.

I am at last able to sit up. I have been quite sick with the malarial fever, but the worst of the fever is passed. The pain still continues at night, accompanied with perspiration. It will not do for me to be sick any longer, and I shall make every exertion to be out on the last day of the month, when inspection takes place. The truth is, that fever has got into my system, and there it remains to bother me.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
VIENNA, VA., Nov. 1863.

Owing to the small number of officers present for duty in this regiment, and the arduous duties they are called upon to perform, I most respectfully ask that Lieut. Hoagland, of this command, who is now detached with a small party at Union Mills, Va., may be ordered to rejoin his regiment at once, and also the men with him; if the men cannot be spared, then left in charge of a sergeant. They number but fifteen men.

CAMP OF THE 13TH N. Y. CAVALRY, PROSPECT HILL, VA.

[OFFICIAL.]

CAMP AT VIENNA, VA., Nov. 2, 1863.

SIR, — I have the honor, according to request, to make the following report on the Gibbs Carbine, two hundred and fifty of which were furnished the Thirteenth New York Cavalry in July last. This carbine is inferior to others in its mechanical movement, which renders it greatly exposed by use to accident and deterioration. This is, in fact, caused by a poor lever action. Its barrel is moved forward and backward in the stock, by a lever which passes vertically through the stock. When at all rusted, this lever is difficult to reach so as to *entirely* clean it, and when worked by the guard in that state is apt to break off in the stock near the barrel. This, in my judgment, is due as much to the length and material of the lever, as to its peculiar movement. Another objection to this carbine is its liability to accident or rust without affording as speedy an opportunity as is desirable to clean or repair it. When the barrel is moved back on the socket by the lever, water is apt to enter the junction, and rust the interior collar and nipple, which are so placed with reference to the barrel, that it is necessary to take the carbine apart to clean those parts. If left rusted they might cause accident. The barrel being movable in the stock renders the arm more liable to rust or accident from the force of fire.

In the carbines furnished my command, the barrels were not sufficiently thick or strong. A large number burst about six or eight inches from the muzzle. The workmanship and material are of inferior character. The passage from the nipple for the percussion cap to the powder is more tortuous than in the case of any other arms, which renders the passage, when at all fouled, difficult to clean. These are some of the defects of the weapon

which I have observed from a short experience in its use. I would submit them with the recommendation that it be no longer furnished the service.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
VIENNA, VA., Nov. 8, 1863.

COLONEL, — I have the honor to call your attention to the fact, that officers commanding companies *en route* from New York to this regiment, have, through carelessness, lost many men on the trip. I would mention Captain ———, of Co. —, as having been very careless. I would respectfully ask that the necessity for particular care be plainly represented to officers, as they will hereafter be held strictly accountable on joining the regiment.

[OFFICIAL.]

[Same date.]

COLONEL, — I have the honor to state that Lieutenant ——— of this regiment is absent without leave, and that very serious charges are now on file against him; and therefore I would respectfully ask that his pay may be stopped until all his accounts are settled.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
VIENNA, VA., Nov. 15, 1863.

SIR, — I have the honor to request that the squadron of this regiment commanded by Captain Jackson, now at Fairfax Court House, Va., be returned to this command. This squadron is composed of new and undisciplined men; and, as I am informed, is not in such service or under such instruction as is calculated to improve their condition. One of its companies was detached immediately upon joining the regiment; and the other has

never been drilled or instructed. My command here is but small compared with the other regiments in the brigade; and by the return of this squadron it would be relieved in a measure of its arduous duties. I am also informed that several of the officers of this squadron have so conducted themselves that the men in their command are in a measure demoralized and unfitted for any duty of responsibility.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
VIENNA, VA., Nov. 16, 1863.

SIR, — I have the honor to transmit the enclosed report. It has been delayed, as it has been difficult to obtain reports from those companies absent on detached service. I am not able to obtain any report from Co. E, which is now absent at Fairfax Court House. I know, however, that all its carbines are turned in.

[OFFICIAL.]

Nov. 17, 1863.

SIR, — I have the honor to state that Lieutenant ———, of Co. — of this regiment, is now absent without leave, and has failed to furnish these headquarters with any statement of the cause of his absence. There are heavy charges against this officer; and I would respectfully request that he be ordered to rejoin the command at once, or be dismissed the service.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., November, 1864.

In my acts, words, and deeds, since the platform of Chicago,[1] I have supported the present administration. These acts,

[1] The "Chicago Platform," adopted by the convention which nominated General McClellan for the presidency, — a platform which that distinguished general promptly repudiated.

&c., were but few openly; as I professionally closed my teeth until the strife of words and votes was over.

[Feb. 6, 1865.]

Professionally I have never been a politician. I mean that my sense of military duty would not allow me to feel or act as a politician. I therefore have avoided, even in allusion, any political speech or action, since the political campaign, lately terminated, commenced.

Headquarters Thirteenth New York Cavalry,
Vienna, Va., Dec. 17, 1863.

Mosby still troubles us. While I write, my pickets, about a mile and a half distant, are attacked. I do not know my loss; but a party has just gone out. You see we occupy an extremely exposed position. I am at work building an *abatis* around my camp, expecting a rebel dash. My men are now armed with the "Sharp" carbine, and soon, when they learn how to handle them, will prove ugly customers. I lost two men last week, fine fellows they were too. In the dark the enemy crawled upon them when they were on post as pickets, and shot them through the body. We buried them a day or two ago with all honors. Thus it goes: I lose about, on the average, a man a day, by death, capture, or discharge. Such depletion as this is felt; and my companies are diminishing in numbers. Cannot you do something to recruit them, or aid me in so doing? Let me know. I have written to Abraham on the subject. Give me men, and I can do something; but at this rate of loss, even when the last battalion is filled, I cannot be mustered as colonel of the regiment.

LOOK-OUT TOWER, AT PROSPECT HILL, VA.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
VIENNA, VA., Dec. 27, 1863.

I am extremely anxious to take advantage of the present state of the recruiting-service to fill up the old companies of my regiment now here. . . . If I am to have more men, I should have them now, when active operations are, as it were, suspended, although it is true we are kept busy enough. I can now, however, better drill and prepare them for service.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
VIENNA, VA., Jan. 28, 1864.

I am serving on a general court-martial, in addition to my regimental duties; and this, with my studies, keeps me employed. On my return from Washington last week, I was taken quite sick, and am suffering from a slow fever. The guerillas are more quiet at present than they have been for some time past. Rosser's brigade, however, is not far from us, consisting of three mounted regiments. There is also a large rebel force at Fredericksburg, Va. They may come upon us at any time; as they have only to cross the Occoquan River, and pass through Dumfries, to reach us.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
VIENNA, VA., March 30, 1864.

I have to express my warmest thanks for the kind interest and devotion which has secured my promotion to the colonelcy of the Thirteenth New York Cavalry. I have been mustered in as colonel, and Coles as lieutenant-colonel. . . . I visited New York on the 21st of March, and remained until the 26th. . . . I am sorry that I did not write, but my whole time was taken up in organizing the last company, in selecting officers, &c. I returned to camp yesterday. All is well here.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
VIENNA, VA., April 27, 1864.

As I am about to leave to-morrow, on an expedition to the Blue Ridge, I take this opportunity of writing to you. We are still in camp here, but expect soon to move to the front. This, of course, depends on the movement of Grant's army. If it commences to work soon, we shall do so. I hear that General Burnside is going to move up on line of Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. A part of his force are now at Fairfax Court House. I am sorry that all the movements of the Northern army have, this year, been attended with misfortune.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
RAPPAHANNOCK STATION, VA., May 11, 1864.

Last week I returned with Col. Lowell from a scout of four days to the gaps of the Blue Ridge, Upperville, Aldie, Middlebury, &c. During this time we rode some one hundred and sixty miles. On Monday last I started with Col. Lowell and a force from the three regiments here for this place. We were to protect the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and, having spent three days on it, shall return to camp at Vienna. The fighting is going on a short distance from us, and I expect the worst, as deserters and stragglers tell hard stories. I hope for the best, however. I wish I could be with the army again, but I suppose it would be the same old story. As it is, cavalry can be but little engaged where the enemy now is. We have our hands full, too, guarding a line nearly fifty miles long against all the rebel cavalry and the infernal and formidable guerillas. I expect the line will be given up as soon as the base at Aquia Creek is established. There is a report that we shall join the Army of the Potomac. This I should like; not that fighting will close

HEADQUARTERS 13TH N. Y. CAVALRY.

by any operations of that army, but that I desire to establish a record for the future.

The South is little known or believed in at the North. We underrate them. I have always striven to appreciate and cause others to appreciate their powers. We have been defeated because we have not measured them. The women of the North, too, like those of the South, should endeavor to sympathize with the soldiers. They should not dance or flirt with, talk to or marry, any but soldiers. Every man should, and must if we expect to conquer the South, become a soldier. In this place, in '62, I witnessed a fight from one side of the river to the other. It is now so changed in topography that I do not recognize it.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
FALLS CHURCH, VA., May 31, 1864.

I have been somewhat afflicted with the disease incident to the climate, which has for a considerable time so weakened me that I have hardly been able to do the most necessary writing. . . . We moved here about a week ago. The reason for the move was, that all the troops had been removed from the defences of Washington, and therefore we had to be moved in some five miles, and are only about nine or ten miles from the city. The guerillas are, however, quite active, and we are continually scouting and moving about. We left our old camp at Vienna with some feelings of regret, which would, perhaps, have been lightened had we been moved farther to the south ; but, as fate would have us remain here, we became reconciled. . . . I received the standard you so handsomely presented to my regiment, by Col. Coles, who arrived here a few days ago. I am extremely well pleased with it.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
FALLS CHURCH, VA., June 10, 1864.

We are near Washington. Although I expected to be ordered farther south, still I am not dissatisfied, as there is about as much honor here as there. We have a wary, crafty foe, setting the laws of civilized warfare at defiance. We are thus kept continually awake without having the great separation from all the comforts of the camp which the Army of the Potomac undergoes. The piece you sent me from the "Argus," however highly colored, did but justice to the beautiful standard father has presented to the regiment. It is a cavalry guidon, and is in beautiful taste. Our success under Grant seems to have been brought to a stand-still at Richmond. All our bloodshed and loss have resulted in placing ourselves as near Richmond as last summer. Delay beyond July is deadly, as the summer leaves its seal of lingering disease upon all unacclimated constitutions.

NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., July 14, 1864.

The rebel invasion has produced the greatest excitement in the vicinity of Washington. One regiment of our brigade has been detached, and is in Maryland; and two regiments, the Sixteenth and Thirteenth New York Cavalry, are now the only opposing force to the immense body of the enemy in this State. We have maintained our position, and shall do so, although we have had no very severe fighting. I lost in a fight with Mosby about thirty men and two officers, one of whom is Lieut. Schuyler, supposed to be mortally wounded. He is in Aldie. He was shot through the stomach. The other officer was taken prisoner. We learn from our advanced scouts of the crossing of the rebels at Seneca Falls and Edwards Ferry. They are in strong force. One of my scouts, Capt. Brown, charged in the rear of McCaus-

PRESENTATION OF STANDARD TO 13TH N. Y. CAVALRY.

land's brigade of cavalry, and captured twelve horses and two men. He brought them in last night. We are all working very hard, but the very small force of cavalry here can hardly damage the enemy. We number hundreds, and they thousands. At present my headquarters are near Falls Church; but if the rebels try to enter the fortifications on this side of the river I do not think we shall be here long. Mosby has three pieces of artillery, and about eight hundred men. He is continually around us. Written in lead pencil as I am in the field.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, July 19, 1864.

The enemy has for some time had large forces in our front, but we have held it well. On the opposite side of the Potomac they ventured some six miles below us, and would have crossed had the river been fordable below Seneca Falls. At present they have crossed above us, and are, I suppose, by this time through the gaps of the Blue Ridge. During all this time my regiment has been actively scouting down as far as the Rapidan, and up to Leesburg and the Blue Ridge. The enemy had a large force, very large, and they have retired replenished for an indefinite struggle. Of horses they obtained five thousand at the lowest calculation, and other supplies in proportion. That this is permitted is wrong. Washington itself would have been taken if the rebels had been a day or so sooner in their attack. They delayed, and we obtained troops. Understand now where we were and are, — on the south side of the Potomac, covering that part of the defences of Washington; and, although not actually engaged, yet the anxiety, the watchful and careful duty, so terribly wearing, of scout and skirmishing, was ours. Quiet is now in a measure restored, but we have much to do.

CHAPTER XI.

TWO MONTHS COMMANDING "HORSE INFANTRY."

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
NEAR FORT BUFFALO, VA., July 29, 1864.

LIEUTENANT, — I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication relative to men of this command trespassing upon cultivated property in the vicinity of this camp; and in answer would state, that the most stringent orders have been issued to prevent further depredations being committed.

[OFFICIAL.]

[Same date.]

SIR, — I have the honor to state, that, in accordance with the order of the colonel commanding, I have investigated, as far as lies in my power, the injury to the crops of Mrs. Taylor, but have failed to obtain the names of the trespassers; that from her own statement she does not charge men of this regiment with the trespass; that my own impression is, that the depredation was not committed by men of this regiment; that I have placed a guard over the garden, and over all the cultivated land in this vicinity; and that every effort will be made to find out, and severely punish, every case of injury to crops, or trespass, on the part of officers and enlisted men in this regiment.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
NEAR FORT BUFFALO, VA., Aug. 5, 1864.

COLONEL, — I have the honor to ask attention to the following statement regarding the nature and extent of duty performed by this regiment. That for months past, and at present, the duty has been excessive, and more than should be required of the soldier. It is such that, as a general rule, men of this regiment are on duty every day, and at least from four to five nights every week, either on picket, guard, scout, or stable guard, &c. I should have protested before this, had I not understood it was only temporary; but I find it has become permanent. I consider there are too few men for the required duty, as there are but eight small companies of this regiment at this place.

1st, It is obvious that the duty is but imperfectly done. 2d, That such excess of duty degenerates into drudgery, and destroys the spirit, drill, and efficiency of the soldier. 3d, That discipline, which rests in correlative rights of officer and man, cannot be enforced fully when such rights are neglected. Such have been the details from this regiment, that stable guard, ordered by Circular No. 44, A. G. O., June 9, 1864, has to be disallowed, as a tour of duty in order, to the loss and detriment (in my experience) of the service. The nature of the duty is such as cavalry should not perform. It is picket duty in guarding a line. Circular No. 44, A. G. O., June 9, 1864, says, "It (cavalry) should never be required to perform duty which can be performed as well by infantry. To send cavalry out on picket-duty in order that infantry may rest in quiet and security . . . is an improper use of cavalry. There is no picket-duty which

cannot be performed by infantry, with a few cavalry to carry information to commanding officers."

This duty has been the incubus to the cavalry here. It exhausts the men, and accustoms them to a defensive and monotonous infantry routine, which deprives cavalry of its offensive vigor. Continued practice of dismounted duty, as patrols, scouts, guards, fatigues, &c., separates the man and horse to do duty which a dismounted man could perform, and is a costly substitute therefor. The horse remains in camp, to his own injury, to the care and too often the use of other men.

Distant and forced scouting incompatible with the number of men, and extent of other duty, which, although a part of the proper service of cavalry, is required to such an extent, that horses are often forced fifty miles or more for one day, and sometimes several days in succession. A three days' scout, for instance, just returned, had several horses permanently, and all temporarily disabled. This is partially caused by the need of men, which causes the scout to be more frequent and rapid than it would be in other circumstances. The officers complain that the fatigue of the men prevents them from attending properly to their horses or duty on scouts. In the circular quoted above, it is stated, that, "when cavalry needs remounting every three months, it is undoubtedly improperly used. Its minimum durability should be three years, if properly used." In the misapplication of duty, as I think is above shown, remounts would be required quite frequently. Can officers be held responsible, then, if, with all that vigilance and discipline can effect, a regiment is dismounted? In the legitimate use of cavalry, if such disaster occurs, the blame would fall upon them certainly. I therefore would most respectfully protest against the continu-

ance of details improportionated to the small number of men here, and to the nature of the service

I am, colonel, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

H. S. GANSEVOORT,
Col. com'd'g Thirteenth N.Y. Cavalry.

COL. J. H. TAYLOR,
Chief of Staff, and A. A. G. Dept. of Washington.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK HORSE INFANTRY,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Aug. 12, 1864.

I am still here, notwithstanding the herculean efforts made by me to join the cavalry corps. I am entirely disgusted with this condition of things. If I staid here years, it would be no honor or credit to me. My men here, for the past two months, have been worked to death. Their duty has been so extensive that that they have been on duty five and six nights in the week. This is on account of the weakness of the force here. The spirit of the soldier is thus taken out of them. They have the fighting vigor taken out of them completely. I have known men anxious to get into the guard-house to escape excess of duty. On scout, they are sleepy and inactive. They sleep on post, and swear that they would prefer to go to Richmond rather than do such duty. In several fights which parties of my regiment have had lately, they have done better than I could have hoped; but they have not been as successful as they would have been if they had any pluck left. I have but eight companies at this point: two are at Lewinsville, one at Tenallytown, Maryland, and one at Chain Bridge, Virginia. I am tired of the past five months, in which soldiers of the Government have been worked harder than slaves ever were on plantations.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Aug. 20, 1864.

SIR, — I have the honor to request that the Thirteenth New York Cavalry under my command may be ordered to the Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac, or duty elsewhere than in this department. This regiment numbers in all, four hundred men present, and two hundred and twenty-five detached. Since coming to the field[1] it has been engaged in picketing, fighting guerillas dismounted, and other irregular duty, north-west of Washington. Such continued duty cannot but have a decided influence upon a regiment engaged in it from its first organization. The time has come when field service of a more regular character is absolutely necessary, in my judgment, to prevent disintegration, I had almost said demoralization. Some regiment jaded by long and different service could on just principles of rotation relieve this regiment with decided, obvious benefit to both parties and to the Government. Believing it to be for the best interest of the cavalry service, I ask it with the confidence that if such interests are consulted it will be granted.

I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

H. S. GANSEVOORT,
Colonel Thirteenth N.Y. Cavalry.

MAJOR PRICE,
Asst. Inspector-General, Washington, D.C.

[1] Which was immediately after its organization, and following closely upon the enlistment of its men, without instruction, discipline, or drill, and with untried line officers. See chap. ix.

AMBULANCE CORPS

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Aug. 22, 1864.

I am starting with a portion of my regiment on an expedition towards Warrenton and vicinity, and may have hot work before my return. However it may result, I shall hope to see you all again. I have become almost desperate in view of the excessive picket duty done by my regiment. Colonel Lowell is likewise. He is in command of both regiments, the Sixteenth and Thirteenth.[1] I cannot state his course; mine, however, is plain. I am endeavoring to be assigned to the Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac. If I do not do this, I shall see my regiment melt away fast. You have no idea of the duty; and, such is the condition to which it reduces the men, that nothing but disgrace and disaster can come of it. . . . I have written to General Sprague on the subject. When I return I shall hear from him. . . . We hold this line with about six hundred men at present. Hitherto it has taken at least six thousand.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Sept. 6, 1864.

The large number of men sent to re-enforce Grant leaves but the Thirteenth and Sixteenth New York Cavalry to do the duty of at least ten or twelve regiments on this line. The worst of it is, too, that this duty above alluded to, which consists in doing *dismounted* picket on an extensive and dangerous line, is continued all winter, when cavalry at the other points are in comfortable quarters. The consequence of all this is, that the men,

[1] "And, though Colonel Lowell was constantly employed in the distasteful service to which he had been assigned, it was not till midsummer that he found again the opportunity of distinguishing himself in the open field." — *Harvard Memorial*, i. 295.

unable to do continuously work which requires them to lose five out of seven nights' sleep, rapidly decline in health and spirits. During all my previous experience in the army, I never knew men so heavily or half so heavily tasked. Nothing but the strictest discipline compels the performance of such duty. . . . I cannot express in writing, nor can you understand, not being here, . . . the disheartening effect of the excessive and improper duty we have to do.

[Extract from Col. Gansevoort's Journal.]

Wednesday, Sept. 14, 1864. — Last night the brigade butcher, who is quartered near the watering place, was taken prisoner while in bed, by a party of guerillas, supposed to be inhabitants of this vicinity.[1]

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Sept. 15, 1864.

SIR, — I have the honor to report that, according to orders from headquarters cavalry brigade, a portion of this regiment, numbering two hundred and ten dismounted and sixty-three mounted men, including the brigade scouts, moved under my command on scout on the night of the 8th September, 1864.

On the morning of the 9th of September, after a march of thirteen miles, the column crossed Fox's Ford on Difficult Run, in which vicinity it encamped. At nightfall on the 9th September, it moved twelve miles to the vicinity of Coleman's,

[1] "Soon afterward (in September, 1864), Mosby returned to capture a quartermaster's establishment at Falls Church, about three hundred yards from which a cavalry brigade was stationed. With two men he entered a tent, and brought off a butcher, who was sleeping near a beef he had killed to issue the next morning, and with him a fine pony." — *Partisan Life*, p. 303.

near Horsepen Run, and during the night of the 10th September bivouacked, after a march of five miles, on the road to "Good Hope Church," near Broad Run, its further progress being delayed by a severe storm. On the night of the 11th September, the column encamped beyond Red Hill, after a march of ten miles, and reached within a mile and a half of Aldie, at a covered point at the intersection of the Aldie pike and the Carolina road, on the night of the 12th September. Here the command was concealed; and, at daybreak of the 13th September, the town was entered by the mounted men, the road in the vicinity having been ambuscaded during a portion of the night. Nothing was, however, accomplished. Information having been gained that Mosby, with a force, had gone down the Aldie pike the night of (but before) the arrival of the column at Aldie, it was deemed best to move after him.

The column reached Chantilly after a march of sixteen miles, and encamped on the night of the 14th, ambuscading all the roads in the vicinity. On the morning of the 15th September, it resumed its march towards Fairfax; all indications, and reports of scouts kept on the Centreville road and roads to the left of the turnpike, tending to show that Mosby, with a large force but in divided parties, was on the left of the turnpike, and between Vienna and Frying-Pan.

The scouts were driven from Flint Hill; but those at Fairfax reported that Mosby had been seen to pass through Fairfax Court House, with two men, towards Centreville, a short time previous. I despatched five men to the Centreville road, about three miles distant, to intercept the party, fearing that more might fail of an approach. Near Germantown, three of this number returned, and reported a fight with Mosby, in which

two of the men had lost their horses, and been taken to the woods, and that large parties of guerillas were now on the right.

On the return of the other men, it was definitely ascertained, that Mosby, or a person resembling him, had certainly been in the vicinity of Fairfax just previous to the action, and had gone towards Centreville. People on the road had seen him; and, from the description of his person and recognition of his picture by the parties engaged, there seems to be some color for the report that he was in the action, and was wounded; as he, or the person in question, was seen, before riding off, to throw up his hands, and give signs of pain. This could be observed, as the action was at very close quarters. I despatched a squadron to the scene shortly after, and moved to Fairfax Court House, sending a party of thirty dismounted men through Vienna to Lewinsville. The regiment reached camp at Falls Church after a march that day of fifteen miles from Chantilly.

During the scout, the weather was almost constantly rainy; and violent storms prevented speedy movement, which would perhaps have brought the column to Aldie in time for some success; and prevented a movement towards Middleburgh and Rector's Cross Roads, as intended. After the third day, the men and horses subsisted on the country, as directed. Twelve horses were taken from suspected rebel citizens, and all suspected houses searched on the line of march.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

H. S. GANSEVOORT,

Colonel Thirteenth New York Cavalry.

LIEUT. E. Y. LANSING,

A. A. A. G. Cavalry Brigade.

RETURN FROM A CAVALRY SCOUT.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Sept. 18, 1864.

I returned last Wednesday from a scout which occupied six days and nights during which the weather was very bad. Every night we had rain, which caused great inconvenience, especially as we moved only at night for the first four days. My regiment did well, and I have reason to believe, that, in the skirmish which occurred the last day we were out, Mosby was wounded. I have nothing definite as to this, but believe it to be so. Mosby escaped, but I believe with a wound.[1] Colonel Lazelle, commanding brigade, is now absent with his regiment, and I am in command of the brigade and line of pickets. I am using every exertion to transfer my regiment to the cavalry corps. . . .

I have told you of the base use of cavalry in picketing a line of defences; and the excessive detail causes my men to lose their vigor and spirit. . . . I have, as you may well know, . . .

[1] See "Partisan Life with Col. John S. Mosby," by Major John Scott. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1867. The dates are not in all cases very clear; but "about the 1st of September (1864), Mosby sent Harry Hatcher," &c. Again, after several events, occupying an indefinite number of days, "There they beheld a body of one hundred and ten Federal cavalry, composed of two detachments, one from the Sixteenth, the other from the Thirteenth New York, commanded respectively by Captains Fleming and Minimum [McMenamie]. . . . Soon afterward Mosby returned to capture a quartermaster's establishment at Falls Church. . . . On their return they met in the turnpike near Centreville a regiment of Federal cavalry with an advance guard of seven men. . . . Being dressed in full uniform, Mosby was recognized by the Federals, and made a mark for their shots. One ball shattered the handle of his pistol; another entered the groin, wounding him so badly that he could with difficulty keep the saddle" (pp. 298, 300, 304). Again, p. 321, "On the 29th of September Colonel Mosby returned to Fauquier, and resumed command of the Partisan Battalion. He was still on crutches, and unable to ride without being lifted into the saddle." It is therefore probable that Colonel Gansevoort's surmise was correct.

enemies who would give all their effects to compass my ruin, and they are straining every nerve to do so. There is one officer in my regiment now under arrest for habitual intoxication, whose friends are at the bottom of the affair. They are all here, and, in connection with another officer lately dismissed, are doing all they can against me. An absurd story about my treatment of a negro who made it his business in my camp to steal pistols, and my connection with the party called Democratic (through my friends), give color to the statements of these gentlemen. . . . I trust that I have ever been a loyal man, and I feel that I am professionally a soldier; therefore I let politics trouble me but very little. I hope, however, that relief may soon be had by transfer from this department.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Sept. 24, 1864.

I am about starting on an extensive expedition to the army of General Sheridan, through Manassas Gap. They propose opening the railroad, and I am sent forward with the Thirteenth and Sixteenth Regiments to make a reconnoissance. I do not know what I shall meet; however, I feel satisfied with having, by my instrumentality, wounded the notorious Mosby. I cannot say more as I am in great haste, "Boots and saddles" having just sounded, and anon "To horse!".

CHAPTER XII.

ONE MONTH UNDER FIRE IN FRONT, FLANK, AND REAR.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Sept. 29, 1864.

SIR, — I have the honor to request that, inasmuch as, according to written instructions of colonel commanding cavalry brigade, the survey of the Manassas Gap Railroad was only made as far as was desired by Mr. Bartram, the engineer, to whose examination of the railroad every thing else was subordinate; and as such survey was only made to Piedmont, and discontinued there by the express wish and earnest solicitation of said engineer, contrary to what were my wishes, and would have been my course had I not been acting simply as his escort, — I may be allowed, without being subject to any judgment but my own, to continue the survey to the terminus of the Manassas Gap Railroad beyond the Blue Ridge, if consistent with views of colonel commanding. I would desire this request and letter to be sent to Major-General Augur.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

H. S. GANSEVOORT,

Colonel Thirteenth New York Cavalry.

LIEUT. E. Y. LANSING, *A. A. A. G. Cavalry Brigade.*

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Oct. 2, 1864.

GENERAL, — I have the honor to ask that unassigned recruits and drafted men be assigned to fill up the Thirteenth New York Cavalry, under my command, to its maximum. This regiment has been stationed since June, 1863, in the defences of Washington, engaged in severe picket and scouting duty, which has diminished its original numbers. As I understand that, as a general rule, assignments are not made to cavalry on account of the difficulty of obtaining mounts, I would ask that an exception be made in this case for the following reasons: that the duty of picketing this line at present is in the main an infantry, or dismounted duty, being performed for the most part by dismounted men who march on foot to and from their posts; that, if such assignment is made, the men assigned will be equipped and used for such dismounted duty until the government can conveniently mount them to act as cavalry; that this will afford a greater number of *mounted* men for scout, by liberating them from this dismounted duty, and will in their absence leave enough to properly guard the line and the government property in camp. I hope this may commend itself to your attention.

I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

H. S. GANSEVOORT,

Col. Thirteenth N.Y. Cavalry, Com'd'g Brigade.

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK,
Chief of Staff, U. S. A.

[Extracts from Camp Journal Thirteenth New York Cavalry.]

Friday, Oct. 7, 1864. — At 2 o'clock this A.M., "Officers' call" was sounded, and orders given by the colonel to have every available mounted man turned out with one day's rations and forage. At 2.30, A.M., *reveillé* was sounded, and the men commenced packing their saddles. At 7, A. M., Lieutenant Hawkins arrived in camp with twenty-five men from Lewinsville. At 7.30 "Boots and saddles" was sounded, and, shortly after, "To horse;" and, at 8.15, the column moved. All the officers went but Major Birdsall, Lieutenant Christie, R. Q. M., the chaplain, Captain Lockwood, Lieutenant Lyell, and Lieutenant Gray. The details from brigade headquarters to-day were: —

1	non-commissioned officer	and	5	men	for escort.
3	"	officers	" 8	"	" camp picket.
4	"	"	" 13	"	

There was but one post left on camp guard, which was not relieved.

The main guard was not relieved to-day; but it came in camp about 8, P.M., received twenty-four hours' rations, and left again. Lieutenant Gray remained as officer of grand guard. Weather very fine; camp quiet. Major Birdsall in command.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Oct. 7, 1864.

LIEUT. E. Y. LANSING, *A. A. A. G. Cavalry Brigade:* —

I have the honor to report that, in accordance with orders from brigade headquarters, "that the regiment should immediately prepare to move," "Officers' call" was sounded at 2, A.M.,

on the morning of Oct. 7, 1864; that although the call was repeated three times, at intervals of about five minutes, and was the last time followed by "trot," and the sounding of *reveille* the following officers failed to report, although lying in camp close to sound of bugle, and not excused by the regimental surgeon; and that these officers did not report until sent for, viz.:[1] —

____ _____ ____ _____
" _____ " _____
" _____ " _____

[Extracts from Camp Journal of Thirteenth New York Cavalry.]

Monday, Oct. 24, 1864. — Colonel Gansevoort and Major Frazar returned to camp to-day from the regiment, bringing in condemned horses and some sick men. . . . Major Birdsall in command.

Tuesday, Oct. 25, 1864. — Lieutenant J. O. Christie, with Sergeant Grant, Sergeant Caulkins, and twenty-four mounted men, left at 11, A.M., for Washington, taking in all the condemned horses. . . . The main guard was not relieved. . . . Colonel Gansevoort left camp this evening for Washington. . . . All the horses were saddled up at tattoo. Lieutenant Gray in command.

Saturday, Oct. 29, 1864. — The recruits were drilled this morning by Sergeant Grant. . . . Colonel Gansevoort returned to camp this A.M. Lieutenant Mason Gray in command.

Sunday, Oct. 30, 1864. — Colonel Gansevoort left camp this afternoon for Alexandria. . . . Colonel Gansevoort in command.

[1] As the intention is to show by one example the rigor of Colonel Gansevoort's discipline, not to revive old animosities, I omit all clew to the officers inculpated above.

Monday, Oct. 31, 1864. — Colonel Gansevoort returned to camp at noon. . . . Major Birdsall in command.

Sunday, Nov. 13, 1864. — Colonel Gansevoort returned last night.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Nov. 3, 1864.

In accordance with the request of Colonel Wells, Provost Marshal Defences south of Potomac, I make the following statement regarding my knowledge of a recent election in the camp of the Thirteenth New York Cavalry. I have to state that I returned, on account of sickness, to the permanent camp of my regiment at this place on the 24th of October, 1864, at noon, from an absence of nearly three weeks[1] with a large detachment of my own and the Sixteenth New York Cavalry, then and now doing duty on the line of the Manassas Gap Railroad; that I found in camp some recruits for the regiment, a number of men prevented from accompanying the detachment, daily-duty men, and invalids, and special duty officers;[2] that I learned on my arrival that a box of ballots, sent by the secretary of the State of New York, had been opened[3] in my absence by the officer in command; that an election for president had taken place, or was just closing, among those remaining in camp as above stated; that owing to sickness I did not take any command, but the day after my arrival, the 25th October, 1864, in the morning,[4] I left camp, and did

[1] From Oct. 7. See extracts from Camp Journal, p. 177.

[2] *Ibid*, p. 178.

[3] Receipted for September 22, 1864. The Camp Journal is blank from the 14th to the 22d September; but September 23 we find, "Colonel Gansevoort being absent in Washington." The box may not have been *opened* till October.

[4] See extracts from Camp Journal, p. 178: "in the *evening*."

not return thereto till the 29th October, '64;[1] that I never spoke to an officer or enlisted man of my command regarding his preference for presidential candidate; that I have never requested or suggested that any officer or enlisted man should speak to or influence any other officer or man on such subject; that I have never remarked about the success or defeat of any candidate, or directly or indirectly said or done any thing calculated to influence in the least any enlisted man or officer to favor any one

[1] See extracts from Camp Journal, p. 178.

Referring to this humiliating attempt made by dismissed and disgraced officers and their friends to bring him into disfavor with the War Department for a matter with which he had no connection whatever, for a result at variance with his own profound convictions, — only the more to be respected because arrived at in defiance of early associations, family influences, and that most intangible but strongest of earthly bonds, party affiliation; arraigned on a charge of influencing votes in his regiment in favor of a candidate for whom he would not have voted himself, whose success he would have regarded as a public calamity; charged as with a crime with an act which after all it was his right, nay his duty, to perform (so long as no intimidation was used) had it been in accordance with his convictions, — an act which only his own fine sense of honor as a soldier condemned, — Colonel Gansevoort wrote to his father on the 23d May, 1865, as follows: —

"There never was a greater injustice done mortal man. It does no good for me to say, 'I did not do it.' They reply, 'Your father is a McClellan man; your friends are Democrats; Governor Seymour, who appointed you, is a Copperhead; you are charged by several of your officers with uttering disloyal sentiments; your regiment voted against the war.' The result was, that the whole winter, besides a fire from the enemy in front, I had one from Washington on my flank, and from some of my own officers in my rear."

But his unbroken record of faithful, zealous, and able service, illuminated with a full measure of conspicuous success, considering the obscure and barren field from which he gleaned his hard-earned laurels, could not be blotted out; and the deep-laid plot of enemies created by his unsparing discipline failed to deprive him of his richly merited brevets, or to impair his standing in the regular service to which he returned on the disbandment of the volunteer armies.

candidate; that in my course I have guarded against even allusion, believing it to be decidedly unprofessional:[1] and that in military actions and words I have given my earnest support to the present rather than to any prospective administration, believing as I do that such support is a strategic necessity to the assured success of our arms.[2]

H. S. GANSEVOORT,
Colonel Thirteenth N. Y. Cavalry.

[1] See letters, pp. 157, 158.

[2] See letters, p. 188.

CHAPTER XIII.

TWO MONTHS' CAMPAIGN IN MOSBY'S CONFEDERACY. — CAPTURE OF MOSBY'S ARSENAL AND ARTILLERY.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Oct. 2, 1864, Sunday.

I RETURNED last Thursday from my last scout to the Blue Ridge. I had my own and part of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry under my command. We had frequent skirmishes, charges, &c., with the enemy. Near Piedmont, I burned, by direction from Washington, the house of Blackwell, Mosby's headquarters. This house was an arsenal, filled with arms, ammunition, and equipments, the reports of which while burning resembled a small fight. I captured Mosby's sabre and equipments. It is an ornate one, scabbard of silver plate engraved with an inscription stating that it had been presented to him by a Lieut. Richards, who had captured it from Captain Bryandt, First Veteran Cavalry; all this splendidly set forth: 'Presented to John Singleton Mosby.'[1] His equip-

[1] "Lieutenant Bryandt wore, when captured, a sword which had been presented to him by his company. It was incased in a silver scabbard on which was inscribed, 'Presented BY CO. L. FIRST N.Y. VET. CAV. as a mark of esteem, TO C. W. BRYANDT.' He pleaded hard to retain the costly present, but was told that Mosby's men never returned captured arms. It now hangs at the gallant Mosby's side, but

H. S. Gansevoort
Col: 13th N.Y. Cav.

ments were fine also. I have them all in my possession. Mosby was severely wounded,[1] and has been sent South. I promoted the man who wounded him, to sergeant.[2] Colonel Lazelle did a

with a new inscription: 'Captured March 10, 1864, and presented by Lieut. A. E. Richards to Lieut.-Col. John Singleton Mosby.'" — *Partisan Life*, p. 206.

This sabre is now in possession of the family of Colonel Gansevoort, bearing, in addition to the foregoing inscription, the inscription following: "RE-CAPTURED SEPT. 1864, BY THE THIRTEENTH N.Y. CAVALRY, COL. H. S. GANSEVOORT." The scabbard is of cheap electro-plate of no intrinsic value.

[1] In September. See note p. 173, *ante;* and on p. 304 of "Partisan Life," we read, "In a few days he was removed to the residence of his father, near Lynchburg."

[2] Several contemporary accounts of this affair appeared in various journals, North and South. The following from "The New York Herald" of Oct. 4, 1864, gives the statement of an eye-witness and actor, and agrees substantially with the other accounts. "The way Mosby was wounded."

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., September 30, 1864.

To the Editor of "The Herald."

"In your paper of the 27th instant, I noticed an article giving an account of how the rebel Colonel Mosby was wounded, written by your correspondent at Lewinsville, Va. I wish to correct the writer of that article, as he (the writer) was not present at the time, and has only written from hearsay; and to give to the readers of your valuable paper not a corroborating story, but the true facts, as I claim to be the party that wounded him (Mosby). On the 14th instant, as the Thirteenth New York Cavalry was returning from a scout or reconnoissance, and while resting a few miles from Centreville, the colonel ordered Corporal Burgess of Co. I, and myself (we being detached at brigade headquarters as special scouts or guides), to the above place, together with three men from the regiment, to ascertain if any of Mosby's men were there. On reaching a point within two miles of Centreville, we learned that Mosby and Love, one of his lieutenants, together with Sergeant Brandwater, his sergeant-major, had passed only a few minutes previous. We then galloped on, and shortly came upon the trio, but at first supposed them to be the rear

brilliant thing in burning the bridge across the Rapidan. He is now out with part of my regiment and his own. At present I am in command of the brigade in absence of Colonel Lazelle. He has left me with but few men to maintain the long picket line.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Oct. 31, 1864.

SIR, — I have the honor to ask information as to the proper means to be pursued by me to obtain the return to the Thirteenth New York Cavalry of recruits who have enlisted for that regiment, but have been by mistake or fraud placed in other organizations. I am in receipt of numerous communications

guard of a body of troops. They fired at us, and endeavored to make good their escape; but now an exciting chase was on the *tapis*, which extended about a mile, shot after shot being exchanged, when one of them turned upon us, and fired two revolvers (one in each hand), when both our horses fell, nearly side by side. I fired the remainder of the charges left in my revolver, while my horse lay upon me; and, as the last shot left my revolver, he threw up both hands, and his horse galloped away; which afterwards proved to be Mosby himself. We then for the first time looked around for the rest of our party, but they had left us as soon as the firing commenced. My comrade assisted me from under my dead horse, and we repaired to a neighboring house, where we partook of a hearty breakfast, and started to rejoin the column; but, my leg being sprained by the fall, I found it very painful to walk. We have since learned that Mosby was wounded in two places, once through the cheek, and once through the groin, which is feared by his friends will prove mortal. As proof of my statement, I further state, that, on the evening parade of September 28, Corporal Burgess and myself were promoted, and were the recipients of a handsome pair of sergeant's chevrons, from the hands of our colonel, H. S. Gansevoort, for the above service.

Yours with respect,

HENRY SMITH,
Sergeant Company H, Thirteenth New York Cavalry.

stating, that, contrary to good faith or justice, men enlisted for this regiment have against their wishes been sent elsewhere. I enclose you an example.

I also would state that I have authority, considered by me quite reliable, to the effect that more than half the recruits for the Thirteenth New York Cavalry, sent to Hart's Island, the rendezvous, New York City, have, *after* leaving that place, been sent to other regiments, by which operations the officers in charge have purchased promotions, &c. I have been at considerable expense and trouble in obtaining recruits; and as I have a partial, and expect soon to have a complete list, of all recruited, I would request that I may be allowed an opportunity to investigate this matter, and obtain proper redress. The fraud above alluded to is quite easy of accomplishment, as the majority of recruits sent to this regiment lately have been unaccompanied by any descriptive lists or records. The loose way in which they have reached this regiment deserves to be examined into, and I respectfully request that attention may be paid to it without the necessity of further proceedings.

I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

H. S. GANSEVOORT,

Colonel Thirteenth New York Cavalry.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FOY,

Provost Marshal General, Washington, D.C.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Oct. 31, 1864.

Since my return from nearly three weeks' absence among the mountains of the Blue Ridge, I have not been able to write before this. During my absence, we had numerous skirmishes

and encounters with the enemy. The loss of my regiment has been comparatively heavy; but the success attending its operations is satisfactory. We were fortunate enough to surprise the artillery camp of Mosby, on the summit of the Little Cobbler Mountain, one of the peaks of the Blue Ridge, about a mile high. Four pieces of his artillery, and full complement of ammunition and harness, were taken: many artillerists, and the commanding officer captured.[1] This artillery has been the secret of Mosby's success. In the valley, and in this county, it has been dreaded. With it Mosby has, *since spring*, done at least a million dollars of damage to us. One of the pieces was a twelve-pounder presented by General Early to Mosby, a fine brass piece; another was a three-inch rifled gun of steel; and two were brass howitzers; all in the most perfect order, ammunition excellent. With these pieces, before my arrival, Mosby had driven back from Rectortown to White Plains, five miles, about eleven hundred infantry, capturing the entire camp and

[1] "As Mosby was returning from the Greenback Raid, Colonel Gansevoort, of the Federal Army, proceeded to Emery's on the Cobbler Mountain, under the guidance of a deserter from the battalion, as is believed, and captured the four pieces of artillery which had been deposited there for safety. At the same time, Sergeant Babcock, who was in charge of the pieces, and several others, were made prisoners." — *Partisan Life with Mosby*, p. 339. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.

See also, "Mosby and his Men; a Record of the Adventures of that renowned Partisan Leader, John S. Mosby," &c. By J. Marshall Crawford of Company B. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co., publishers. London: S. Low, Son, & Co. 1867. P. 272, *et seq.*: Capture of Mosby's Artillery, Oct. 14, 1864. — "This loss of our artillery was a serious one, but did not terminate our forays," &c.

Ibid, p. 315, *et seq.*: Dec. 21, 1864. — Wounding of Mosby near Mr. Lake's near Rector's Cross Roads.

garrison equipage, even the knapsacks and blankets. The capture of the artillery deprived him of his sting, and admitted and secured the opening of the Manassas Gap Railroad, which had been delayed by him. With this artillery he shelled our camp here during my previous absence with my regiment, and he had even threatened Washington. As we had no artillery in our command here, we somewhat feared Mosby; but now, thank God, the boot is on the other leg.[1]

During my absence, the battle of Cedar Creek was fought, in which "the flower safety" was so valiantly plucked "from the nettle danger" by the noble Sheridan. The roar of artillery was continuous the whole day; and I champed the necessity which held me so near and yet away from the fight. Lowell, my former chief, my model in arms, and my friend in trouble, breathed out a generous life upon that bloody field, illustrating so well his patriotism and courage.

A few days before, I had the pleasure of escorting General Sheridan from Piedmont to Rectorstown, and of making the acquaintance of one of Nature's soldiers. I was delighted to note his appreciation of Lowell's ability, in the tribute he paid to his worth. Lowell is gone; and Lazelle, who succeeded him in command of this brigade, has resigned.

On my return, I found myself in command of the brigade; and, unless some one is placed over me, I shall so remain until my regiment finds another field of action. I hope it will soon

[1] "*Washington*, Oct. 17, 1864. — Official information has been received here to the effect that, in the evening of the 14th, Colonel Gansevoort, commanding the Thirteenth New York Cavalry, surprised Mosby's camp near Piedmont, Virginia, and captured all his artillery, consisting of four guns, caissons, &c., also a number of prisoners and horses The captured guns have been sent to this city." — *Washington despatch to the Associated Press.*

do so. I am wearied of the thankless task of fighting guerillas, — a task that, no matter how zealously performed, is but service ignored.

Party spirit runs high all over the country. I have studiously kept aloof from all its influence; but, I regret to say, my enemies are savage and numerous. Every endeavor that evil genius can make is against me. I have criticised the military, but never the political measures of the administration. That was, however, long before the vigorous measures of the past six months. I now say, as I have said during that time, that I am satisfied with the military management, and regret that an election is to take place. I determined long ago not to cast a vote, believing that it is an unprofessional act. I must say, however, that I support, as I have always supported, the present administration, and believe that a large majority in favor of its continuance will have a great effect on the success of our arms. Therefore, as a strategic measure, I must say that I hope for its success. My best love to mother and Kate.

Sincerely yours,

H. S. GANSEVOORT.

TO HON. PETER GANSEVOORT.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Nov. 3, 1864.

The political struggle is on us. I hope you are all right, — a War Democrat, determined to carry on this fight until we are able to show some result for the carnage of four bloody years.

TO ALLAN MELVILLE, ESQ., *New York.*

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Nov. 10, 1864.

I am here at Falls Church, and expect the detachment of my regiment to return to-morrow. This detachment has been out

Hd. Qr. Cav. Brigade
near Hallabh. Va
Oct. 31st 1864

Dear Father

Since my letter from nearly three weeks absence among the mountains of the Blue Ridge I have not been able to write before this. During my absence we had numerous skirmishes and encounters with the enemy. The loss of my Regt. has been comparatively heavy but the success attending its operations is satisfactory. We were fortunate enough to capture the Artillery Camp of Mosby on the summit of the Little Bobbin mountain, one of the Blue ridge peaks about a mile high. Four pieces of his Artillery, a full complement of ammunition & harness were taken, many artillerists & the Comy. Off. captured. His Artillery has been the secret of Mosbys success. In the Valley

and on this County it has been discarded. Until
it Mosby has since efsing done at least a million
of dollars of damage to us. One of the pieces was
a 12 pounder presented by Genl. Early to Mosby.
a fine brass piece. another was a 3 inch rifled
gun of steel, and two were brass howitzers
All in the most perfect order, ammunition to all
with these pieces before my arrival Mosby had driven
back from Rectortown to White Plains, five miles, about
1100 Infantry, captured their entire "Camp & Garrison
equipage" even their knapsacks & blankets, The
Capture of the Artillery depressed them of their stings and
admitted & secured the opening of the Manassas
Gap Road (RR) which had been delayed by them.
With the Artillery he shelled our Camp here during
my previous absence with any Rifle and he had
even threatened Washington. As we had no
Artillery in our command here we somewhat fear
Mosby but now thank God the boot is on the
other leg

During my absence the battle of Cedar Creek was fought and which "the flower of safety was so valiantly plucked from the nettle danger by the noble Sheridan. The roar of artillery was continuous the whole day and I cursed the necessity which held me so near and yet away from the fight. Lowell my former chief my model in arms and my friend in trouble treated out a generous life upon that bloody field illustrating as well his patriotism and courage. A few days before I had the pleasure of escorting Gen. Sheridan from Winchester to Martinsburg and of making acquaintance of one of nature's soldiers. I was delighted to note the appreciation of Lowell's ability in the tactics he paid to his worth. Lowell has gone and Layalle who succeeded him in command of the Brigade has resigned. On my return I found myself in command of the Brigade and unless some one is placed over me I shall so remain

until my Regt finds another field of action.
I hope it will soon do so. I am weary of the
thankless task of fighting guerillas - a task
that no matter how zealously performed is but
little appreciated.

Party spirit runs high all over this country. I have
studiously kept aloof from all interference
but I regret to say that my enemies are savage
& numerous. Every endeavor that evil genius
can make is against me. I have criticised
the military but never the political measures
of the administration. This was however long
before the vigorous measures of the present
months. I now say as I have said for that
time that I am satisfied with the military
management and regret that an election is
to take place. I determined long ago not
to cast a vote believing that it is an
unprofessional act. I must say however
that I support & I have always supported
the present administration & believed that
a large majority in favor of its continuance
will have a great effect in the success
of our arms. Therefore as a strategic
measure I must say that I hope for its success.
My first love is to my native state.

Sincerely Yours
W. J. Sampson

Peter Sawyer

on the railroad to Culpepper, Virginia. Heavy firing has been heard this evening in the direction of Fairfax Station; and it is supposed that there is a force of the enemy near there.

The political crisis has passed. I am glad of the result. I am sorry to say, however, that my enemies have, in consequence of my family, my antecedents, and friends, being Democratic, written me down a Copperhead. Now, I am as far from that as possible. The only word that can express my sentiments is the term "patriot." As a soldier, I have ignored politics, but in vain. I have sought by actions, rather than words, to serve my country; but in vain. I am thought unfavorably of because I have seen fit to close my mouth, and not breathe the subject of politics. This has been my course since the nomination at Chicago. I did not sustain that platform: as a soldier, I could not. It said the war was a failure, and that all the bloody battles I had participated in were in vain. I could not believe it so; nor do I now. I look forward, through even an interminable war, and ages of suffering, to a glorious union, — of force, if necessary, but of peace, if possible.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
NEAR FALLS CHURCH, VA., Nov. 20, 1864.

This brigade is to-morrow broken up. The regiments are to constitute a separate command, to which is to be added infantry under the command of Colonel Gamble, Eighth Illinois, whose regiment has been here for a short time. Colonel Gamble is the senior officer, and has, I believe, been appointed brigadier-general. The new brigade will hold a new line from the Potomac through Vienna to Fairfax Station. I am to be at Prospect Hill, with my regiment, near the Potomac.

CHAPTER XIV.

TEN MONTHS AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS CAMP LOWELL, PROSPECT HILL, VA., Jan. 16, 1865.

CAPTAIN,[1] — I have the honor to report all quiet at this point. The detachment of the Sixteenth and Thirteenth New York Cavalry left my command at Arcola Post Office on the Little River Pike, yesterday, Lieutenant-Colonel Coles being directed to report to your headquarters. Under my command these detachments, as directed by you, proceeded to Leesburg, crossing Goose Creek at Cow Horn Ford, not reaching that place, however, at such hour as I wished, owing to attention at that time to another object than that ordered by you. Leesburg was surrounded, and three soldiers, one

[1] This letter is given as a sample of many, to show the nature of the service in which the Thirteenth New York Cavalry regiment was employed, so far as its condition, crippled as it was by excessive details on detached service, permitted its employment as cavalry. This harassing service, combining the weariness of long and rapid marches, the dangers of battle, the perils of ambuscade, and the necessity of unceasing vigilance, without the stimulus of conspicuous and recognized service, continued for many months, was a severe tax upon the fortitude and endurance of the soldier. To have performed this service faithfully, was to have deserved well of his country.

FIELD OFFICERS AND STAFF, 13TH N. Y. CAVALRY, COL. H. S. GANSEVOORT.

belonging to White's battalion, taken. From that place the column moved towards Aldie, one detachment by the way of Mount Gilead and Mountville, and the other by Carter's, both meeting on the pike near Aldie. Nothing occurred of importance. But few prisoners were taken, owing to the fact that a battalion meeting had taken place. Plenty of forage was obtained, and a number of good horses.

At Arcola Post Office I left the column, and, with a detachment of one hundred and fifty men, proceeded by Gum Spring down Broad Run, leaving the roads, and crossing fields. We came upon a party of Mosby's men, capturing young Burr of his command, a notorious guerilla. Underwood and Rosser were both chased; the latter escaped with the loss of his horse and equipments.

Coming on the Deanesville Turnpike, and proceeding towards the river, the detachment reached camp at a late hour last night. The object of the expedition ordered by you was somewhat interfered with by another given to it.[1] Leesburg should have been approached at a different hour, by parties coming from opposite directions, and the country must be traversed at night in order to secure prisoners in houses. I send Burr, taken as above, and Pemberton, a deserter or refugee from the rebel government, although not from their army, by patrol.

I am very respectfully,

H. S. GANSEVOORT,

Colonel Thirteenth New York Cavalry.

CAPTAIN CHAS. J. WICKERSHAM,
A. A. G. Chief of Staff.

[1] The pursuit of Mosby's men, as related.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH N. Y. CAVALRY,
CAMP LOWELL, PROSPECT HILL, VA., Jan. 29, 1865.

GENERAL, — I have the honor to ask information regarding the disposition of money taken from deserters. Last spring a large sum of money was taken from a deserter, the greater portion of which, I was informed, was gained by gambling in camp of this regiment. This money was by regimental order appropriated to the regimental fund of this regiment, on the advice of the late Colonel Lowell then commanding the brigade. The council of administration have appropriated much of this to important regimental purposes. Since the money has been appropriated to the public service, was this not a legitimate use of the funds?

I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

H. S. GANSEVOORT,
Colonel Thirteenth New York Cavalry.

BRIG.-GEN. J. T. HOLT,
Judge Advocate General, U.S.A.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH N. Y. CAVALRY,
CAMP LOWELL, PROSPECT HILL, VA., March 1, 1865.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. B. DYER, CHIEF OF ORDNANCE.

General, — I have the honor to state in answer to your inquiries of 17th February (but recently received by me), as to what parts of horse equipments at present furnished should be dispensed with or modified, that in my judgment the greatest simplicity compatible with durability should be the end sought

after. In active service, many articles of equipment are lost, and but seldom permanently replaced, owing to the fact that they are so numerous and distinct, that extemporized troops cannot properly preserve them.

In the first place, I would suggest that the halter be modified in such way as to answer the purpose of the headstall of the bridle, allowing the curb-bit to be fastened to it at the bottom of the check-pieces, somewhat after the adjustment of the watering bridle. The bridle will then consist of the curb-bit and bridle-reins only, and be removable at pleasure from the halter, leaving the halter always on the horse. To effect this, there should be such modification of the halter as to make it answer all the purposes of the other parts of the bridle. Frequent loss of the halter would thus be prevented. The watering bridle can then be dispensed with, as the curb-bridle can always be loosened or taken off, and the horse watered by the halter, trooper dismounted.

In the second place, I would suggest that the woffle be dispensed with, and that the curb-chain should have strong snaps where it fastens to the curb-bit, instead of the weak hooks now in use.

In the third place, I would suggest that the saddle-flaps be dispensed with, as well as the sweat-leather on the stirrup-straps. As it is, the men often remove them.

In the fourth place, I would suggest that the valise be substituted in place of the saddle-bags, or that the saddle-bags and valise both be furnished. The valise could be fashioned to curve around the cantle of the saddle, and pockets could be made therein to carry an extra fitted shoe and nails, and the curry-comb and brush.

At present, the girth is made too narrow and fragile. It should be at least double the present width, and made of thick knit hair or its substitute. The blanket is far superior to the saddle-cloth in my experience.

I am, general, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

H. S. GANSEVOORT,

Colonel Com'd'g Thirteenth New York Cavalry.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH N. Y. CAVALRY,
CAMP LOWELL, PROSPECT HILL, VA., March 14, 1865.

CAPTAIN J. WICKERSHAM, A.A.G.

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your communication of the 12th instant, requesting that a squadron be sent as a flank patrol to the usual escort. I would state that all but one battalion of cavalry has been taken away from my command, and that, a very small one, not equal to a full squadron. The details of cavalry to protect the wood-trains, &c., are nineteen, and do not leave me enough to send the squadron ordered as above. I send a small force to act as such flank patrol in place of a squadron until the cavalry now out at other points return.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH N. Y. CAVALRY,
CAMP LOWELL, PROSPECT HILL, VA., March 19, 1865.

CAPTAIN J. WICKERSHAM, A.A.G.

I have the honor to report all quiet. Yesterday a party of rebels crossed the front of this line, coming from Vienna. My available cavalry being all absent from camp flanking the Vienna escort, I followed them in person with about thirty daily-duty

AT HOME.

AT HOME.

men, and succeeded in out-flanking them between Deanesville and the Potomac. A skirmish ensued in which fifteen of the enemy charged on eleven men of this regiment, under Lieutenant Crawley, but were gallantly charged in turn by him, and scattered through the pines.

Several of the enemy are known to have been wounded (but escaped), one, evidently the leader, wounded through the body; and several horses were killed. One was taken prisoner, named Durell, who is sent by escort to-day to your headquarters. Lieutenant Crawley received a wound in the left leg. I would respectfully report that the force of cavalry under my command is insufficient for the duties required at this point.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH N. Y. CAVALRY,
CAMP LOWELL, PROSPECT HILL, VA., March 21, 1865.

COL. H. TAYLOR, CHIEF OF STAFF AND A. A. G., DEP'T OF WASHINGTON.

Colonel, — I have the honor, in accordance with accompanying order, to forward Private O. M. Buzzard, Company A., Thirty-fifth Battalion, Virginia Cavalry. This man was wounded near Deanesville by scouts of this regiment on Feb. 19, 1865, and has been in regimental hospital since that time.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH N. Y. CAVALRY,
CAMP LOWELL, PROSPECT HILL, VA., March 31, 1865.

It seems that the war is drawing to a close. It looks brighter now than ever before. The military termination of the war, however, must be the commencement of a legislative and administrative era of great interest and excitement. I long to be at the front at this period.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH N. Y. CAVALRY,
CAMP LOWELL, PROSPECT HILL, VA., April 3, 1865.

CAPTAIN J. WICKERSHAM, A.A.G.

Captain, — I have the honor to report all quiet at this post, during this past twenty-four hours. Yesterday the following named (rebel) deserters came into the lines at this point: —

John Simmons, Fortieth Virginia Infantry.
Thomas Hiksley, Twelfth " "
John Graham, " " "
John Carroll, " " "

Also the following escaped Union prisoner: —

George J. Swedger, Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH N. Y. CAVALRY,
CAMP LOWELL, PROSPECT HILL, VA., April 4, 1865.

I had hoped to have received from all at home a visit this spring; but I am doomed to disappointment. How I regret that I am not at Richmond during these grand operations! Fate wills it otherwise. I must wait my time. The conflict seems to be about over. I shall endeavor, however, to be ordered down in some capacity or other.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH N. Y. CAVALRY,
CAMP LOWELL, PROSPECT HILL, VA., April 11, 1865.

BRIG.-GEN. L. THOMAS, ADJUTANT-GENERAL VOLUNTEERS, U.S.A.

General, — I have the honor to forward the muster and pay rolls for the months of January and February, 1865, of the first and third battalions of this regiment, Companies A, B, C, D, I, K, L, and M, which were delayed through neglect of

the company commanders to forward their rolls to these headquarters. These battalions were detached from this regiment the day after muster, and are still absent.[1] The rolls of the second battalion, Companies E, F, G, and H, have been forwarded.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH N. Y. CAVALRY,
CAMP LOWELL, PROSPECT HILL, VA., April 19, 1865.

CAPTAIN C. J. WICKERSHAM, A. A. G. FIRST DEPARTMENT BRIGADE.

Captain, — I have the honor to report all quiet at this post during the past twenty-four hours. I send James A Dickey, late private in the First Virginia Infantry, taken last night near Great Falls; also four men representing themselves to belong to the One Hundred and Ninety-second New York Volunteers, captured by Mosby, and escaped from him.

APRIL 23, 1865.

I send by patrol to-day the following named rebel prisoners, captured at Deanesville: —

Private James G. Jenkins, Company A, Thirty-fifth Regiment Virginia Cavalry.
" Thomas Dove, " " Sterling's Battery, " Artillery.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH N. Y. CAVALRY,
CAMP LOWELL, PROSPECT HILL, VA., April 25, 1865.

I am still here, awaiting events. My regiment is divided in the search for Booth[2] and the conspirators. Part of it is down in Maryland, part on the Upper Potomac, and part with my command here. The fortifications we have been engaged in building are finished; and, just as we could do something, the war finishes in this section. Oh, how pleased I should be, if

[1] This letter needs no comment, save to call attention to the concluding sentences.

[2] John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln.

you could all come down and see me here! If the great drama of the war is about closing, you will miss the great opportunity. I am endeavoring to be sent to Texas with my regiment. I understand there is an expedition going there. Personally, I regret that the fighting has ceased, but I rejoice for my country that peace is near at hand.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
CAMP LOWELL, PROSPECT HILL, VA., May 30, 1865.

GENTLEMEN, — I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the beautiful stand of silk colors presented to the regiment under my command by the Common Council of the City of New York. Although the great struggle for union and liberty is triumphantly over, and we shall follow these colors, not to battle, but to peace and home, still under them we shall accomplish the great triumph of republican institutions, which turns the soldier into the citizen, and the sword into the ploughshare.

I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

H. S. GANSEVOORT,
Colonel Thirteenth New York Cavalry.

MESSRS. FARLEY AND JOYCE, *Committee.*

HEADQUARTERS FIRST SEPARATE BRIGADE,
DEPT. OF WASHINGTON, FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, VA., July 13, 1865.

I hope soon to be at home, and see you all. My regiment is now at Prospect Hill. The consolidation will occur;[1] but I believe that the provisional regiment will not last long. It will soon be mustered out.

[1] Of the Thirteenth and Sixteenth New York Volunteer Cavalry, under the colonel of the Sixteenth.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY,
PROSPECT HILL, VA., Aug. 6, 1865.

The climate is not at all healthful; but, by temperance and prudence, I am well. This is my fifth consecutive summer in Virginia; and I may say that I am acclimated fully. These years have passed most swiftly; and I can hardly realize that they have come and gone. I had hoped to visit home before this. I desire to go to some quiet watering-place, and recuperate from the relaxing effects of the severe warm weather.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D.C.,
Sept, 17, 1865, Sunday.

The business that brought me here was, besides the unexpected telegram, of importance. I found, however, that my two horses — one a blood stallion, the other a fine bay horse, which I had left at Commodore Jones's — were gone, taken away by process of military and not by process of civil law. I at once recovered my bay horse, "Rouser," which had been taken by General Baker, the chief of the detectives, as a United States horse, on the information of a citizen (what citizen I know not, however). As I had purchased the horse from the United States Government, and had the receipt and papers, the taking of the horse was a high-handed, outrageous proceeding.

The other horse, my stallion, I found had been claimed by parties from Loudon County (Virginia), as their property. I had purchased the animal of a gentleman of Fairfax County, and felt much shocked to find that he had been taken from my stable at Commodore Jones's, — taken by the civil authorities, without any process, — and that he was in the hands of the magistrate, a German, in the northern part of Washington, who was at six, P.M., of the day of my arrival, to decide the case. I

at once endeavored to get a military order to take the horse out of the hands of the civil authorities. This I failed to do. The trial came on at the appointed hour. I made an appeal for delay, on the ground of not being prepared, having just arrived. The justice, a German, in a most amusing way, which tongue can only do justice to, then stated that he could have nothing to do with the case, as I was not charged with having stolen the horse, and the question of title was for a court above him. He said the proper writ was a replevin, which could be taken out as soon as the claimants pleased.

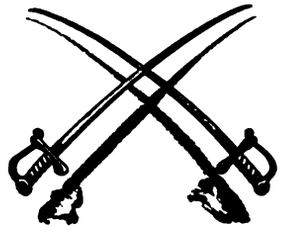
The horse was then handed over to the property clerk of the police. As the claimants did not get out their writ of replevin as early as I went after the horse, I succeeded in getting possession of him. Now, I have a perfect title to the horse; but these men, one of whom was one of Mosby's men, and the other a soldier in the regular Confederate army, by getting out a writ of replevin, can gain possession of the horse, and take him up in the mountains; and I should lose him altogether. I I have thus far flanked them ; and unless they get ahead of me, which I do not think they can, I shall keep the horse, which cost me quite a sum. It seems these men boarded the horse during the war, and thus have a kind of claim on him, but no title. How long they will "stay whipped," I don't know.

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 26, 1865.

Left Washington last Monday evening, and arrived here Tuesday morning. I was delayed there by rainy weather, but had recovered my horses, and expect they will be sent to me by inland packet. The Thirteenth New York Cavalry arrived here on Monday. It is at last mustered out of service.

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 30, 1865.

I am sorry to say, an extension of leave has not been granted me, and that, much to my surprise, I leave to-night at seven o'clock for Washington. This is hard luck; and added to it is the fact that the Fifth Artillery has been ordered to garrison the Southern frontier, including Key West, the Dry Tortugas, and Texas.



CHAPTER XV.

NINETEEN MONTHS AT FORTRESS MONROE.

FORT RENO, Oct. 2, 1865.

AT present I am here, commanding my battery. We are awaiting orders. The five regiments of artillery are, I understand, to be sent to the frontiers. The rumor is, the Fifth goes to the Gulf: to Charleston, Dry Tortugas, Florida, and so around to Mobile and New Orleans. This is decidedly a pleasant prospect. To be saved from all the dangers of the field only to perish by some deadly malaria or pestilence amid the everglades of the South is hardly desirable.

FORT RENO, WASHINGTON, D.C., Oct. 14, 1865.

My destination is decided. We go to Fort Monroe at Old Point Comfort for the winter. Four companies go to the Dry Tortugas, four to Fort Monroe, two are mounted, and two go to Key West, Florida. I shall, unless something changes my intention, remain during the winter in the service, attending to my studies and duties as well and closely as I am able. Next spring I shall decide, as by that time I shall certainly be able to do so, whether I shall remain in the service. We leave here to-morrow for Baltimore, I suppose, and thence by steamer to Fort Monroe. I have been stationed there before, just before the advance of McClellan up the Peninsula. It is a pleasant place, but much

of the charm which once made it so attractive has been dispelled by the war. The society has much changed, and the adjoining village of Hampton has been destroyed.[1]

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., Nov. 17, 1865.

I am very busily engaged, more so than I have been in a long time. Jeff. Davis is still here, closely confined. My horses came all right. I expect Moses here to-day with one. I have been so hard at work that I have not been able to go out of the fort except on duty.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., Dec. 4, 1865.

I regret to say that my health is very poor, worse, in fact, than it has been at any time. The climate here does not seem to suit me. I have been acting as judge advocate for some time, and to-day have received another appointment of the same character on a military commission.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., Jan. 4, 1866.

My health, I regret to say, continues bad. The severe cold I mentioned to you has not yet raised its siege. The truth is that the climate is extremely unfavorable to the cure of colds. Doctors say that the spring months are very trying here, and my own experience of 1862 confirms the opinion. Besides, the hygienic character of the place has gone from it. In summer, I am told, the malarial influences are numerous on account of the great number of freedmen, who have added to the population of the surrounding country to the extent of twenty thousand. These are hardly, since thrown on their own exertions, to be found as cleanly and orderly as before. Consequently chills and fever, &c., are frequent.

[1] Burned by the rebel General Magruder, Aug. 8, 1861. — *Rebellion Record*, vol. ii.; *Diary*, p. 58.

The battalion of the Fifth Artillery is here in the fort still. It is doing guard duty over the fallen Lucifer of the rebellion. General Burton, the colonel of the regiment, is in command of the fort, and General Miles, of the district.

For the past month, when my health has admitted, I have been acting as judge advocate to a military commission. Now, as you are aware, the South is under martial law; and commissions which have the power of trying offenders against the civil law, with the equal jurisdiction of civil courts, are established here and over all. There are, it is true, in some States, civil courts in existence; but only acting by sufferance of martial law, and not having jurisdiction of criminal offences. Such offences are tried before military commissions. Well, I have been prosecuting attorney for the military commission, in cases of murder, assault, poisoning, theft, counterfeiting, *et id omne genus.* The commission consists of three or more officers who decide the guilt of the prisoners, and sentence them. I hope this system of things will soon be changed by the full rehabilitation of the States.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., March 7, 1866.

I have lately been up to Drummondstown on the "eastern shore," as it is called. It is a beautiful place, and I should like to live there. Take up the map, and you can fix the exact locality, and trace my route, first by steam to Cherrystone, whence come the oysters so celebrated, and thence up the peninsula to Drummondstown.

The ravages of war, although not so marked on this distant shore, still can be noticed as well as elsewhere in Virginia. The rebels projected a system of defences by building a chain of works across the peninsula to resist invasion from Maryland;

but they did not stay to defend them. They incontinently fled on the approach of our forces on Drummondstown, but met at another place farther to the south, and passed a series of resolutions to the effect that they should have stood and fought. It is true their numbers were but small in comparison; but they talked large. This was the only episode of real war on the eastern shore. I went on to quiet some apprehended disturbance, but found action unnecessary.

I know not how long I shall remain in the army, probably not long. The increase of the army may possibly make it an object, if position is offered, to remain; but I cannot tell. Jeff. Davis is well. I talk with him quite frequently. He is accomplished and courteous.

NORFOLK, VA., April 17, 1866, 11 P.M.

I have just arrived here from Old Point with some light artillery of which I am in command. There has been some disturbance, and threats are made of trouble to-night. If so, I shall give the good people of Norfolk a taste of iron pills in the shape of canister. None will, however, I trust, be called for. It seems that the blacks and whites are in open warfare. Yesterday the blacks paraded with muskets, and attacked the whites. Several of the whites, I am told, were killed. Shots in regular volleys were fired at soldiers, and shooting of a desultory character took place from houses. My opinion is, that it is simply a riot, and that all will be quiet to-night. God grant that the black fog which hangs over the destinies of the South may be speedily dispelled! Such events as these are but the mutterings of the past storm.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., May 13, 1866.

I have just returned from Washington where I went with

General Miles. We left here last Friday night, and returned this morning; so that we were two nights on the waters of the bay, and the rest of the time, except three or four hours in Washington, in the cars. I went on official business. The grand jury have found a bill against Jeff. Davis, and he will probably be tried in Richmond next month. I would ask you to come down here and spend a few weeks, but the necessities of the war have demoralized the hotel, and gayety has fled. It is particularly quiet here on account of the distinguished prisoner who is held in confinement. When he goes I hope a change will take place.

[To his sister.]

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., May 27, 1866.

I am much interested in the accounts of books lately published, and movements made in fashionable life. You should employ your time now to the greatest advantage in reading systematically, and exercising regularly. I should have a French teacher to read with me in some entertaining book in that language several hours each week. I should have by me some elementary work relating to science, art, or history, and devote to it several hours, if possible, each day; if not several hours, at least one hour. At the same time I would read works of fiction and literature, but only those which are essentially standard.

Advice as to the use of your accomplishments can be given by no one. Experience has taught you, — if it has not, it will teach you, — that a calm, modest manner in conversation is superior to chatting pedantry. Experience is the only convincing schoolmaster. To some he comes early, to others late.

Do not undervalue fashionable life. It may be unnatural, but properly engaged in serves to agitate the grave realities of life,

saving from stagnation and decay. As far as you are able, then, enjoy its uses, and beware of its abuses. Our inclinations lead us to be either too social or too exclusive. Be rather too much of the former than of the latter, but aim at a golden mean. The problem of life is, to make the most of goodness and happiness out of the little animated dust we hold a lease of here. The crop we raise in this living soil is the harvest of the hereafter.

But enough of moralizing. We preach types of what we seek, rather than what we have ourselves. Our weather waxes warm, but still it is at the earlier hours of the day cool and pleasant. The dash of the waves on the "cold gray stones" of the fort is refreshing music.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DISTRICT OF FORTRESS MONROE,
FORTRESS MONROE, VA., June 22, 1866.

As you will have observed, I write from Headquarters Military District, Fort Monroe, of which I am and have been Acting Adjutant General. The district comprises the peninsula, and a portion of Eastern Virginia. I leave on Monday next, or tomorrow, for Belfast, Maine, to attend the wedding of Captain Fessenden, with whom I am to stand up. Have you read Dr. Craven's work on the imprisonment of Jeff. Davis? Read it, if you have not. I came down last night on special tug from Yorktown and Williamsburg, Virginia, where I made an inspection of the infantry stationed there. I had a very pleasant time; returned this morning at two o'clock. I am sorry to say that I am suffering from a bad cold. The climate here is remarkably changeable, so much so that I do not think it agrees with me. I have had a bad cold, or the effects of one, ever since I came here.

HEADQUARTERS MIL. DIST., FORTRESS MONROE, July 17, 1866.

I am here, sweltering, for I know no better term for it. The heat has been positively oppressive; and were it not for the evening breezes, — which, however, are only to be had on the parapets of the ramparts, — I should most probably be sent home in ice. Why quarters are ever placed inside a fort, I have yet to learn. They only embarrass the progress of a defence, as witness Fort Sumter; for sure are they to be set on fire by the shell, and then comes a Grecian-horse ordeal for the defenders. The walls of a fort keep out the circulation of air; and when you have water rising and falling with the tide in a moat, as is the case here, you find the casemates (the burrows under the ramparts) unhealthy, by reason of mephitic vapor. The casemate, it is true, is cooler; but its dampness makes one pay the penalty of its occupation. Jeff. Davis told me last night, that, when he was Secretary of War, he ordered troops not to live in casemates; but the engineers found fault.

If the officers' and men's quarters were outside of the fort, they could be deserted and fired, in case of an attack, and the troops moved inside. In case of an attack, any way, all combustibles should be destroyed. We have, inside the fort, several buildings, the Tuileries, Carrol Hall, &c. These are, however, of limited capacity, and contain but a few families; so that the casemates are resorted to. I bathe every day in salt water (still water). For this we have a bath-house. In the evening, I drive out with horse and buggy; but the drives are uninteresting and dusty, and the scenery marine and sandy, —

> . . . . "that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
> And the hollow ocean ridges roaring into cataracts."

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., Sept. 29, 1866.

Your letter of the 24th has been received, and, following, the basket of pears, so delicious that they would tempt the appetite of an ascetic. The Bergamots were ripe and delicious. What a true friend is an old pear-tree! — how steadfast and enduring! Our old standby in the garden has passed through fire and hurricanes; and still, after years of generous devotion, holds out his all-but withered arms with a golden offering.[1] Thanks for thinking of me.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., Oct. 8, 1866.

There are so many changes in my regiment, that I shall be a captain of artillery. . . . There are fifty-one lieutenants in each regiment of artillery, twenty-seven in each regiment of cavalry, and twenty-three in each regiment of infantry. An officer commencing as I did, a second lieutenant of artillery, would have to pass nearly double the number of "seniors," before becoming a captain, that he would have to in the infantry or cavalry. If I had been appointed a second lieutenant of cavalry or infantry, I should have been a captain, therefore, two years, yes, three years ago. Artillery is thus the slowest branch for promotion of all the combatant branches of the service. There are twelve captains in each artillery regiment, twelve in each cavalry regiment, and ten in each infantry regiment. I would therefore rather be a captain of artillery than of cavalry or infantry.

I do not look to permanent continuance in the service. My regular rank in the service is now "brevet major;" but, by the act of Congress passed last session, all regular officers who have held commissions in the volunteer service are entitled in the

[1] Indorsed, "A beautiful tribute to an old pear-tree in the garden of our home, 115 Washington Avenue, Albany. — K. G."

regular army to bear their volunteer rank at all times and on all occasions, and on certain occasions to wear their volunteer uniform.

You thus have some idea of the working of rank in the army. My rank is major U. S. A., brigadier-general U. S. V. While in the regular service on duty, I am by law entitled to the former rank; but, when off duty, to the latter. Therefore, while I am actually on duty with my regiment, I should be called "major," and so addressed. This, I hope, answers your inquiry. I received my commission as major by brevet yesterday.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., Dec. 30, 1866.

I procured for the officers a teacher of French and fencing. He is now here, and most of the time in my quarters; so that, besides taking lessons of him, I have the valuable opportunity of conversing in the language. I find that I can speak a little French; and I hope, in the course of two months, to gain a passable knowledge of the language. That is my aim this winter. The teacher is a young man of education, who was an officer in the French army. I am also taking fencing lessons. . . . An officer who ranks me has resigned recently under peculiar circumstances. He was with a party of officers in his quarters, and the lie passed between him and another. As he was the aggrieved party, the officers called upon him to fight or resign; and, as he refused to challenge the other, he was forced to resign. He is here now; but nobody speaks to him, or notices him.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., Jan. 14, 1867.

I live in two casemates which are, as it were, underground. There are several feet of earth over the roof of my room, and it

looks out on the moat of the fort, which is filled with water, and in which the tide rises and falls. These are about the only quarters available here. It is a shame the government can do no better for us.

I have had a bad cold all winter; and, with a few exceptions, every officer has been sick. Jeff Davis has had to be moved from a casemate. If it had not been done, he would have relieved the government of its white elephant by death. I send two of his autographs, which he has given me. . . . I have been made brevet lieutenant-colonel U. S. A. Please inform father of the fact. It was a New Year's gift to me.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., March 6, 1867.

On Saturday, I was confirmed as captain Fifth Artillery, having been previously confirmed as brevet lieutenant-colonel U. S. A. . . . My post is at Pensacola, in the Gulf of Mexico, about a hundred and fifty miles from New Orleans, fifty from Mobile, and six hundred from Havana. This is an unhealthy post, one in which the yellow fever often rages, but one which, in the vicissitudes of army life, falls to the lot of some one or other. I have braved death too often, and other realities more impressive than death itself, to be deterred from following my duty amid its dangers wherever necessity may lead me. . . . Does the necessity exist in this case? It most certainly does, if I remain in the army. If I go, I shall commence my acclimation at the worst part of the year, namely, in the late spring or early summer.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., April 5, 1867.

I shall obey my orders, and proceed on the 17th inst. to New Orleans and Pensacola. There I shall take command of my battery, and probably of the post and district.

APRIL 9, 1867.

In consequence of my back casemate (the one in which I sleep) having been made very damp and even wet by the severe weather just past, I have taken another fever and ague, or, as they call it here, "dumb ague," — a consequence of the malaria with which, as I have told you, I was infected on the Chickahominy, when trying to get into Richmond in 1862. You would be surprised to see the number of officers similarly affected here. Two or three are confirmed invalids, and several have been retired. I earnestly desire to go home and say good-by before going down to the Gulf, but think it is for the best that I am not able to do so. It would be too painful again to part from father.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., April 16, 1867.

I leave here to-day, if the violent storm permits, for Baltimore, thence to sail for Pensacola, Florida, to-morrow. . . . I send, as I promised, two gallons of wine to mother. It is the pure juice of the "Scuppernong" grape, which is grown to great perfection in North Carolina. It is a large, white, sweet grape, and grows on a low vine. When Sir Walter Raleigh approached the coast of North Carolina, on his voyage of discovery, he smelt the grape for several miles before reaching the coast. It grows wild, and the perfume is delicious. It yields a fruity and rich wine, which promises to become quite a favorite in the country. . . . It is a singular thing that this grape preserves itself by forming a hard process on its limbs, which kills all the portion farthest away from the root. This drops off every year. The seeds of the grape, if planted, produce a *red* grape, which yields a red and delicious wine called "seedling," which is used for sacramental purposes in the South.

CHAPTER XVI.

ONE WEEK: HAVANA, AND A VOYAGE THITHER.

AT SEA OFF THE COAST OF VIRGINIA, Wednesday, April 17, 1867.

THIS day, the 17th, I sailed from Baltimore in the steamer "Liberty," in company with Major Stone and wife (Fifth Artillery), . . . bidding adieu to the associations of nearly two years. On the evening of the 16th we left the fort for Baltimore by steamer, and amid the excitement of departure, the music of the band, and the "farewells" of comrades, we commenced this eventful voyage to the South. . . . My dog "Cid," a pure pointer who for two years has shared my lot, is tied forward near the capstan. All is nearly ready for departure.

My companions of voyage, Major Stone, wife, and child, are on board. Quite a crowd of persons assemble to see the steamer leave. "Good-bys" are exchanged. Some tears are shed, and the whispered "adieu" and the blithe "*bon voyage*" are heard. The day is superb, and the air exhilarating as wine. Gently as a wild fowl the steamer glides from the wharf, and, after firing two guns from one of the usual toy cannons, turns her bow to the gates of the Chesapeake. Passing down the bay, we leave Forts McHenry and Carroll behind, saluted by and saluting (with

steam whistles) the numerous steamers that are going and coming. We pass Annapolis in the twilight, and after a brief dispute of speed between the boat from Baltimore to Fort Monroe and ourselves, we are distanced, and left alone to darkness.

THURSDAY, April 18, 1867.

This day is a duplicate of yesterday. It is golden with sunshine, and the porpoises gambol in shoals around us. The day goes slowly by; some ladies are sea-sick, but we manage to keep up spirits. In the morning I played a little "poker," which is a game of cards known among gentlemen; saw that my dog "Cid" was comfortable; read a little, talked a little, smoked a cigar, something I seldom do nowadays, and slept. . . . As we go down to tea we change our course a little to the right, and leave the lessening tower of Hatteras astern. Whist, books, and conversation finish the night, and we go to our state-rooms to dream of the bright land towards which we sail.

FRIDAY, April 19, 1867.

It is growing so warm that my thick suit of clothes hangs heavy. I sit down and watch the roll of the waves, —

> "With undulating, long-drawn flow,
> As rolled Brazilian billows go
> Voluminously o'er the line."

This is Herman Melville's description of the wavy folds of the star spangled banner. It is good. . . .

I talk with the captain and purser. There are two pursers on board; one is an *ex*-purser, the other an *in*-purser. One goes home either discharged or resigned. Both have been in the Confederate service, one in the "Washington battery," and the

other in the infantry. The battles and moving incidents by flood and field of the "one" are marvellous. He is from New Orleans, and I like him. The "other" is courteous and gentlemanly, very gallant to the ladies, and polite to the gentlemen. He is, however, going to charge me an enormous sum for extra baggage, and I must conciliate him.

The *ex*-purser wears slippers with an embroidered Confederate flag. The flag is where it should be, under his feet, and I would not for the world disturb it. At twelve M. to-day, we had made 208 miles in twenty-four hours; lat. 33° 32′, long. 77° 72′.

APRIL 20, 1867.

I am going to try a barber and a shave. If by accident my jugular is severed I shall be food for fishes, instead of worms. Major Stone reports all safe, and I go to beard the barber in his den.

All well! I have passed the ordeal of the razor, and am sleepy. My state-room is close by, and I shall venture it. I am reading an account of the battles in Virginia by a Confederate, and am led to the reflection that there is more substance in unwritten than in written history. . . . The water to-day has been dark blue, and although there has been a glassy sea the vessel has rolled excessively.

SUNDAY, April 21, 1867.

The day is beautiful and bright. We are in Florida Bay; no land is visible, but the captain says Canaveral Lighthouse is to be seen from the mast-head. The sea is very smooth, and the fins of several sharks are to be seen, gliding idly by. This vagabond of the seas is abundant in these waters. The captain has looked for a shark-hook, but *non est.* He says we shall have plenty of fishing to-morrow, off the coast of Florida. We are

going direct to Jupiter Inlet, and are now in the edge of the Gulf Stream. I saw to-day the "Nautilus,"[1] a little animal that spreads a tiny sail about four or five inches above the water. The awnings are spread, and although we can say with the poet that we have a "painted ocean," we have no "idle ship," for she rolls and tumbles like a troubled dreamer in the silence and beauty of the night.

About this time you are going to church, at home. Here we have no *form* of worship. Our devotion comes but from the comparison of the finite and the infinite as brought home to our bosoms by the insignificance of our power over the waste of waters. What an emblem of eternity and of progression is the ocean! It preaches a sermon that proud man may well heed.

> "Man marks the earth with ruin: his control
> Stops with the sea and with the watery main."

In the trackless woods and in the ocean the God of nature is, in my estimation, nearest to be approached; for it is solitude and silence that evoke the purest devotion in man. Silent as the ocean is, it is typical of that unrest in nature which pervades all space, and continues for all time. But, while I intended but to make a desultory remark about the ocean, I have proposed a text from which I assure you I do not intend to preach.

Land hove in sight to-day, after dinner; a long, low strip of beach some six miles distant. As evening approached, the land breeze brought to our senses the incense of the woods, and *two* lights displayed themselves at the distance of about fifteen miles. One of them was Jupiter Light-house; the other the captain declared to be a false light on the shore, — probably, he thought,

[1] The Portuguese Man-of-War.

a ship on the reef; but some on board considered it a wrecker's beacon to lure us to destruction on the breakers. . . . To-day we made two hundred miles.

MONDAY, April 22, 1867.

After dressing in my heavy woollen clothes, I went on deck, and at once cast my eyes on a light-house tower on the coast only a few miles away. It was, I found on inquiry, the light on Cape Florida. Heard of a fish caught before I was up; called, I am told, the "*Grouper*," so pronounced if not so spelled. It weighs twenty-eight pounds. Think of that! Fishing has commenced, and from the stern three lines are trolling away to our rear in the water which is now blue and dark. Away ahead is a little blue object observable on the horizon. This the captain calls one of the Florida Keys. It is alone by itself, and looks at a distance like one of the "islands of the blessed," but 'tis distance, I fear, which "lends enchantment to the view." . . .

I gaze on the reefs in the distance surrounded by water of the purest azure. Along the edge of the emerald setting of these islands the water is blue and beautiful, showing its depth. In this water we are sailing, about two miles from the reefs. . . . We are in the edge of the Gulf Stream, and this beautiful green is caused by the white coral shining up through the water, while blue light comes from the same coral at a greater depth. As we should meet with opposition from the current of the Gulf Stream, we avoid it by hugging the shore; but the captain is continually at his post night and day; the lead is telling the story of the depth, and we proceed cautiously and smoothly along.

TUESDAY, April 23, 1867.

At half-past three this morning, we were fast approaching the Key West Light, and all on board were aroused, as, on account of the accident to the boiler previously mentioned,[1] the captain desired to remain in Key West only long enough to discharge freight. The Sand Key, or bar, light shone brilliantly on our left, denoting the shallow water; and between both lights, in the bright light of the moon, we approached Key West, entering, as the captain informed me, by bringing the Key West Light into a peculiar relation to the North Star. . . . On we sail, over the light blue water, as clear as the Rhone at Geneva, until, just as we approach the long, low Key, the gray dawn of the morning breaks behind piles of ruddy clouds. One by one the stars fade away, although the moon does not so readily retire. Soon she too "pales her ineffectual fires," and the glare of day is lighting up the reefs and shoals around us.

. . . Key West, in the indistinctness of the morning, seemed a confusion of towers and foliage, sand and houses. The first object in the foreground was Fort Taylor, a massive work, which, like many others, modern artillery has rendered ineffectual. It has three tiers of casemate-guns, and frowns a bitter defiance. It is connected with the island by a long and narrow bridge.

Key West, on nearer acquaintance, I found to be a place of about a hundred or more houses of irregular and peculiar construction, some embowered in tropical foliage, and others bare and formal. Most of the houses are low, though some are of pyramidal or Egyptian architecture. I imagine the place must have been galvanized into a false life by the war, and has

[1] April 20. Omitted in these extracts.

relapsed to its just proportions. It is a great coaling station, and ship-chandlers thrive in abundance. . . . The cocoanut-tree was pointed out to me with its ripening clusters, growing in the courtyards, prolific throughout the year. Other tropical foliage I recognized. The key is about five miles in extent, and on its right and left appear other keys, covered with the same tropical vegetation, and formed by the same mysterious coral-animal. . .

On shore of course I went. I bade Major Stone and wife farewell at the hotel, and started to view the place. It contains, I was told, about four thousand inhabitants, though I could not see them. . . . The temperature of Key West was intolerable. Not the first breeze stirred a leaf of its cocoa-trees; and the dull sun glared unpityingly on the sandy soil that reflected back the heat. . . . Lately there had been, at a distance of fifteen miles, the wreck of two steamers, one of them loaded with cotton; and the wreckers were reaping rich harvests. . . . Many of the inhabitants seemed partly Spanish and partly Indian. An air of stagnation pervaded the place; and I was as glad to leave it as to leave the plains of Salerno. . . .

Tired out by the early call of the morning and the events of the day, I was able to sleep, despite the sweltering state-room. . . . The blue ocean alone presented no novelty to attract me; and I did not go again on deck till the island of Cuba loomed in sight, about five o'clock in the afternoon. The approach to Havana (which could be discerned in the dim distance) was with jib and spencer set flying. At sunset the harbor is closed till sunrise; and as much speed as could be attained was necessary to accomplish the distance in time to enter. The sun was nearing the horizon, and a haze rendered the green stretch of land

somewhat indistinct. Gradually, on our approach, object after object rose upon the view, till the light-tower of Moro Castle, and some half-dozen signals flying from the flagstaffs of the fort, were discernible. Away to the right and left of the city, stretched the green island until it was lost in the horizon. It was picturesque with villas and hamlets and plantations here and there disposed on small hills and valleys, while, toward the centre of the island, a blue range of mountains overlooked the foreground. The light of the light-tower began to glimmer, and those of the city to multiply, as the sun went down.

The city is somewhat Italian in appearance. Its houses seemed irregularly disposed; and there were arched windows and towers. The captain, fearing he was too late, yet determined to enter at all hazards, and in the twilight rounded the castle without gainsay, and entered the harbor. Sounds of toil were hushed in the city, and on Moro Castle the signals had disappeared. On the battlements, a few soldiers could be seen.

The castle is of irregular construction, built on rocks, and armed, as near as I could make out, with guns of a bygone age, old Spanish pieces, that are as popguns to our modern artillery. To its right, a water battery, mounted *en barbette*, had recently been constructed, which was connected by curtains with a fort, or perhaps *caserne* built on high ground, on which a Spanish flag had been recently flying.

On its left, as we rounded on entering the harbor, I noticed a wall of ancient construction, extending far to the rear, and perhaps again connected with the fort on the hill before mentioned.

Numbers of the people were gathered, in the cool of the evening, watching our entrance; and a quantity of shipping displayed its grove of masts around the harbor and at the

wharves. The entrance reminds me of passing up the East River at New York. The heights of Moro represent those at Brooklyn, and the situation of the city that of New York with its long lines of masts. We passed guard-ships and men-of-war riding at anchor, iron-clad and formidable. At last, a pilot and a custom-house officer boarded us, and we dropped anchor in the centre of the harbor, the sails having been furled when abreast the entrance. A spicy, musky smell was borne on the air; but the breeze that had welcomed our entrance died away, and we breathed a sultry atmosphere. Night grew apace. After tea, I prepared to land at once; but, on account of the regulations, could take no baggage with me.

In company with an agent of the steamship company, I got on a river craft, and was pulled ashore in the gloom of the evening, which was deepened by the brightness of the city. I carried only my night-clothes, and left my servant behind. He amused me by asking if the dark Spaniards who were rowing the crafts around us were "darkies." I told him "No;" but he feared the consequences to his personal safety, if he landed; so he staid on shipboard.

I landed at the entrance to the city in front of the governor's palace, where a band was playing. Passing through a gateway of iron, we were at once in the bright light that illuminated the *façade* of the palace. To me the atmosphere seemed almost insupportable. The sensation was like that experienced on entering some famous hot-house in which tropical vegetation is growing in a northern clime. I was told there was but little yellow fever; but for obvious reasons its existence would be concealed as far as possible. Hailing a *volante*, my friend directed it to the "Hotel Isabel;" and we were soon rolling over pavements

quite as smooth as those of the Boulevards. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and all the shops were open. At last, after passing through streets in comparison to which those of Rome are wide, we reached our hotel in the *Calle de la Habana.*

It was a lofty pile, with a gateway that had formerly been the *porte cochère*, leading into the courtyard. This yard, which was filled with tables, was paved with stone. On it fronted the doors of the guest-rooms, in front of which balconies ran around for at least four stories. I soon registered my name, and, while listening to the chimes of evening, was conducted to my room, *au second.* I then descended, procured some gold, and sallied out to see the town. I first noticed the absence of glass in the windows, which were barred with iron, and in some cases furnished with Venetian blinds. The houses generally were low, many of two stories, but mostly, I believe, of one. Dew was falling, but the air was stifling. I wore the heavy clothes and underclothing of winter, and envied the light apparel of all around me. Walking on to the governor's palace, I viewed the shops and *cafés. Volantes*, filled with the fair in simple headdress, were rattling over the pavements.

I wandered on and on, not fearing to lose my way, until, after turning and turning, I came to the Plaza, where lights and *volantes* were seen, and sounds of music heard. I drank some soda-water from an American fountain, such as I saw in many *cafés*, and approaching a circus similar to that of the *Champs Elysées*, in Paris, I entered free, as the performance was nearly over. The parquette was about half full; but all around the first tier were boxes filled with Castilian and creole beauty, *en grande toilette.* Shouts of applause greeted the zampillerosta-

tion of *El nino Eddie*, who was performing on a high *trapèze*. Every thing was conducted in order, and was soon over.

I purchased, for five cents, four peeled oranges, and ate them; and crossing the Plaza, past the statue of Isabel, I entered the "Theatre Tacon," free as before, and was impressed with its interior. It is one of the finest theatres in the world. It rises from the parquette at least five tiers, each tier faced with a light gilded railing, through which the costume of the ladies, some of which were quite beautiful, could be well observed. The play was over; and I watched the descent of beauty to the *volantes* and carriages in attendance. The royal, or vice-regal, box, on the right of the stage, was unoccupied.

It was nearly two miles to my hotel, through narrow streets, now dark. The hour was midnight, and the shops were closed. At eleven o'clock, they were open as universally as in New York in the afternoon. At the corners of the streets, appeared the police, each with a spear, to which was affixed a swinging lantern. Many soldiers and officers were hanging about the Plaza. The soldiers wore white, with red and blue trimmings. The gentlemen were mostly dressed in white, with blue coats; but I did not see many dress-coats at the theatre.

By the light of the stars, I reached my hotel, knocked up the porter, and gained my room. It faced on the courtyard; but through its gratings no breeze played; and I sank to my *canape* cot with fearful misgivings as to sleep. Soon the mosquitoes began to sing, and the perspiration to stand in beads on my forehead. There being two beds in my room, I changed to another with no greater success; and through the watches of the night I tossed over and over to no purpose. The air was stifling; and the crying of children, and the *sotto voce* conversa-

tion of the owl-like Castilians, did not soothe my troubled spirit. Just before dawn, however, nature triumphed, and I slept.

The "Hotel Santa Isabel" is an ancient pile. Its best room has whitewashed rafters and a bare floor. The truth is, that here the open air is the home of the people. They sit out in the air, sipping their coffee, and tasting their ice; and I surmise that it takes all the tonic power of the tobacco to neutralize the poison of the air they are continually inhaling. Everybody smokes; and the cigars are *magnifiques*. Shall I ever get over the disappointment of having to leave without seeing a bull-fight, or even a cock-fight? Both these interesting events take place next Sunday; and I leave on Thursday morning. Well, we cannot see all in a day. . . .

WEDNESDAY, April 24, 1867.

. . . I took a bath in some out-of-the-way *calle*. The bath was grand! It was in a marble sarcophagus similar to those of the Cæsars in Rome, and beautifully made. The water was clear and delicate, and the linen capital. I can commend a Cuban bath. It cost forty cents in specie. It was soon over, and I returned to dinner at the hotel. On arrival, I sent my card to a gentleman who was, I learned, boarding at the hotel, and was informed that he had not yet come in to dinner. He was an officer of the Spanish army,

JOAQUIN BUEGO,
COMDT. DE ARTILLERIA,

a major by rank. I had met him at Fort Monroe, while I was there, and enjoyed his society exceedingly. We met at dinner, and, as he spoke English, we dined pleasantly together.

After dinner, which was of the usual courses, served *à la carte*, we lighted our cigars, and stepped into the gay *volante* that had been procured for us. It was gay, to be sure! Venice for its gondolas, London for its hansoms, and Havana for its *volantes*. The one I had was unique. The out-rider was dressed in a red jacket slashed with blue. He wore a pair of high, polished boots ornamented with silver, and rode one horse and guided another, the latter horse harnessed between a pair of long shafts, attached to a single pair of wheels of excessive diameter. The motion was of the shaky order, and the body of the *volante* carried but two, under an immense cover, which could be depressed at pleasure.

Off we went, over the smooth streets, off to the "Paseo," or public drive, passing through the "Calle O'Reilley," narrow, but one of the most fashionable shopping streets of Havana. The sun was just setting, and it was astonishing how soon the night came on. It *fell*, so to speak, and the lights began to glimmer one by one. . . . On we went, past the Plaza, the Tacon Theatre, to the Paseo. *Volantes* here and there, English cabs and carriages, and Paris one-horse *cabriolets*, dashed by us. Ladies in full dress, with the eternal mantilla, and wearing only their own God-given locks, officers in uniform, foreigners, and natives, passed us in a perpetual stream.

The Paseo is a drive about two miles in extent, a sort of narrow *Champs Elysées*, bordered with lamps. At the suggestion of my friend, we turned off into the *Serro*, a drive about midway of the Paseo, leading to the southward. It was bordered with lamps, as was the Paseo, and led out into the country. Here we came upon an American railroad, leading from the Plaza out into the country, past some beautiful residences.

This is the quarter of country seats and suburban villas, mostly of one or two stories, with colonnades in front.

They were for the most part painted white; and the windows being open, or closed only with blinds in the balmy air, presented an appearance of quiet and retirement within. The families were mostly seated in the air. Some were in the balconies, and others walking in the gardens. The palm, the cocoanut, and other tropical trees, towered aloft, while the fragrance of flowers and fruits was heavy on the air. I shall long remember that evening drive through the Southern beauty of the night, while sitting perchance on the wave-washed shores of the Gulf, in my prison-home. . . . I was struck with the salutations of the classes. All seemed in certain things to be on an equality. The prince obtains a light from the peasant; and the peasant greets him in the country as politely as if his equal in station. . . .

Back we went, on the Paseo, with its thousand lamps, to the city ablaze with light. We took an ice at a *café* on the Plaza, and listened to the music of a regimental band around the statue of Isabel the Queen. The care of the grass was remarkable, no one intruding on it. The ladies sat in their *volantes* all around the pavement of the square, listening to the band. The promenaders, smoking and talking, passed and re-passed the fair ones, who, with witchery of smiles and glances, attracted observation. Chairs at five cents each were fully occupied; and pleasure and gayety seemed to rule the hour. . . .

My friend the Spanish officer interested me much in conversation. He had lived in "the States," and was pleased with their social and other institutions, especially as compared with

those of Cuba and Spain. We talked over the latest improvements in artillery, and he considered us far in advance of all other nations in that respect. . . . In the evening, passing some of the private houses, their interior was presented to my view. Seldom is it that a carpet is to be found. Sometimes a piece of carpet, *en orientale*, is placed in the centre of the room. Flowers are abundant, and pictures and books evince taste and culture. . . . There is great jealousy between the Cubans and Spaniards.

The Cubans resent Spanish rule, and talk it out privately. . . . They may yet shine as a sovereign State. They would hail the day; and Spain knows it. She therefore keeps a garrison of twenty-five thousand men on the island. This is just half the strength of the American army, and costs Spain dear. She makes it up in taxes, to be sure. . . . The Spanish creole ladies I do not consider beautiful. I saw some pretty blondes; they were pure Castilians. . . . The blood of the negro has depraved the Cuban race. The Spaniards are degenerate; but the Cubans out-Herod their degeneracy. . . . The ladies dress tastefully, and at the opera wear many jewels. . . .

The fruits I found to be varied and luscious. Not to speak of the orange and banana and cocoanut, let me mention the *zapote*, that grows in color like a potato with a black end; the *mango*, sharp to the taste, as large as a large apple, and shaped like a pear; the *coemetos*, greenish on the outside, but white and rosy within; the *mammy*, brown, oval, of reddish interior, with a black end; the *guanabana*, a dark fruit, of pineapple appearance on the outside, and a black end, resembling in its interior the cotton just as picked; the *guava*, green without, but, when fully ripe, of whitish color, with bright

yellow interior and white seeds, from which the jelly of that name is made. The *cocoa verde* is the unripe cocoanut, which is opened, and eaten with a spoon, being a mass of pulp, juicy, and delicious to the taste; and the *tamarino* is the green tamarind, which is so delicious when preserved. All these fruits are now in full market, and others ripen in the succeeding months.

When the night was far advanced, I returned to my hotel. The porter opened the door, the lights flashed through the Castilian courtyard, and fell on the tropical flowers growing in its centre. I did not trust my room of last night, but shared the room of Dr. S., for I found it cooler and airier. In the slumbers of midnight I will leave you, after a day's hard work, which fools call "pleasure."

CHAPTER XVII.

THREE MONTHS AT BARRANCAS.

THURSDAY, April 25, 1867.

AWAY we went, our last experience of Havana. Around the governor's palace troops were lounging, in the markets countrymen were thronging, the sun was glistening on the waters of the harbor, and the heights of the Moro were bright and beautiful, as we pushed off in a skiff for the steamer. Adieu to Havana! . . .

Tower and tree and palace and castle gradually faded from the view as we passed away. The range of mountains to the westward of the island rose in sight as contrasted with the dissolving low land, and Havana was but a dream of the past. The long roll of the Gulf commenced, and one by one the passengers gathered to the saloon to shelter themselves from a rain storm that suddenly rolled up from the northward. . . . The afternoon and evening passed quietly away in conversation. The ladies were below, and the gentlemen above. But a change came at last; the clouds broke away, and a waning moon lighted up the surface of the heaving sea. I tried to write, but in vain, and at an early hour I fell asleep in my state-room to dream of the past and future.

SATURDAY, April 27, 1867.

. . . At evening we came to the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi, and such tugging as we made to get over it was wonderful. . . .

SUNDAY, April 28, 1867.

In the morning, on rising, I found the vessel going along lively. We had been on the way for two hours, and might expect to reach New Orleans by nightfall. . . . In the afternoon we reached the union of the three passes, or *débouchures*, of the Mississippi. . . . The plantations increased in frequency, the buildings consisting generally of a large mansion house with negro-quarters arranged in parallel lines adjacent thereto. The vegetation became richer and more tropical. We passed the magnolia in full bloom, the live-oak in rich foliage, and the weird gray moss pendent from all the trees. Finally woods of a darker hue formed a background against which the plantations of sprouting sugar-cane were beautifully relieved in tender green. On the banks we saw numerous negroes in Sunday apparel, and planters and solitary equestrians. . . .

As night began to close around us, the lights of New Orleans commenced to flash down the river. We stood on the bow as we neared the levee at the foot of Jackson Square, and the sight of numerous and party-colored lights that beamed from the masts of vessels and the gas-lamps that lighted the streets was one of indescribable beauty. . . . We left the horse-cars in Canal Street, and by a short turn reached the St. Charles Hotel. . . . The doctor and I took a room together, and on descending to go out whom should I meet on the steps but Allan Melville! It seems he had been for several months travelling in the South on legal business, and here he was, staying at the St. Charles. . .

I went out with the doctor, and was astonished to find all the stores closed, but every place of amusement open. Theatres and concert-halls were in full blast, billiard balls were striking in the saloons, and glasses were clinking in the numerous and elegant drinking establishments; this, too, on Sunday evening. Pleasure was triumphant, and the French capital was out-rivalled. . . . I am still (April 30) at the St. Charles, waiting transportation to Pensacola.

WEDNESDAY, May 1, 1867.

Starting from about the ramparts of the "old city," after a ride of some four miles in the dust and smoke of the road, we reached one of the lake houses, and on crossing a bridge came to the steamer "Frances," a fine boat, elegantly appointed, and soon were skimming the lake towards the Bay of Mobile. The afternoon was lovely, and the shores of the lake were green and silvery in the distance. I gazed again and again at the "shell road," as it wound away from the city to the lake, but could not discern any sight or token of my fair friends of the "Liberty" and "St. Charles." . . .

THURSDAY, May 2, 1867.

On rising I found we were abreast Fort Morgan. A gun was fired by the fort for some reason as we passed into the Bay of Mobile. Fort Powell was on our extreme left, while Fort Gaines was opposite Fort Morgan. The sun was glorious, and the bay unruffled. Fort Morgan is a low work; its guns mounted *en barbette*, not looking very formidable. I understand Colonel Keteltas of New York City is in command. . . . I sat on the deck, and saw the shores of Alabama rise to view. Soon the houses of Mobile appeared. We passed a steamboat, or rather the sunken hull of one, which, in the gale of Tuesday had been

blown all to pieces in the bay, and eight of her passengers drowned. . . .

Mobile is a grayish, quiet place . . . of about thirty-eight thousand inhabitants. . . . At last I found that by going back up into Alabama to Portland, by rail, I could go thence by stage to Pensacola. All right! I have determined to go, and go I shall. . . . At Tensas Landing we took a train in waiting for Pollard, on the Montgomery and Mobile Railroad. After considerable delay, owing to the transshipment of corn sent by the State of New York to alleviate the suffering of the Alabama poor, we were off. I met a very pleasant gentleman, named Cruikshank, of Talladega, Alabama, commissioner for the distribution of the corn to the destitute. He told me that great destitution prevailed. He had always opposed secession, but with the rest at the last moment he had been unable to resist the overwhelming current. He was now living at Montgomery, was about fifty years of age, and talked like Judge P. . . . We made but slow time, and passed the wreck of a train which, the day previous, had been "smashed up" by the fall of a bridge. Several lives had been lost. How fortunate that I had been detained a few days in New Orleans! If I had been out in the hurricane on the lake, or buried in the débris of the train, I should not have been able to write this.

Slowly we were dragged along, past interminable forests of pine and cypress. The cottonwood occasionally glistened, and the live-oak and willow waved a welcome as we passed. The country looked something like Virginia; here and there openings and thickets. Occasionally we passed a cane-brake and then a meadow. . . . Night came, and about half-past eight we reached Pollard, in the wild interior of Alabama. I went out with a sur-

geon of the navy, who had been a fellow-passenger on the rail-road, and we went into a show of itinerant performers who murdered Shakspeare behind tallow candles for fifty cents a head. We found a motley crew within, amused by the ridiculous performance. Such a travesty I never witnessed before except in England.

FRIDAY, May 3, 1867.

We got to Pensacola at half-past six in the evening, and found it a desolate place, it having passed through fire and sword in the war. Twice it was burned by its own people, and once it was bombarded by our forces. Here and there are the ruins of once comfortable houses, and here and there are new buildings replacing those destroyed. . . .

We walked into the navy yard, a heap of ruins in the midst of foliage and flowers. The incendiaries' torch destroyed in one night the labor of years; and the navy yard, with all its out-buildings, is a monument of the foolishness of the South. Why did she burn that, which, if she had succeeded, would have made her rich indeed, and even in the event of failure could be only a benefit to its locality? What blind infatuation! Here I met Dr. Abernethy, a very jovial, genial, venerable surgeon of the navy. He knew cousins Guert and Stanwix.

After a pleasant chat of a few hours an ambulance was got ready, and bidding adieu to the doctors I started across a Sahara of sand to find my prison home. . . . I at last stood at Fort Barrancas, the goal of eighteen days' pilgrimage. Embosomed in trees, live-oak and cypress and pine, stood a cottage on a slight bluff facing the waters of the Gulf that rolled against the horizon between Fort McRae and Fort Pickens, about a mile to the southward, respectively on the right and left. The situation

of this cottage, which is the quarters of Gen. Seymour,[1] is the only redeeming feature of the place, — an oasis in the desert of sand that stretches away to the sea in front and to the forest in the rear.

TUESDAY, May 7, 1867.

The mosquitoes and sand flies give their due share of attention, and a low mosquito net just excludes them while it admits their peculiar song. To-day the weather has cleared, and in the sunshine the white sand around me has the exact appearance of snow, especially so when seen in contrast with the low, stunted evergreens that skirt the beach, and the pines that grow on the higher ground. . . . I am, at present, in a log hut, with Major Brinckle. After Fort Monroe this is not pleasant, but, at least, it is above ground. There are no living graves here.

WEDNESDAY, May 15, 1867.

If I followed my own bodily inclinations, I should not write, for, if ever mortal was plunged into lethargy and indifference, I am. I can hardly hold a pen, or evolve a thought. I almost would be willing to bathe in the River Lethe, and become entirely oblivious. All this is the effect of the climate, so relaxing and enervating. Since my arrival here I have hardly been able to go out of the log hut, which is my mansion, except in the evening, so hot has been the sun; and the old inhabitants here warn me against being out after sunset: so that I do not see that I am any better off than Jeff. Davis in his quarters in Fort Monroe. And this they call cold weather! If in this weather I am unable to sleep at night on account of the heat, what shall I do when the summer solstice is at hand? To add to the discomfort, it is

[1] Brevet Brigadier General Truman Seymour, Major Fifth Artillery.

enjoined that after sundown the windows of all rooms must be closed, as in this unhealthy region the malarious air will be sure to breed remittent fever, which yields the palm only to yellow fever in its fatality. Therefore, in this concentration of hardships, the feelings must be crucified from day to day.

I occupy a house which Major Brincklé,[1] a lieutenant in my company, occupied on my arrival. The rights of seniority forced the major (who messes with me) to occupy a building at some distance. The house has two rooms and a hall. It was built by soldiers during the war, and is whitewashed. Here I spend the day, and exercise up and down the porch in front of my mansion. In front are live-oak trees, and on every side sand white as salt. Away towards the sea extend the morasses, in which are rattlesnakes, moccasins, alligators, toads, rabbits, and a host of outlandish creatures. On the right and left extend pine woods growing in sandy tracts. Above me is the clear blue southern sky from which the sun is pouring down his hottest beams.

Since my arrival I have been made acquainted with what Shakspeare calls the "heartache." I have been sad and lonely, really homesick. You cannot understand the feeling of utter desolation that sometimes overpowers me. I have been sick ever since my arrival. . . . You can have no idea of the misery that exists here, and of the high prices that rule.

HEADQUARTERS BATTERY E, FIFTH ARTILLERY, BARRANCAS, PENSACOLA HARBOR, FLORIDA, Tuesday, May 28, 1867,

This is one of the most expensive places I have ever been located in. The people do not care to work; they are so com-

[1] Brevet Major John R. Brincklé, First Lieutenant, Fifth Artillery.

pletely enervated by the climate that they yield to its influence. Servants ask fabulous prices for labor; washing one dollar and a half per dozen, collars and cuffs extra; eggs a dollar a dozen; and so on in proportion. The naval officers spoil the people hereabouts. They come on shore after a long cruise, and throw their money away, as it were. . . .

You have no idea how I suffer from loneliness, from a want of excitement. It is something more profound than *ennui*, something which at college and elsewhere we used to call "the horrors." It is an indefinable feeling of desolation, of spiritual exhaustion, of a lack of those currents of sympathy which flow so freely between soul and soul. Nature is true to herself on every hand; but we need to see something besides the eternal glister of the white sand, the shimmer of the blue sea, and the orbed perfection of the sky. I turn after long application with mental nausea from the everlasting pages of the books, from the faces even of those faithful literary friends that never deceive or desert us, to seek for something which the heart of treacherous man alone can give. I had supposed that I had in me the heart of an anchorite; but it is useless to try to be more than human. Philosophy is inferior to sentiment; the head must yield to the heart. Here the stagnation of sympathy befits rather the decline than the noon of life, and teaches lessons that are sombre with the hues of death.

> "If from society we learn to live,
> 'Tis solitude should teach us how to die!"

The truth is, that here there is too much opportunity for thought, for recollection of the past. The soul is haunted with remorse or stretched with anguish as it sits in judgment on its

bygone years. Gay companions drown awhile its sense of ill, but solitude brings retribution.[1]

BARRANCAS, June 3, 1867.

The climate here grows more fervid, and I am dissolving. My servant "Gus" has at last *pronounced*, Mexican fashion, in favor of the North. He has announced his departure from this tropical clime next Fourth of July. . . . I know not exactly what overcame Gus. He is a "high-toned" darky, and I believe is disgusted with board at eighty dollars a month. He says he is afraid of snakes, that the water disagrees with his stomach, and that he has lost a pound of flesh a day since he came to the land of flowers. It's no use to tell him that I am in the same boat: I shall not be long, as he will leave on the next steamer. Nobody down here has any idea of being a servant, and I shall have hard work to get one. Gus goes North to live with a Philadelphia family of three persons who have thirteen servants. Whether Gus is to make the fourteenth, or whether the domestic circle is to be broken in order that Gus may enter, is to me unknown. Alas! Farewell, Gus! "De gustibus non disputandum." With me 'tis *disgustibus*.

BARRANCAS, June 8, 1867.

The weather is most debilitating here, and I have been down for the past two weeks. . . . Colonel Hall, a young officer and captain in the Fifth Artillery, died the other day of disease caused by the war. We have strict quarantine here now. The yellow fever is raging in the West India ports, but we hope to exclude it.

[1] *Confer.* Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful; edition of Little, Brown, & Co., Boston, 1866, vol. i. p. 115.

JUNE 13, 1867.

I am sweltering. My eyes trouble me from the intense reflection of the sun on the white sand all around. You have no idea of the depth of this sand, or of its power of radiating heat. The heat shows no mercy to man or living thing. I had a few chickens, but their eyes are closing from the reflection of the sand, and after that they die. I planted a few seeds of the Spanish bean, but they only grew to be scorched and withered. "Such is life." My dog Cid still lives, but if the fleas were unanimous they could carry him off.

BARRANCAS, June 17, 1867.

You know on a desert island, and at a distance from civilization equivalent to exile, we have to depend for our pleasures on the smallest objects. We have to manufacture our enjoyments, and these are purely mental. The only advantage about them is that being insubstantial they never cloy. Therefore it is that even a local paper, which in the North would hardly serve to interest, here gains an indescribable charm. . . . This has been the headquarters of the Gulf Squadron of the navy. It now is broken up, and all the vessels are leaving. We expect a touch of yellow fever soon, but keep up a strict quarantine.

BARRANCAS, June 21, 1867.

Time down here in this lonely spot flies about half as fast as it did at "Monroe," and I almost count the hours as they pass by in silence. Books lose their charm and interest, although without them we should be poor indeed. . . . As to our State Constitution, I disagree with you. It needs to be re-framed on the principles of the earlier constitutions. There is such a thing as a too popular government, and from that we suffer.

The present condition of New York City is an example of what I mean. There the government was so *popular* that the judiciary became corrupt, because it held its tenure *direct* from the people; and corruption and fraud from the same cause forced themselves into every branch of the city government, until this "popular" government had to be abated by the State. This was done by means of commissions, so that to-day the "government of the people" in New York is but a shadow and a farce. If the governor of the State were elected by the people, and then held responsible for the appointment of judges, sheriffs, *et id om.*, it would be the salvation of our republican system.

BARRANCAS, June 30, 1866.

As to the question so aptly presented by you of the change of name of the "Dutch Reformed Church," I would say Amen! . . . This name has a tendency to mislead. People imagine the services are in "Dutch." . . . Again, I favor the change because the term "Dutch" tends to preserve the distinctions of birth, or descent, and to prevent the *Americanization* idea, which to be thorough should govern in the Church as well as in the State. We are an original people, no more like our Dutch progenitors than a steam-engine is like a windmill. . . . Again, the majority of members in the "Dutch" Church are of other than Dutch descent, so that, if there is any thing in a name, *this* name misrepresents them.

BARRANCAS, July 8, 1867.

To-day I had quite a serpent adventure. Major Brincklé and I were seated at table in my hut at dinner, and my servant was just handing me a plate, when a rattlesnake came from under the floor, and glided to my side. My servant saw him, and qui-

etly informed me of the fact. The rush from the table you can imagine. I sent valiantly of course for my trusty sabre, and Mr. Rattle and I had it hot and heavy. Result, death of his snakeship. . . . I shall examine my bed hereafter; but it is so hard that snakes would be little likely to choose it. . . . I became accustomed to these things in the field, where I have often found a copperhead or a moccasin in my tent or on ground selected for it.

Yesterday I visited the naval burial-ground laid out on the sandy tracts of the shore. Sad, sad, sad is it to see the last resting places of so many hearts of heroes! Many soldiers of the late war, who breathed their last on this inhospitable shore, and many victims of the yellow fever, are here interred. The wives of several marine officers lie here; and a touching scene is presented by the tombs of Paymaster Fountleroy of the navy and his two daughters. They were victims of the yellow fever in 1853, which raged so violently that all the inhabitants fled, and sailors had to perform the last offices. His daughters lie one on each side of him.

BARRANCAS, July 22, 1867.

The proceedings of the convention are interesting, but I fear that no good will come of it, and that the same legislative and judicial systems that drove me and others away from public life and the law, the same corruptions, and the same standards of education, will continue. For the past thirty years, or certainly twenty years, there has been a premium on ignorance, duplicity, and cunning among public men.

I am a firm believer in a republican government, but in a strong and conservative one. I fear that written constitutions are but ropes of sand. No one who has carefully studied the

history of our Constitution, and who sees it boastingly disregarded whenever a party finds interest in doing so, can fail to admit it. I believe a majority of voters in this country are totally opposed to the plain intendment of the theory of our government, and in favor of placing entire sovereignty in the control of the National Government, notwithstanding the text of the Constitution. That was the virtual action of the government during the war, and it still continues in time of peace. It will lead us to imperial power, but at the cost of the simple system we called a republic.

All my old landmarks are gone, and I am now studying out what I think, making all allowances for the inveterate infirmity of man, would be the safest and best system. I have seen so much that people at the North have not seen during the past ten years, that I think I have some "reason for the faith that is in me." I have great faith in the destiny of our country, and believe it to be destined to establish an empire that shall overshadow the world. At the same time, any one that can see through the hole in a millstone cannot fail to admit that the government has in theory and spirit been *reversed* during the past twenty-five years. It may be that it is for the best, and that the pulpit, the schoolhouse and the newspaper may enable our people to dispense with the checks and balances that a sad and fresh experience had taught our fathers to enjoin upon us. It may be that intelligence may neutralize the evils that history informs us have visited other governments with centralized power.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TWO MONTHS AT FORT PICKENS: BESIEGED BY YELLOW FEVER.

BARRANCAS, July 24, 1867.

FEVER has broken out among the shipping at Pensacola, and some say that it is *yellow* fever; and quarantine is getting stringent. A number have died. A really contagious fever is a foe I have never fought; but I suppose, as the summer grows older, we shall know which is the "best man." . . .

If you want to get my life insured, you can do so; but, as I have no one dependent on me, I carry it in my hand. Life down here is "one step from the sublime." The servant question is ridiculous. You hire a cook, — a female of color, of course. If she comes at all, she is more independent than a lighthouse man. She charges two or three prices, insists upon cooking in her own way, presuming you are fond of slush and lead dough, or ought to be, and keeps at your expense her near relations, not to speak of her husband and family. She must have her chickens, and be allowed the privilege of absenting herself when she chooses. Her name is invariably "Aunty," and she is about as cunning as she is religious.

BARRANCAS, Aug. 9, 1867.

I returned yesterday from Milton, some thirty miles up the Blackwater River, a little place of no particular importance,

situated in a lumber district, and buried in the pine woods. The people there were in consternation at the near approach of yellow fever. I regret to say that at Pensacola, where I stopped on my return, I learned that the fever had broken out in that place very unexpectedly. I left as soon as possible, and fear that we are to have a repetition of the scenes of 1853 and 1862. The fever came into the harbor in a ship called "The Fairwind," whose crew all died at quarantine; and it was hoped that the disease might be confined to that locality; but it seems that the loose manner of conducting quarantine carried the fever to the town. Several deaths have occurred to-day; and the doctor has advised all unacclimated persons to leave at once for the North. It seems that few unacclimated persons recover from the disease. It attacks with great rapidity, and the "collapse" state soon ensues. To-day, I am told, they are fumigating the town, and persons are leaving as fast as possible. In 1853, every Northern person attacked died at Pensacola and the Navy Yard; and here, in 1862, the fever was equally dangerous, but there were fewer deaths, because the troops had been here long enough to become acclimated, which is considered to be about a year.

Communication with Pensacola is to be cut off, and the troops are to be sent to an island about a mile distant. I shall remain here. If I go under, it is my destiny. I have just heard of the death of a gentleman I was conversing with the other day. He died last night of fever. I have been suffering from chills of a severe character for the past week. The weather has been very warm. I have no thermometer, and do not think there is one here, and therefore cannot give you the temperature. It is not the heat that effects us so much as the

reflection from the sand. The air, too, is laden with poisonous malarious vapors; and the climate, this month and the next, is very trying. A change of wind to the north is sure to bring disease. A few days ago, we had a "norther;" and nearly half the troops at the Navy Yard were prostrated with a sort of cholera, which was very remarkable as coming and going so suddenly.

BARRANCAS, Aug. 16, 1867.

The yellow fever has broken out badly at Pensacola. There have been a number of deaths, and many cases. The disease extends itself here. Lieutenant Ellison died day before yesterday. There is of course a great stampede among those from the North as yet unacclimated. My battery has been ordered to Santa Rosa Island, in which hot, sandy, and uninteresting place I am to be *quarantined*. My men are mostly from the North; they have been here but a few months, and all experience shows that the fever would run through them with great mortality. Fort Pickens, whither I am going, is two miles from here. Imagine the end of Sandy Hook, with a square, low, grayish, half-ruined fort, without a tree in sight, and a poor beach, and you have my future home. My battery and officers have gone there already; and I go to-night. If the fever has not left any of its seeds among the men, I think we may avoid it; but, if it has, little Fort Pickens will tell a tale of death. The weather is very warm. Mrs. General Seymour is quite ill with remittent fever; and sickness is very common. I have taken great care of myself, and I take my bitters regularly. If I could get North, I should, but fear I shall be unable. . . . I have seen advertised President Monroe's book on governments. If you come across it, please purchase it for me, and send it by mail.

FORT PICKENS, Aug. 24, 1867.

So far the health of my command, except some typhoid and bilious fevers, is good for the season and climate; so you see there is compensation for our exile on this sand-reef, where life is but existence. Sand-flies, mosquitoes, snakes, and vermin of all kinds are our tormentors; and I shall be glad when the "red October" comes. Then we shall be free again. In the mean time, the yellow fever, which is only kept from us by our non-intercourse with the outer world, is raging on the coast. An officer died at Fort Morgan, Mobile, last week. He belonged to the engineers of the army, and spent a couple of days with me a short time before his death. In New Orleans, the deaths are about twenty-four a day of yellow fever. A number of officers have died of it there.

FORT PICKENS, Aug. 25, 1867.

I write to-night in great annoyance and almost infinite disgust. This is produced by several causes. In the first place, the fever has broken out among the troops left at Barrancas. Last night, one man died of yellow fever, after only two days' sickness. If this were all, I should care less; but General Seymour, or the surgeon at Barrancas, sent over two men, with their bedding, &c., who had lain for two days in hospital with the deceased.[1] As I

[1] SUNDAY EVENING.

COLONEL, — Captain Armstrong was here this P.M. Says, that, of over a hundred marines, he has but about twenty for duty. Cummings (senior) died in town yesterday (father of the prisoner I had here). A marine died yesterday; several more expected to go. Clapps *all* sick. Macomb, Spear, Martin, Van Brunt, all down, some of them getting over it. Everybody sick but Armstrong, Westcott, and the Wilsons. Mrs. Edwards quite well again.

Yours respectfully, T. SEYMOUR.

am in command at Fort Pickens, I sent them two miles up the island, but not until they had lain in the quarters of my men the whole night. I have just finished a caustic letter to the general on the subject. If it was by his orders he will be responsible for the consequences. A most beautiful young lady, about seventeen, died of the fever quite close to Barrancas yesterday. She was from the North, and died with slight warning. . . .

In the second place, a tarantula, or black spider, bit my black servant to-day; and he is in great misery, in fact, delirious. The poison seemed to infuse itself simultaneously into every part of his system, and he suffered great pain. To-night he is growing cold in his extremities. These bites are very dangerous.

In the third place, the little baby of one of my lieutenants is my next-door neighbor (for I am living in one of those damp cells, those living tombs, called casemates); and he cries "from night to morn, from morn to dewy eve." I feel that considerable patience is an indispensable thing in the army.

HEADQUARTERS BATTERY E, FIFTH ARTILLERY,
FORT PICKENS, FLA., Aug. 29, 1867.

The evening gun has just announced the setting of another sun. From the battle-scarred ramparts of Pickens, its thunder seems to defy the pestilence that silently flaps its foul wings around us. Another day of anxious expectation has "dragged its slow length along," and

> "Dies like a dolphin whom each pang imbues
> With a new color as it gasps away;
> The last the loveliest tint. 'Tis gone, and all is gray!"

Fort Pickens has no Revolutionary record; for Florida only became American territory in 1811. It is a regular fortification

U. S. BARRACKS. BARRANCAS, FLORIDA.

of brick, containing about six acres, and mounting about a hundred and sixty-three guns, from the howitzer and mortar to the casemate, flank casemate, barbette, siege, seacoast, columbiad, and monster fifteen-inch Rodman gun. These dogs of war rest muzzled around its battlements, with nought to tell the outer world of their dormant strength save the loud-bayed thunder of the morning and evening gun. During the inception of the Rebellion, and later in its history, this fort gallantly met the storm that was poured on it from Barrancas, and from improvised batteries on the mainland opposite. For weeks it gave back blow for blow, when Brown and Bragg "tried conclusions;" and its shattered and patched walls tell the story better than words.

Fort Pickens is on Santa Rosa Island, a short distance from the mainland, with which it forms the harbor of Pensacola. The surf of the Gulf dashes on one side of it, and on the other the tidal flow of the harbor runs swiftly by; while all else around is but a sandy waste and barren marsh. Come up with me on its battlements: ascend that ramp, overgrown with sea-grass; but beware lest a moccasin, of which there are thousands hereabout, should bite you. What a glorious view is this! Opposite, on the extremity of the mainland, and towards the ocean, stands the dismantled, casemated, round Fort McRae. It is in ruins; and in a storm the sea-foam breaks over its yellow walls. Farther to the right, opposite, and away from the ocean, is the low, brick, casemated fort of Barrancas. It was originally a Spanish fort, doubtless named from the Spanish "barranca," or *barracks*.

To its left stand the United States barracks, a gloomy pile, spared by the torch of civil war that has laid in ruins so much

of strength and beauty hereabout. Farther to your right, and up the harbor, is the Navy Yard, and its enclitics[1] Warrenton and Wolsey, two small settlements in the white sand. The inhabitants live on the patronage of the Yard, and are mostly "gophers" (so named after the Florida turtle), or poor whites. There the fever rages, even extending to the barracks, where my men were lately quartered. Yet farther to the right, and opposite, stands Pensacola, the city of the plague. All its unacclimated inhabitants have fled; and its deserted streets tell a tale of silent horror.

Beyond, the waters of the harbor lessen in width till they meet the horizon; to the extreme right, the island stretches away for miles; but elsewhere all is ocean and mystery. Of pure white sand, the work of the sea, it is peopled only with snakes, as the waters with sharks. Mosquitoes are bred from its sandy swamps, but no vegetation, save the sea-grass, covers its nakedness. Here in this strong dungeon, though "monarch of all I survey," I am a prisoner. Here I am confined, condemned to drink warm, brackish water, to endure the sultry process of the sun reflected from the masonry of the fort, and from the sand that fills its interior, and to endure *flea*-botomy at the fangs of innumerable insects. Oh for a cubit of green shade, for the cooling babble of a brook, or a walk on the velvet sward of the North! Alas! not a tree is within my reach, and no walk is to be found except the hot, sandy plain, on which you reel like one intoxicated. Bad, however, as it is to be deprived of liberty, it is yet worse to be shut up in the midst of pestilence. . . .

I am trying the experiment of strict discipline and complete

[1] A bold and beautiful metonyme for *adjoining villages.*

Drawn by J. C. Standley, From Coast Survey Chart.

isolation for excluding the yellow fever; and, whether successful or not, remains to be seen. My men are lately from the North; and physicians say that such new stuff is like tinder: one spark here would produce a conflagration. . . . The ***quarantine surgeon*** is with me, fresh from the corruption of the infected ship. Last night, Captain Hale of the marines died of the fever; and his lieutenant died a few days ago. Nearly all at the Navy Yard are down; and still it rages. It must soon expire for want of fuel, or feed on us.

In our living tomb, we count the progress of the hours, awaiting complacently the next arrival of news from the seat of the grim conflict. Truly in life we are in the midst of death. General Seymour is on the mainland, shut up and fenced in his house. He is acclimated, and comparatively safe; but, alas! to those not so fortunate, how harrowing to know death is as sure as disease! I do not fear the disease, however. I am unacclimated; but I have put my house in order, and am ready for the "great secret." I might have left here in July, and should have done so (although on half pay), had it not been my plain duty to stay here or resign. I might as well leave my men on the field of battle as in the midst of the pestilence. So I am here for "weal or woe," with the chances, I think, in favor of us all.

The yellow fever is a disease "sharp, short, and decisive." It is a quick congestion of the stomach and liver. Its phases are badly understood; and medical science is confounded by its action. So capricious and deceptive are its ravages, that it really seems directed by superhuman intelligence. Its worst month is September; and, when lasting into October, it is most fatal. Nought but frosts destroy its vitality. It best lives where the temperature is about 90° steadily. . . . The yellow fever

was only introduced into the coasts of the Gulf in the latter part of the last century, it is supposed, from the African coast. In this climate it holds its most foul and deadly revels. The strength of youth, the smile of beauty, and the experience of age, alike fail to divert its basilisk eye. Of all fevers it is least understood, and most dreaded. If I finish this campaign, I shall be satisfied, unless duty calls me to be a mere spectator of the next.

HEADQUARTERS FORT PICKENS, Aug. 31, 1867.

Only two deaths in Warrenton, the little town about a mile away, and twenty-five new cases of yellow fever yesterday. This is the last of summer; and I shall hail the approach of cool weather. Last night, the water of the harbor was brilliant. I have never before seen such a spectacle. Every motion of the waves, every touch of an oar, yes, even the rise and fall of the waves on the beach, was resplendent. Not merely a white brightness, but an apparent lambent flame of spectral blue, seemed to leap up from the water with a brilliancy that baffles description. The tide swept inwards the salt water of the ocean, and with the mysterious electricity of the air united to produce this effect.[1] Such an appearance of the water is here considered to presage a storm.

The stillness of the night and its pitchy darkness added to the vividness of the scene. The bells from the Navy Yard, and

"Of sentinel the fitful sound,"

every thirty minutes rose and fell upon the air. A navy yard, is a ship on shore: every naval regulation is there enforced. At

[1] This speculative explanation will be found insufficient. The luminosity was doubtless due to the phosphorescence of living organisms in the water.

eight, A.M., eight bells sound; at half-past eight, one bell; at nine, two; and so on, till eight bells strike again at twelve, and again at four, P.M.; and so on through the twenty-four hours. You remember the "Asia" and the "Africa"?[1] The marines guard the walls, and cry out the hour at night. They, poor fellows, are dying off fast. Why does not the Government send negro troops to this unhealthy place?[2]

FORT PICKENS, Sept. 4, 1867.

I have just time to say a few words, as the mail leaves unexpectedly. I have been sick, but only slightly: no fever yet. . . . The surgeon of the Navy Yard died yesterday. The character of the fever is more virulent at Pensacola. They have organized a Howard Association there to nurse the sick and bury the dead. The weather is a little cooler. . . . Officers, friends of mine, are dying fast at Fort Morgan near Mobile, at New Orleans, and other places.

FORT PICKENS, SEPT. 5, 1867.

The fever still continues to gather in its daily harvest for the charnel-house. The officers and men of the "Tacony," a war steamer lying in the harbor not far from us, have been taken. It is proposed to send her to sea; but I think that would only aggravate matters. It is sad to see so many splendid specimens of manhood falling before their time.

FORT PICKENS, Sept. 7, 1867.

Another day has rolled round with its direful tale. Never since 1862 has the yellow fever raged with such fatality; in fact,

[1] Names of the steamers of the Cunard Line by which Colonel Gansevoort and his sister crossed and recrossed the Atlantic.

[2] Negroes, it is said, do not suffer from yellow fever.

since that year, it has hardly visited these shores. Now it extends from Brazos, on the Texan coast, eastward, until it operates faintly at Key West, and even on the Atlantic seaboard. The Navy Yard here has been closed. There are no men left to guard it; and all labor has been suspended. There are now from nine to ten deaths in this vicinity daily, and numberless cases. The vessels lately here have been sent to sea with the seeds of the disease aboard. The people of Warrenton and Wolsey are ministering to the dying and the dead.

Between the island on which I am stationed, and the mainland, the water of the harbor has an amber-colored appearance, a thing which has not occurred since 1862, the last visitation of the disease. This may be simply rumor; but old inhabitants assert the fact. At all events, it is very brilliant at night. . . . Yesterday, I heard of the death of many with whom I was acquainted. The subject is so disagreeable to me that I will leave it. One of my officers at Barrancas, let me say, was taken sick to-day. I received President Monroe's book, for which I thank mother.

CHAPTER XIX.

TEN MONTHS AT BARRANCAS AFTER THE PESTILENCE.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Sept. 19, 1867.

DEAR KATE,—I left Barrancas last Saturday, the 14th inst., having obtained a short leave of absence. The navy yard had been closed, and all the officers there granted leave. Three days before I left, Captain Wade of the navy, a friend of mine, died. I have been travelling five days and nights, and am so much exhausted that I have concluded to stop and rest. I have official business at Washington which will compel me to spend a day there, and then I shall come home and see father. I hope he is better. Love to mother and father. Expect me in about three days.

Ever affectionately,

H. S. GANSEVOORT.

MISS GANSEVOORT.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3, 1867.

I reached here safely, dear Kate, after a pleasant trip on the "St. John" last night. . . . I assure you I left father with a heavy heart. . . . Thank father and mother for their great kindness to me, — for the beautiful flannels and other gifts.

FORT MONROE, VA., Nov. 9, 1867.

I shall leave here *en route* to Pickens in about five days. . . . On my way I shall pay a visit to General Miles at Raleigh, N. C. The general wants me on his staff as A. A. G.,[1] but the War Department, I suppose, will persist in its determination not to allow the application of General Miles. The weather here is delightful. . . . I remember your remark about mother's[2] silver wedding. Please, therefore, purchase for me some appropriate present for our dear mother, and give it to her from me with my love. I will send you the amount of its cost by money order.

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, Nov. 16, 1867.

I arrived here last night, having left Fort Monroe on the 12th. . . . To-day I attended the *mahogany* convention assembled at the Capitol in this city, — the collective wisdom of Alabama. It was amusing to see Cuffee and Sambo, fresh from the plantation and the barber's shop, lay down the organic law for a sovereign State.

The city was bathed in the soft sunshine of the Southern autumn as I entered it, passing by the great warehouses, or rather their ruins, in which one hundred and thirty thousand bales of cotton were fired and consumed in 1865, as it were to light up the expiring act of the Rebellion. On their ruined walls I read, "Everybody takes Reconstruction bitters." It should read, "Everybody takes Reconstruction *bitter!*" The people seem to be sad at heart. They have made no attempt to resist the black deluge that overwhelms them. The blacks so far outnumber the whites that resistance would, in fact, be futile. Only

[1] Assistant Adjutant General: see pp. 44, 206.

[2] Col. Gansevoort's *own* mother died Feb. 5, 1841.

Engd by A. B. Smith

Susan Gansevoort

to the returning reason and sense of the North can they look for salvation, and that they think is at hand.

The Capitol stands at the head of a street as wide as, and similar to, State Street in Albany. It is a plain building of plaster, with six Ionic columns, and similar in architecture to the State House[1] at Albany. This street, like all the other streets here, is unpaved. It rises to the north-west. The convention I spoke of has been in session about a week. I spent about an hour there. It is made up of black and white; some foreign and some "to the" (*manor*, not) "manner born."

Out of ninety-seven members, but twenty-one are from Alabama: the rest are imported. The following is the nativity: Alabama, twenty-one; Vermont, three; Connecticut, two; Massachusetts, six; Pennsylvania, three; New York, eleven, North Carolina, seven; Scotland, one; Georgia, eleven; South Carolina, seven; Tennessee, six; Virginia, ten; Maine, two; New Jersey, one; Kentucky, two; Ohio, two; Canada West, one; United States, one. It is, you see, a motley crowd; and, in case of failure to force the constitution they are preparing on the people of the State, it can dissolve, to seek some other fields for adventure. Many of them are agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, revenue officers, registers in bankruptcy, &c. They say the proposed constitution has been prepared for them in Washington, and is based on that of Vermont.

The chief burden of the argument while I was present was to change the names of all the counties of the State to those names most distinguished in radical politics; i.e., "Colbert" to "Brownlow," "Claybourne" to "Lincoln," others to "Stevens,"

[1] The old State Capitol. Nothing had then been done about the new State House now erecting.

"Sumner," "Phillips," and so forth. This was carried amidst great guffawing and applause. . . .

I feel convinced that the whites have lost, by apathy to the events passing around them, a glorious opportunity. A few men of genius in the South could, I think, have arranged for suffrage of whites and blacks on an educational basis. I am, myself, opposed to unqualified black and white suffrage. Popular governments must rest on the intelligence, not on the ignorance, of the people. . . .

The negro as a race, I fear, is doomed by other causes which will only be hastened by the grant of suffrage. At least a million have died during and since the war by natural causes. The arts of destruction of offspring are practised to perfection among them; and those children that do survive pass through a trying ordeal of neglect and disease. The whites are increased by immigration, but the negro can look for no re-enforcements. Natural causes, therefore, will operate in favor of the ultimate superiority of the white man, whatever stumbling-blocks may temporarily obstruct his path. I spoke above of the opportunity thrown away by the whites of bestowing educational suffrage, as one which might give them present or ultimate control of the black race as voters; but the success of white power is inevitable in the course of time. . . .

BARRANCAS, PENSACOLA HARBOR, FLORIDA, Nov. 23, 1867.

I reached Pensacola on the night of the 18th instant, having left Montgomery on the evening of the 17th. . . . The next morning I took a sail-boat, and sailed down the harbor, and arrived at Barrancas about noon of the 19th. My battery had, for the most part, been moved back from Fort Pickens, and was

at Barrancas. The epidemic had entirely disappeared from Pensacola and the Warrenton Navy Yard; but how many that I knew last spring are gone! The last officer that died was Surgeon Murphy of the navy, who died at the Navy Yard, Oct. 26, 1867. He came from the North when I went there. . . . I have resumed my old quarters, and the weather is delightful; not very cool except in the morning, nor very warm except in the heat of the sun. I expect to have a very pleasant but very stupid winter to compensate for the disagreeable experience of last summer.

BARRANCAS, Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1867.

The ghost of Captain Hale, of the marines, has been seen by the sentinels when on their midnight rounds on the outer walls. They charged bayonets, and it disappeared!! . . . If there is any thing in it we shall all know it some day, and until then let the matter rest. . . . You speak of General Miles's staff. It would be capital, but cannot be done, I fear; General Grant is at the head of affairs, and he is averse to such changes.

One thing I should like to try for, and that is to have it ordered that the colored troops shall take the place of the white troops in the far South. The black people do not die of yellow fever, and they can stand the heat. I shall write about this to Mr. Pruyn[1] as soon as the political caldron settles. . . . The recent elections are but a slight reaction. They only show a change of sentiment among the people. Before any election which can change our national law-makers, seven States under the exclusive rule of blacks with borrowed white brains will be admitted into the Union. These States may carry a presidential

[1] Hon. J. V. L. Pruyn, of Albany, at that time member of Congress.

election, and may claim their share of presidential honors. Truly the presidency would be in mourning.

BARRANCAS, Dec. 9, 1867.

The climate here is more trying than you so far to the north would suppose. Frequently a "norther" will blow with keen and piercing note, and the change is so sudden as to be painful. Down will go the thermometer to thirty-two degrees, and four blankets will not keep one warm. Florida, to the east, owing to the Gulf Stream, is much more equable in temperature. There the rose and orange are the winter's treasures. Here we have more sudden changes than even in Boston.

BARRANCAS, Dec. 17, 1867.

This morning I received a letter from Mrs. Colonel Lowell. She speaks of Cousin Tom's[1] having been appointed governor of Sailor's Snug Harbor, which I understand is near the Shaw place on Staten Island. Mrs. Lowell was with her husband[2] when I was under his command.

BARRANCAS, PENSACOLA HARBOR, FLORIDA, Jan. 2, 1868.

Down here, "New Year's" meant a cool, chilly day, spent in reading papers before a bright fire, with a ride on horseback in the sand in the afternoon. Still it passed satisfactorily.

"So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are."

Best love to father and mother, and may I be at home with them both next year at this time! . . . I suppose you have heard of the contemplated reduction of the army. I favor this with

[1] Captain Thomas Melville. [2] Harvard Memorial, vol. i. p. 295.

all my heart. Twenty-five thousand men and an efficient militia will be sufficient; especially so if the national militia bill passes. To-day I buried one of my best men, an artificer in my battery, drowned on a Christmas frolic. Well, dear Kate, another year has begun. I am endeavoring, with the crowd, I suppose, to form new resolutions, to have higher aims, broader views, purer feelings; and I trust in God that they may bear fruit.

BARRANCAS, Jan. 11, 1868.

I wrote to Mr. Pruyn on the subject of having the white troops on the Gulf replaced by black troops. It seems that last year the mortality was ten *per cent* among the whites at this place, while hardly a negro died of the fever. . . . I have been ordered on a court-martial to try ——. I was president of the court that tried him in 1864. He graduated at West Point, in 18—, I believe. I send you a copy of the order as a curiosity, to show how things are done down here. . . . We are having quite a serious time. General Seymour has suspended, or annulled, or what not, a process of the United States District Court for this district. In this I oppose him tooth and nail. I hope he will be removed. Such actions only befit a despotism.

BARRANCAS, Jan. 21, 1868.

To-morrow I leave for Tallahassee, Florida, to attend court, on the steamer that runs coastwise for government account from New Orleans to Key West. . . . The season is opening brilliantly with you; parties and Germans innumerable. I am glad you take such philosophical views of life and of the world. The more you think of the events of life, and draw from them their lessons, the more will it seem to be the better part to mingle

with the world despite its treachery, its illusions, and its *bagatelle*, and to act out the parts that nature has assigned us. It seems to be designed that a proper intercourse with our peers shall give knowledge of the ever-changing quicksands of human nature, and a keener zest for the privacy and delight of domestic life. At least, such would be the conclusion I should draw from the many cases of entire or partial seclusion from the ways of the world; which generally result in misanthropy, or morbid tastes, or selfish natures. Nothing but egotism or disease seeks isolation. . . .

In my last I told you of the death of Mrs. R., wife of Brevet-Captain R., one of my lieutenants. I have long since determined not to marry while I remain in the army, or at all events not until I am about to leave it. I never should expose any woman I loved to the trials and vicissitudes of climate and of the camp. This estimable lady died as much from this deadly climate as any thing. Her little girl died several days after her.

ST. MARKS, FLORIDA, Monday, Jan. 27, 1868.

I shall go down the coast as far as the Dry Tortugas, and back. This is the only way in which I can manage to return to Barrancas, as the other route by Savannah and Atlanta is too circuitous. I am astonished at the order relieving me; but I understand that I am relieved because I was on the court-martial that tried Captain —— previously (in 1864), and he objects to me.

BARRANCAS, Feb. 18, 1868.

On my return here on the 16th inst., I was astonished to hear that a case of yellow fever had broken out in the village adjacent to the Navy Yard. It also has been asserted that Mrs.

R. died of that disease. How true all this is I do not know; but they are sporadic cases simply, and I doubt if they were yellow fever at all, though perhaps having some of its symptoms. . . . You acknowledged the receipt of my letter from St. Marks. From there I went (on the 27th January) to the Tortugas, stopping two days at Cedar Keys, where cholera was carrying off two or three a day; two days at Tampa, where the Chagres fever prevailed, and where I came near being drained dry by the fleas, owing to spending a night in the camp of a company of the Seventh Infantry there stationed, and where fleas most do congregate; three days at Key West, where I stopped a short time in the spring of 1867, *en route* to New Orleans; and half a day at the Tortugas, where the officers are old acquaintances, and where the conspirators are confined.

BARRANCAS, Feb. 24, 1868.

In my last I ended by saying that I suffered from cold during my last trip. You hardly would imagine that it could be very cold here, yet I can assert that at times I have suffered more from cold than I ever did in the North. The sudden changes which come to us on the wings of the north wind are very penetrating, and often produce sickness even among the acclimated. . . . Day before yesterday was the 22d of February, and I fired a salute of thirty-five large guns from Fort Barrancas. It was a beautiful day. The headquarters of the Fifth Artillery are removed to Richmond. Whether that betokens a change of batteries on this coast, I know not. . . . Congress has determined, I see, to reduce the army. No more lieutenants are to be appointed except from West Point. This is a good thing. The army is too large by half.

BARRANCAS, Feb. 28, 1868.

General Miles is to be married to a niece of Senator Sherman of Ohio. I am invited as groomsman. Cleveland is the place. I shall not be able to go unless we are moved north.

BARRANCAS, March 15, 1868.

A very large cemetery for soldiers, a national cemetery in other words, is building in rear of my quarters here. The remains are beginning to arrive from all the vicinity, as many fell and died around here during the war. When they come to the small-pox patients, I shall, I think, absent myself. The cemetery is to be surrounded by a brick wall, and is of a very costly character.

BARRANCAS, March 27, 1868.

I have written to ask to be placed on duty farther north, but have little expectation of it. I am tired of the far South. This is perhaps a political theatre of rather a tempting character. Since I have been stationed in Virginia and Florida, I have been offered, by prominent individuals, a nomination to Congress, a county judgeship, and an excellent practice, if I would strip for the political arena. The New Englanders, however, run the list of offices. They govern the whole country, and, like the Assyrian, come down like wolves on the Southern fold. I am so disgusted, that I shall continue to give politics the flank movement. I am satisfied that a devotion to some honorable business, a competency, and a quiet, thoughtful, benevolent life, are to be sought rather than

"To mount the topmost wave of time,
One moment lifted o'er the rest."

BARRANCAS, April 12, 1868.

To have heard Dickens was no doubt a gratification; but, candidly, I do not like his writings, though perhaps the man's reading might redeem them. One hour of Thackeray is worth an age of Dickens. . . . Your account, however, was very good, and the next best thing to being on the spot. . . .

General Sheridan and General Terry are to be groomsmen to General Miles. He has again written, urging me to act with them. . . . I have great regard for General Miles; but I fear I shall have again to decline.

BARRANCAS, April 17, 1868.

Here I still remain, awaiting the wonderful political developments, I trust soon to be completed, which shall sheathe the sword in the South, and send me elsewhere.

BARRANCAS, April 23, 1868.

Yesterday, Battery K, Fifth Artillery, in the "Alliance," passed here *en route* for Tortugas. A number of officers were with the battery, which is commanded by Colonel Bainbridge, a fine fellow. I went up with them to Pensacola. To meet comrades in arms, after so long separation, was very pleasant. . . . The weather is very warm, generally about 75°. Blackberries, or rather dewberries, are ripe; and some vegetables are fit for the table. The salt-water fish are abundant; but the best varieties seldom reach us. The *red-snapper*, weighing fifteen and even thirty pounds, is a magnificent fish; but the *pompino*, which, by the way, I have eaten but once this year, is a delicious delicacy. It must be eaten to be appreciated. The *mullet*, *salt-trout*, *grouper*, *cavallo*, *king-fish*, *red-fish*, *hog-fish*, and other

smaller varieties, are caught freely in the harbor. They spoil so rapidly in this climate, that they must be cooked as soon as caught.

BARRANCAS, April 28, 1868.

You ask, "Who will be next engaged?" Several officers, friends of mine, are getting married; and I shall have to try some of the insurance-offices at New York to see at what rate they will agree to insure me against financial ruin therefrom. Save me from my friends! If they go on getting married at the rate of five a month, I will let them draw my pay, in lieu of presents, and credit me for the balance!

BARRANCAS, May 3, 1868.

I am going now to Pensacola, to supervise the election, — a thing I do not like to do, but *nolens volens*.

BARRANCAS, May 10, 1868.

I have just returned from Pensacola, where, for several days, I have been in charge of the election. This is the first and only duty I have had to perform which was of a civil nature; and I wish it may be the last. I have seen so much to disgust me in the way things have been carried on here, that I have avoided every opportunity to engage in the political duties which so many officers have to perform. The Radicals have carried the day in this State; and hundreds of hungry Northmen are waiting for the appointments which the governor (who is elected for four years) has to give. The natives here are merely lookers-on. The best citizens are disfranchised. The people are hot-blooded and very sensitive. During my sojourn at Pensacola, there were three duels on the *tapis*.

BARRANCAS, May 30, 1868.

If father thinks this a paradise, please say to him that our ideas of heaven must vastly differ. The heat would rather suggest a locality which bears a shorter but less agreeable designation. . . . "Typee" is a beautiful, affectionate story. I love to read it. It is as interesting as "Rasselas," with the added charm of truth. I have a copy in the library here; and, with "Omoo," it is attractive to all kinds of minds. . . . I shall wait till fall before settling my mind about resignation. I am satisfied that in certain spheres I can succeed better in civil than in military life. An outdoor life I must have; but one which involves some indoor work would not hurt me. My great ambition is, to settle down with an ultimate view of attending to literature and politics, not as a profession, but as a means of influence and position among my fellow-men.

BARRANCAS, WEDNESDAY, June 3, 1868.

At home you hardly can look at the matter as I do. I shall not gain a promotion in from thirty to forty years, unless another war breaks out. I can never marry in the army for various reasons; and, after a certain age, the military idea ceases to attract. I should, if I consulted my best interests, leave at once, and perhaps return to my profession or some of its collateral branches; but, as father says, I require an active life, and too much time has been spent in the field to seek success in the forum. My education and tastes fit me for any active pursuit; but the time to commence must be soon.

Too many sad instances have I seen in the army of mind rusted and energies relaxed; the silken threads of habit grown into an iron chain. The advice of all old officers to me has been,

that the army affords an insufficient career. All bewailed their lot, and would have changed it had it not been too late. Insufficient pay to support a family, remote and unhealthy stations, continual change, political partiality, and ingratitude, seem to be the result of that romantic passion which leads men to sacrifice themselves to the illusions of their youth.

BARRANCAS, SATURDAY, June 6, 1868.

I regret to hear of General Van R.'s death. Theirs is an illustrious line woven into the web of time; illustrious because he was the representative of a high-toned, educated, and prominent family. By the way, Kate, I think more and more of family as the basis of government.[1] I have given my best thinking to this lately; and I am satisfied that no enduring civilization can be secured in any country unless there is some recognition of the family as an institution to be honored and perpetuated. It has in several obvious ways, which I might specify, a restraining and elevating influence on the human heart. Our hasty and jumbled development lacks sta-

[RELIEVED. — General Seymour has been relieved from duty here, and goes to Fortress Monroe, as member of a board to revise artillery tactics. Brevet Lieut.-Col. H. S. Gansevoort succeeds him in command of the post. As military rule has ceased . . . this change of command can elicit but little interest, except in the fact that an agreeable intercourse with the army and navy is always desirable, and that liberal, influential officers are always beneficial to a community. . . . The soldier and gentleman combined should always exert an influence. It is gratifying that Col. Gansevoort is in command. — *From the Pensacola Observer, Pensacola, Fla.*, about July 20, 1868.]

[1] It was a favorite sentiment of John A. Andrew, late governor of Massachusetts, that the family, not the individual, is the true unit of Christian society.

bility; for it honors and rewards only individual success, and honors that even when it is the mushroom growth of corruption, hypocrisy, or vice. . . . Pascal said that noble birth in Europe gave a man thirty years start; and so it should. It is a legacy which should incite a man to noblest deeds. *Noblesse oblige.*[1]

BARRANCAS, FLORIDA, June 21, 1868.

I regret, sincerely regret, to hear of dear little Gracie's death. She is but transplanted, however, and her memory will be sweet forever.

[1] Compare Edmund Burke, "Reflections on the French Revolution;" edition of Little, Brown, & Co., Boston, 1866, vol. iii. pp. 298, 359; and "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs," vol. iv. pp. 175, 176.

CHAPTER XX.

SEVEN MONTHS IN COMMAND AT BARRANCAS: WARDEN OF FIVE COUNTIES.

HEADQUARTERS PENSACOLA HARBOR, BARRANCAS, FLA., Aug. 10, 1868.

I HAVE been very busy for the past ten days, getting accustomed to my new duties, besides having my usual battery duties to attend to. Originally (last year), I was assigned to this very command; but General Seymour, on being relieved by me (on my promotion), went to Atlanta, Georgia, saw General Pope then in command, and obtained an assignment to this place. He had delightful quarters here; in fact, the finest in Western Florida. This was the secret of his application to come here; and, as he ranked me, he took command by virtue of his rank. His quarters, now occupied by me, are of one story, situated on high ground, overlooking the whole harbor, Fort Pickens, Fort Barrancas, and the redoubt. They are in a grove of live-oaks, and are surrounded by an immense piazza running around the house. The ceilings are high, and the house is cool. In front are terraces and shrubs and flowers; and there are fine stables and outhouses. In the house is considerable confiscated furniture not yet reclaimed. I live, therefore, quite *en grand seigneur*. This is not to last long, I

HEADQUARTERS, BARRANCAS, FLORIDA.

hope, as in October we shall go North. . . . I shall then try to get a leave, and see you all.

HEADQUARTERS, PENSACOLA, Aug. 17, 1868.

I am commanding my battery, as well as the post and district of five counties. I have much to do, and am very busy. I have just returned from Pensacola, where I have arranged to build a large schoolhouse, and also one at Warrenton, and one at Milton, Florida. I shall go to Milton next week. The yellow fever has broken out at Key West. We have excellent quarantine here, but we may have it nevertheless. . . . It is my wish that the badge of the "Cincinnati" should be left with father, if he consents, until such time as I can properly get it. Poor Cousin Guert! alas, he is gone forever! . . . I can order the Scuppernong wine, if you wish.

PENSACOLA HARBOR, FLA., WEDNESDAY, Aug. 26, 1868.

You say that father wishes to have a description of my duties, and how they differ from those of my command as captain of artillery. Well, I am acting both as commanding officer of the post and district, and of my battery: therefore I have double duties. As captain of my battery, I have to make morning reports, to attend to the rations and hygiene of my men, to their drill during the day, and to be on hand at all times; besides making out numerous papers and reports of the men and property in my charge.

As commanding officer of Pensacola Harbor, I have to make out very many reports of the garrison, and ordnance and other property in my charge. I am also inspecting-officer, and have to make inspection reports each month. Then there are three forts in the harbor, and from five to eight million dollars' worth

of property inside and outside of them, for which I am responsible, and have to make returns.

I have charge of quarantine, and of the army reserve extending for several miles; and I am in command of five counties, — Walton, Holmes, Escambia, Santa Rosa, and Washington. In these counties, or at least in three of them, I am erecting schoolhouses, with slight appropriation of materials and voluntary labor of people. I therefore have to contract for materials, and to be responsible for a considerable amount of funds.

Then I have to dispense rations, or, rather, to sign ration returns, for such destitute persons in these five counties as appear to me to be most deserving; who receive on such returns, from the commissary of subsistence, certain quantities of subsistence stores. In this way many poor persons, both white and black, are supported. All this gives me plenty to do; and in this hot weather I find that very little work amounts to considerable. I am run down with complaints of suffering of all kinds.

I have suffered from a bilious trouble for some short time. I hope that we shall go North this fall, when I propose to make up for the exile and heat of the two long summers of Florida. I have had enough of it, *and shall not spend another summer here.*

BARRANCAS, FLA., SATURDAY, Sept. 5, 1868.

I went on an excursion, a short time ago, with the officers of the Navy Yard, to the "Live-Oak Plantation," a domain of nature fostered by Government for its prospective yield of timber. We enjoyed ourselves very much. Captain Monroe and wife and Lieutenant Webster and wife, of the marines, were along; and there were other ladies. The plantation is about ten miles from the Yard, on Santa Rosa Sound. The panther, deer,

Be it known that Peter Gansevoort Esquire Brigadier General in the late Army
as a Member of the Society of the Cincinnati, instituted by the Officers of the American Army, at the Period of its Dissolution, as well
to commemorate the great Event which gave Independence to North America, as for the laudable Purpose of inculcating the Duty
of forgiving Injuries in a Time of Peace, Means framed for public Defence, and of entering into Acts of brotherly Affection and Bonds of perpetual Friendship
the Members constituting the same
IN TESTIMONY whereof The President of the said Society, have hereunto set my Hand at Mount Vernon
in the State of Virginia this Tenth Day of December in the
Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety Five and in the Year
Year of the Independence of the United States.
By order.
Secretary
President.

and other wild animals, still roam unmolested. We did not meet with any, however. . . . Politics run very high. A large number of my men have to-day gone by permission to a Democratic " barbecue " at Milton, a little town on the Blackwater River, some forty miles from here. I find they are all Democratic. As for me, my position makes me entirely neutral. On questions of finance, I am pretty decided; but as to open expression, as I am not called on, I do not indulge. There is prospect of great excitement this fall; and I wish it was over, as the country needs repose.

BARRANCAS, FLA., SATURDAY, Oct. 24, 1868.

I do not think, under the present forms of society, a woman, a judge, or an army officer should engage too openly in politics. Much of the trouble of the South comes from the partisanship of women; and the engagement of judges and army officers in purely civil political questions is a reproach. I, however, expecting by the next canvass to be in civil life, have naturally private opinions on the policy of parties, as well as on their principles.

BARRANCAS, FRIDAY, Oct. 30, 1868.

I have been engaged with my battery in semi-annual artillery practice, and with "gun, mortar, and petard," we have been teaching the ocean how to roar, from the walls of Fort Pickens. The fifteen-inch gun lately mounted there, I am soon to commence practice with, and have only waited for some little work on its sights. It is truly a monster, weighing twenty-five tons, large enough for a man to crawl into, and throwing a ball of four hundred and fifty pounds with one hundred pounds of powder. The usual charge for *shell* firing is forty to fifty pounds: the one hundred pounds is the *battering charge.*

We fired the "Columbiad" ten-inch gun, the ten-inch siege-mortar, the eight-inch howitzer, and the thirty-two pounder. All these guns, by recent orders, are obsolete. The fifteen-inch gun, the thirteen-inch mortar, and a short but large howitzer only, are to be retained.

BARRANCAS, FLA., Dec. 5, 1868.

The Freedmen's Bureau is about to finish its existence; and I trust I shall be relieved of manifold labors in that institution on the 1st of January next. I see, by the roster of that bureau, that my name heads the list of commissioners in this State. I do not regret my relief, as I think the institution could have been dispensed with long ago.

BARRANCAS, Dec. 14, 1868.

For some time past, I have been in daily expectation of the receipt of an order to proceed to the Tortugas. You are aware that the headquarters of Fifth Artillery have been there located. It is intended to concentrate other batteries there; and I think there is a strong chance that I shall move there ere long. This to me is unpleasant news; but, as I shall determine as to leaving the army next spring, it perhaps would be well to have the experience of a martyr to add to my other experiences. You know the English say that "a blarsted good grievance is the next best thing to preferment."

I was surprised yesterday to receive an order to report in person at San Augustine, Fla., at the headquarters of Colonel Sprague, who commands the State. The business is official, and relates to a settling of accounts before the Freedman's Bureau is closed forever. I shall have to visit Milton, forty miles away, before starting. . . . Day before yesterday, I woke

MOUNTING A 15-INCH GUN AT FORT BARRANCAS.

up to find the thermometer at 20° Fahrenheit. . . . I had three fires in my house, and was cold at that.

"Spanish Hole," Gulf of Mexico, eight miles from St. Mark's, Fla.
Dec. 24, 1868; 10, P.M.

Here, rocking "in the cradle of the deep," have I been lying since morning. A severe north-easter commenced to pipe at sunrise, and has been incessantly blowing the waters out of the harbor with so much effect that the good steamer "Lavacca," with her heavy draught, cannot enter. Eight miles from land, just outside of a piratical cove called "Spanish Hole," and doubtless rich in stories of those early adventurers, we must wait the subsidence of the storm. The thermometer has been falling all day, and is so far below the freezing-point that ice three-quarters of an inch thick has formed in the buckets on the deck. There is no fire on board except in the cook's galley, and under the steam-boilers; and the blood can hardly supply the necessary heat. . . .

The programme of the weather here this season is generally reliable. A few days of sunshine, with a south-west wind from the tropics, are always followed by a change, boxing the compass to the north, and sending poor mortals to that element which they, in the long-run, fear so much. Three days of cold weather, and the cold gives place to genial warmth; and that again to cold. The "northers" vary in intensity according to the temperature at the North; and the coincidence of cold weather at the North with a "norther" makes it here cold indeed.

On the eastern coast of Florida, these "northers," blowing from the north-east over the adjacent Gulf Stream, are tempered into refreshing zephyrs; and there it is, I am told, that an equable temperature is always to be found.

Thither I am bound, and chafe under the delay which prevents me from commencing my journey of two hundred and fifty-seven miles, from St. Mark's to San Augustine. I left Pensacola Harbor on Tuesday afternoon, the 22d inst., having packed up all my effects as though I might never return; for my losses in leaving posts, and never rejoining them, have taught me to follow inviolable maxims of prudence. That night, I *powwowed* with the captain and his wife, Livingston by name, originally from the banks of the Hudson, and with the purser, a particular friend of mine, bearing the *distingué* cognomen of Brown.

The next morning we entered the harbor of Apalachicola, crossing with care the bar which seems to form at the entrance of every harbor, and, after a row of three miles in a small boat, reached the town. Like the city of the dead, it received us. Hardly four hundred people remain of as many thousand before the war. Warehouses are tenantless; and ruin seems to brood in silence over the wrecks of the past. The town is situated at the mouth of the Apalachicola River, which drains the country watered by the Chattahoochie and Flint Rivers in Alabama, Florida, and Georgia. The cotton no longer comes down in stately steamboats; but a diminished crop rolls over by rail to Savannah and other Atlantic ports. Hence the change, which has even become more marked since I was here last year.

A rough sail outside the harbor of Apalachicola, around the shoal of St. George, brought us in sight of the light-house of St. Mark; and here, on Christmas Eve, I have attempted to write you with no other fire than my thoughts of you all. So good-night, and good-by: a merry Christmas, and a happy New

Year! I go to turn into my berth with my clothes on, for blankets are scarce. Adieu!

CEDAR KEYS, FLORIDA, Sunday, Dec. 27, 1868.

The bad weather prevented my going on shore till the afternoon of the 25th, too late for the train; and I learned that Colonel Sprague had changed his quarters from San Augustine to Jacksonville. This change of headquarters would, I thought, give me less delay at St. Mark's and more leisure in reaching my destination, as the distance is less by at least a day's journey. On the afternoon of Christmas we continued on our course, and arrived here on the 26th about ten o'clock. Christmas was passed on board the steamer; a cold day, but more moderate in the afternoon. The captain and purser rowed to the town, eight miles distant, and came near perishing; for when water freezes in the salt air it is cold indeed. I passed the day playing cards with a vivacious Frenchman, an indolent Spaniard and a phlegmatic German, reading, chattering French, eating a (comparatively) good dinner, and smoking; for, as the cigars improve in quality as you draw nigh Cuba, so does the temptation increase. . . . All along this coast the oysters are fine. The best, I think, are those of Mobile, the poorest those of Pensacola. At Apalachicola they are very fresh but firm, and at St. Mark's they are delicious.

BARRANCAS, PENSACOLA HARBOR, FLORIDA, Saturday evening, Jan. 30, 1869.

I regret that I have never been able to continue my account of my East Florida visit, and shall now do so. I arrived on the morning of the 29th December, at Jacksonville, Florida, which is the most growing place I have seen down here. It is on the St. John's River, about thirty miles from its mouth, and

has about seven thousand inhabitants and a floating population of about one thousand. Property has advanced there very rapidly, — at least five hundred per cent in two years, — and is still rising. It promises to be the chief place in the State. Northern capital is largely invested there. I called on Colonel Gilbert commanding the post, an old officer, who received me very well. Of course I called in full uniform, which is according to etiquette.

I also called on Colonel Gile, Chief of Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, an old friend of mine. In the evening I called on Mr. Gilchrist, father of John Gilchrist (an old college friend of mine), and acquainted with father. He was well, and has removed here from Elizabeth, New Jersey, his former residence. . . . I was disappointed in not finding Colonel Sprague's headquarters here as I had been informed; so the next morning, Dec. 30, at nine o'clock, I left the Price House, and went up the St. John's on the "Hattie," a beautiful little river steamer. . . . The St. John's River is a succession of lakes of great beauty in their way; in fact, it is such a river as has no counterpart out of Florida, in the United States.

On the passage up the river, we passed Mrs. Stowe's place at "Mandarin," situated in an orange grove. . . . We passed many beautiful hotels for invalids, who seem to congregate on the river. They all bear the standard of disease; and in the daytime it pains the eye to see them, and at night the ear to hear their hacking cough. At Jacksonville I had them all around my room and at night was somewhat disturbed.

We stopped at "Magnolia," "Hibernia," and "Green Cove," at all of which places are excellent hotels of the above description, and at three, P.M., reached "Piccolata," a point on the river

at which we take stage for San Augustine. Behind six horses, and at the sound of the bugle, we started in fine style over a country sandy and piney. Eighteen miles and seven o'clock brought us to the San Sebastian River and San Augustine.

On alighting at the hotel I met some officers, and with them called that evening on Colonel Sprague, who with his family lives on the Plaza in an old-fashioned Spanish house. I was kindly received. Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. James, Miss Worth, and Miss Sprague, I met; also Major Jackson, formerly of Albany, a very pleasant fellow. The colonel inquired after you all, and the family wished to be remembered to you.

The next day I attended muster and inspection in the Plaza, at which Colonel Sprague officiated. San Augustine is entirely an old Spanish town; its streets are narrow, its houses ruinous, its climate delightful. A salt marsh is in its rear, and the ocean in its front. Soft, equable weather is the rule there, and disease very rare. One of Colonel Sprague's daughters is married to a Lieutenant Sanno,[1] and lives very pleasantly there. He is acting assistant adjutant general of the State.

In the evening of the 31st December I took tea with Colonel Sprague, and made several calls especially at the barracks, which are in a reformed convent. The weather at San Augustine had been colder than for thirty years, and the oranges, paw-paws, bananas, and other fruits had been frozen.

BARRANCAS, PENSACOLA HARBOR, FLORIDA, Monday, Feb. 1, 1869.

I visited an old Catholic church, about a century old, and the Fort of "San Marco," now called Fort Marion. This fort is built of coquina, or conglomerate sea-shells, and is quite a curiosity in

[1] James M. J. Sanno, First Lieutenant Seventh Infantry.

its way. It was built by the Spaniards about two hundred years ago, and is dark with age. In its underground dungeons I saw half obliterated inscriptions of many years ago; and secret cells, only lately discovered, contained human bones, of those, probably, tortured by the intolerant religion of the past. In front of San Augustine, the island of "Anastasia" shuts out the sea, and forms a secure habor. The city is the oldest in America. It was settled in 1565, and first discovered in 1512. It was surrounded with a wall, the traces of which, excepting the old gate-posts, have disappeared. The climate is eternally that of early June as June is known in New York. The climate of Eastern Florida is insular. The Atlantic on the one side, and the Gulf on the other, temper the airs, making them cooler in summer and warmer in winter.

How different this from Pensacola! I made other calls with the officers, and in the evening attended a ball at the barracks. Dancing was kept up till *early*, and great enjoyment prevailed. . .

The banks of the St. John's are low, and lined with the cabbage-palm, the live-oak with the moss pendent from its branches, the cypress, and the pine. At times it narrows, and then widens; but the monotony of the scenery is wearisome.

Quantities of game and waterfowl were disturbed by the advancing steamer, and alligators by hundreds were basking in the sunshine close to the water. It is one hundred and twenty miles from Palatka to Melonville, where we arrived at seven, P.M. We amused ourselves *en route*, watching the water turkeys and wild turkeys flying around us, the sedge hens, cranes, and herons, in the marshes; and, near Melonville, the paroquets of radiant plumage flying in little flocks above the trees. We passed

INTERIOR OF FORT SAN MARCO, SAN AUGUSTINE, FLA.

through Lakes "George" and "Beresford," and many weird-like places black with the moss which is so sure a sign of disease that it is called the curtain of "death." I send you a photograph of a tree which is a specimen of all. It is clad as with a garment.

Nearly all on the forward part of the boat had rifles, and, as the river narrowed, many an alligator slashed the mud in the agonies of death. The river affords excellent shad and other fish, and is unsurpassed for a winter's visit. A wild lettuce grows on its banks, on which cattle fatten, eating it up to their briskets in the water. It forms floating islands of large size, which drifted past us all day.

BARRANCAS, FLORIDA, Sunday, Feb. 7, 1869, 8, P.M.

After a characteristic breakfast of "hog and hominy," I bestrode a horse, and with young Speer rode to the "Wikiva," a little river distant ten miles, emptying into the St. John's. I wanted to see an orange plantation or grove there for sale, more for curiosity than any thing else. All day we rode over an unusually sandy, piney, but rolling country. The climate up here is like that of Italy, and all tropical fruit can be produced in abundance.

I informed myself about the quality, growth, defects, and profits of the orange. Truly here it reaches perfection. I made up my mind that just about this point, "Lake Monroe," is the best winter place in Florida. The climate is more equable; frosts are uncommon; and insects, which abound farther south, especially on the Indian River, are almost unknown here. I also concluded that Florida as a permanent home is out of the question. It is in summer unhealthy, as regards scenery unin-

teresting, and, except for some tropical growths, sterile. It is merely the upheaval, as it were, of the bottom of the ocean; and Lyell says the upheaval still continues.

The only use I find for East Florida, and that is the State, is for a winter residence. Here for fifty dollars you can come from New York, and enjoy a continuance of the Northern summer in winter, and pines and oranges to the utmost. I think a great mistake is made in wishing too much land. Ten acres planted with orange pits will give abundant fruit in seven years, even on sandy soil. A change to Florida in winter would tend greatly to prolong life, and is a most charming relief to the Northern frame. When I see you, I will "talk orange" as much as you wish. . . .

At Piccolata, which you may remember as the little port on the river at which you take stage for San Augustine, my friend Miss ——, of San Augustine, came on board. She told me nothing of what was to follow on our arrival at Jacksonville. I went to the Price House; and that night Miss —— married Colonel ——, a captain in the Seventh Infantry. He had been in arrest for some time, and his lady love had flown to his arms. They were married privately, of course, but in a church, and his freedom is over! She had been the belle of San Augustine, and a little rebel, but had concluded to make terms. . . .

Fernandina is an old-fashioned place. I saw "Fort Clinch," an out-of-date structure, and "Dungerness," the estate of nine thousand acres on Cumberland Island, opposite to Fernandina, lately purchased by Sprague of Rhode Island. He is going to raise "ramie," an article I have seen, glossy as silk, and three times as productive as cotton. . . . On the morning of the 13th we reached "Carrol Station" on the Mobile road; and although

it was bitter cold we took stage for Pensacola, forty miles, where after a rough ride we arrived at six, P.M. . . . Spent a day there, after visiting Barrancas went to Milton on official business, and returned to my usual command on the 19th of January.

BARRANCAS, FLORIDA, Saturday, Feb. 13, 1869, 9, P.M.

The peach-trees, such as they are, are in bloom, and the grass is beginning to feel the touch of warmth. The chances are that we shall go to Newport, R.I., or to Boston: I hope to the latter place. We shall doubtless go by steamer outside. The usual shipwreck will follow of course. It always has, on a movement of artillery. The Fifth were shipwrecked coming down, and were only saved by a miracle.

BARRANCAS, FLORIDA, Monday, Feb. 21, 1869, 10, P.M.

Colonel Gibson, Major of the Fifth Artillery, relieves me. He has a wife and four children, and I shall soon have my hands full receiving him. I served in his horse battery before Richmond in 1862, and know him quite well. His brother is stationed at the Navy Yard here, — Commodore Gibson.

I shall, if the ordinary sequence of events occurs, be soon at the North. It is now a summer and two winters since I last saw you all, and then only for a few days. I shall try and get a "leave" for some months, and recuperate. I shall part with regret from some of my friends at the Navy Yard, but I feel as though delivered from a long imprisonment.

BARRANCAS, FLORIDA, Thursday, March 4, 1869, 11, P.M.

The "Rapidan" is lying at the Barrancas wharf waiting for me to embark, which I propose to do to-morrow afternoon, sailing on Saturday morning at ten o'clock. This steamer, one of

the regular New Orleans and New York line, is a fine one, and I am very glad to have it under my charge. . . . I am turned out of my quarters by Colonel Gibson, wife and four children, who have brought a fine establishment, horses, &c. I am their guest, but have been lately chiefly dining with my Navy Yard friends. Turning over the millions of property for which I am responsible, and attending to the voluminous papers of my command, have prevented me from writing to you before. Soon I shall be near you.

CHAPTER XXI.

FOURTEEN MONTHS AT FORT INDEPENDENCE.

HEADQUARTERS FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON HARBOR,
March 20, 1869.

I TAKE the *first* opportunity of writing to announce my return safely from the far South on Thursday, the 17th inst., in the morning. After eight years of absence from north of "Mason and Dixon's line," I am with you once again. On the 16th of April, 1861, I think it was, I marched to Washington;[1] and, with short intervals, I have been South ever since. . . . On the 6th inst., at ten, A.M., we sailed. I was in command of the transport; and for three days we encountered violent headwinds, which made the voyage to the Tortugas quite uncomfortable.

On the 9th, we reached Tortugas, and, the next morning, took on board four batteries Fifth Artillery, making with mine five; the whole under the command of Brevet Brigadier-General Hill, lieutenant-colonel Fifth Artillery. . . . From the 10th inst. at eight, A.M., when we left Tortugas, till the morning of the 16th, when we anchored off Newport, no accident occurred; and the re-union of comrades in arms was complete.

[1] See letter, p. 87.

In latitude 36° 54′ north, about nine hundred and sixty-nine miles from Tortugas, we — acclimated by so many years of Southern skies, with thin blood and weak muscles — met cold, very cold weather. This has lasted from the 14th till now; and it has "floored" me. I stood to two tours of duty as officer of the day through it all; but, on getting here, I had to take to my berth, though not relinquishing command. . . .

We left Newport the same day of our arrival, and reached Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, on the morning of the 17th. There we left two batteries; and then the steamer landed mine at Fort Independence. . . . At present I am in charge. The fort is a beauty, and the quarters very *recherché;* all modern conveniences. . . . Of all the forts, this is the one I should have chosen; and my rank does not entitle me to it.

HEADQUARTERS FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON HARBOR,
March 21, 1869.

As to the Episcopal Church, I agree with you. My mental vision is so far enlarged (or diminished) that I believe that a person can be good, better, best, and yet belong to any church whatever. It is merely a social question. Therefore join the Episcopalians. There is a chaste beauty about the forms with which they clothe their devotions. I see, however, no real points of difference between the Episcopalians, the "Reformed" Church, and the Presbyterians. I have looked into it; merely different ways of saying the same idea. . . . For eight years, I have attended but few churches; but I am going to make this up, for I think a good church is a good thing. You have my consent to join any church but the Greek: that is too far off; and I want to see you often.

Map of the
VICINITY OF BOSTON.
Engraved for the Boston Guide Book.
MEDFORD
MALDEN
BOSTON
Broad Sound
President's Road
Independence
Deer I.
Apple I.
Bakers Isl.
Thompsons
Long I.
Bakers Beach
Lynn Harbor
Nahant Beach
Egg Rock
Swampscott
Marblehead
Salem
Beverly
Hingham
Hull
Cohasset
Roxbury
Dorchester
Milton
Brookline
Cambridge
Somerville
Charlestown
Chelsea
Revere
Malden
Medford
Arlington
Belmont
Watertown
Newton
Brighton
Mt. Auburn
Fresh Pond
Spy Pond
Mystic Pond
Baconville
South Woburn
Spot Pond
North Village
Centre Village
Meeting House Hill
Powder Horn Hill
Prospect Hill
Bunker Hill
Fort Hill
Beacon Hill
Copps Hill
Dorchester Heights
Jamaica Plain
Roxbury Canal
Boston Harbor
Charles River
Mystic River
Lowell Rail Road
Maine Rail Road
Fitchburg Rail Road
Worcester Rail Road
Providence Rail Road
Old Colony Rail Road
Boston & Lowell Rail Road
Boston & Maine Rail Road
Boston & Worcester Rail Road
Boston & Providence Rail Road
Boston & Roxbury Mill Dam
Boston & Charlestown Bridge
Warren Bridge
Craigie's Bridge
Canal Bridge
Western Avenue
Cambridge Street
Tremont Street
Washington Street
Hanover Street
Commercial Street
Atlantic Ocean

FORT INDEPENDENCE, MASS., April 2, 1869; 9, P.M.

I commenced to-day to read "The Paris Sketch-Book," by Thackeray. Dear, delightful Thackeray! If you have not read all his works, do so. I never had read any of them till two years ago, and those only by chance; and they have opened a new world of feeling and thought and affection to me. Dickens I have never brought myself to like; but Thackeray is to me all that is entertaining.

APRIL 10, 1869.

I am about presenting to the Central Park, at New York, an eagle which I brought from Florida. He is a splendid fellow: I wish you could see him, — a white-headed eagle, "*Falco leucocephalus.*" He stood the cold as badly as did I at first; but now he is more reconciled. The commissioners accepted the gift last week; so you may see him when you visit the park. He was caught at Pensacola, where but few remain.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON HARBOR, May 5, 1869; 12, M.

General William Hayes,[1] the post commander here, assigned some time ago, much to my gratification, has at last relieved me in command. He has been here about a week. He is a gentleman whom I have known for years, and under whose command I am glad to serve. With his arrival, and attending to recruiting under orders to keep my battery up to a certain standard, I have had my time so occupied as to have omitted answering your letter of the 27th April before. I hope that, by the end of this month, I shall be able to run home and see father and mother, which I look forward to with so much pleasure. . . . My eagle reached the Central Park in safety; and the commissioners acknowledged the receipt.

[1] Died at Fort Independence, Sunday, Feb. 7, 1875.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON HARBOR, May 16, 1869; 10, P.M.

The French say, "Les absents ont toujours tort;" and so it seems with my unfortunate self. Circumstances prevent, imperatively prevent, my coming Albany-ward till next month. Yet your spectacles see farther into the matter than my naked eyes; and I am condemned unheard. Hear the other part. I have duties here which it is my interest to perform *now*, and not leave them to the hands of others. On the 1st of June, or very close to that day, I start over to see you all. It will be a great pleasure, I assure you; and it is but a few days off. I feel that my health is better; and yet the weather is so variable that I do not know what a day may bring forth. One day it is ethereal mildness, and another all passion and storm.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON HARBOR, TUESDAY, June 1, 1869.

On Saturday last, I went to Mount Auburn, on the occasion of the decoration of the soldiers' graves. It was a beautiful sight, and, on reflection, I think quite appropriate. The "Grand Army of the Republic" paraded the various posts, and looked very well.

Colonel Lowell's grave was beautifully decorated. As I stood at it all the memories of the past came to me, the many scenes through which we had passed together, and the nobility of character which had attracted so many friends and comrades. . . . Cambridge looked lovely. The excursions around Boston are most charming. The bright May was radiant in exuberant green; and gentle showers lent the diamond spray to complete her beauty.

Ten years ago, I left Cambridge; yet, alas! more than ten years. The usual changes of increasing population were evi-

dent; but the classic repose of the clustered buildings still remained. Old Dane Hall, dingy and respectable as ever, still stood with open door; and many familiar faces I recalled as I passed. But, alas! the troop of young men whose hands I grasped in that bright time are scattered forever; some, yes many, sleep under Southern graves, in bloody vestments; and others are fighting the battle of life in distant States.

DEAR KATE, — I shall leave on the nine, P.M., train Saturday for Albany. This is a sleeping-train; and on Sunday morning I shall be in Albany. Yours of the 2d was received. Love to father and mother. If I leave any earlier, I shall telegraph. Affectionately,

H. S. GANSEVOORT.

MISS KATE GANSEVOORT, *Albany*.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, June 3, Thursday, 9.30, A.M.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON HARBOR, Monday, June 28, 1869.

I enjoyed my visit to Albany exceedingly. . . . On the 25th inst., I was invited by General Benham of Boston, engineer officer (U. S. A.) of the harbor, to accompany him and his daughter to "Class Day" at Harvard. We had a pleasant time, attended an eloquent speech, walked, danced, and witnessed the dance around the old tree by the seniors, and the general scramble by them for the flowers with which the tree was decorated. We had a lovely drive home through Brookline.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON HARBOR, Wednesday, July 7, 1869; 3, P.M.

The "Fourth of July" came on the 5th this year, you know. I celebrated the day by attending the dinner of the "Cincinnati," as an invited guest, at the Parker House. . . . Excellent speeches were made by Hon. A. H. Rice and Rev. Dr. Lothrop

ARROWHEAD, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

of Boston. . . . Very interesting remarks were made by Mr. Palfrey of Massachusetts, and General Lee, in regard to the origin of the society. At 6.30, P.M., we broke up.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON HARBOR, July 16, 1869; Friday, 9, A.M.

I went yesterday to Watertown Arsenal near Boston. . . . In the evening, a dense fog enveloped Boston; and at ten, P.M., I started in a small boat to be rowed over to the fort from South Boston. For three hours did we wander in the impenetrable mist, unable to see an object three feet off, or a light twenty feet away. At last, we, by mere chance, were heard; and signals were made from the island. It was cold, very cold; and I feel the effects of the exposure to-day. The danger of being run over by larger craft was imminent, and also of being carried out by the tide. . . . I am making my appearance in a new *rôle*, having a French class of young ladies. The Lord only knows if fate may not yet make me a dancing-master!

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON, Aug. 17, 1869; 7, P.M.

I have received an invitation to visit Allan's place,[1] and see my old capture in the Leesburgh skirmish, Rouser.[2] I accepted, and was going to run up on the 23d inst. The ball and chain of military service restrains me; for General Hayes is ordered away on the trial of an officer in New York City, and I have to remain in command. Then notice comes that General Sherman, Admiral Porter, and the secretary of the navy, are to inspect the post at the end of this week or beginning of next;

[1] His cousin Allan Melville's place, "Arrowhead," formerly Herman Melville's, in Pittsfield, Mass., about half way to Lenox, on the old, or east, road.

[2] United States property, being captured, and bought by Col. Gansevoort of the United States Government. See letters, p. 199.

ARROWHEAD, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

and I have to receive them, and do the honors. I shall write you an account of it. The trip to Berkshire has to be postponed.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON HARBOR, Aug. 30, 1869; evening, 9 o'clock.

To-morrow I am ordered to Concord, New Hampshire, to attend to an official matter, and shall return the same night. Fortunately, General Hayes returned on Thursday last, the 26th inst.; and on that day we all went up to the Navy Yard, and paid our respects to General Sherman and party, who arrived in the harbor on Wednesday, the 25th, receiving salutes from the two forts and the Navy Yard. General Sherman was staying at Commodore Rodgers's house; and we had a pleasant time there, meeting Admiral Porter and family, Secretary Robeson, and his predecessor Mr. Borie, of the navy, and their families, as well as the attorney-general, Mr. E. R. Hoar. On Friday, the whole party came down, and inspected Forts "Warren" and "Independence." Here they were handsomely received and entertained. . . . The whole party left yesterday for Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

ARROWHEAD, NEAR PITTSFIELD, MASS., Wednesday, Sept. 8, 1869.

I left Boston last Saturday, in company with Mr. Andrews. Allan Melville was absent at Gansevoort;[1] and we were entertained by Mrs. Melville certainly in a very pleasant manner. Mr. Andrews and myself were both accommodated at the house. On Sunday, we attended church in company with the young ladies,

[1] A village in the town of Northumberland, Saratoga County, New York, for fifty years the residence of General Herman Gansevoort, oldest brother of Hon. Peter Gansevoort of Albany; and, at the date of this letter, the residence of his sister, Mrs. Catharine G. Melville.

who seem to be budding after the approved fashion into womanhood. On Monday, we rode in the family wagon to Lenox, visiting many beautiful places. The country looks beautiful. . . .

Allan Melville returned on Tuesday, in company with his sister Augusta, and Dr. Bogert, who are still here, intending to leave, however, on Thursday morning. I too shall take my departure on Thursday or Friday, and shall run over and see my dear father and mother at home, if only for a few hours. . . .

Mr. Lathers and family are here. They have fitted up very handsomely a house opposite Allan Melville's. Mr. Lathers has purchased several hundred acres of land, and seems to regard it with affectionate interest. The views from his house are superb. He is a sagacious man, who has retired from business, and devotes his time and means to the cultivation of the sympathy of nature, which, after all, affords the only joys that never pall.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON, Oct. 14, 1869.

To-day we have been firing salutes for the late President Pierce, — thirteen guns at sunrise, one every half-hour till sunset, and thirty-seven at that hour. Thirteen pounds of powder are fired from each piece; and, as the pieces are ten-inch guns, they make a loud report. To-morrow, weather permitting, I shall have my annual practice with artillery. We are to fire the fifteen-inch gun, the ten-inch gun, and the thirteen-inch mortar.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON HARBOR, Nov. 15, 1869; Monday.

I returned yesterday from attendance on the funeral of General Wool, at Troy, New York. On Friday, the 12th, we were ordered to proceed with the disposable men to Troy, and on the

same evening left the fort by tug, and by cars from Boston. . . . At 7.30, on the morning of the 13th, we left East Albany for Troy, proceeding to the Arsenal at West Troy, for the purpose of rendezvous. There other batteries of artillery, acting as infantry, met us; and we marched, in a cloud of dust, to the cemetery, some seven miles.

Arrived there, we had the satisfaction of hearing a militia regiment fire a very poor volley over the grave of General Wool, which must have roused the old fellow from his last, long sleep, if "in *his* ashes burned their wonted fires;" and then we marched back again, returning to Troy at half-past six, and taking the eight o'clock train for Boston, where, after two nights of unrest, we arrived yesterday morning. I sent my men over by small boats from South Boston, and soon followed them. I had with me three officers; but, during the procession, I was in command of the division of the Fifth Artillery; General Haskin, lieutenant-colonel of the First Artillery, who lost an arm in Mexico, commanding the battalion of the First and Fifth. I should have telegraphed to you that I was coming, had my departure not been so sudden. As it was, I thought you would be there any way.

DEAR KATE, — Shall try and start on Friday night so as to spend Christmas at home. Affectionately,

HENRY.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 23, 1869.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 31, 1869; 7, P.M.

I found a beautiful day heralding my arrival in Boston, and my return to the granite walls of Fort Independence. All was well, with one exception; and that was a sad one to me, and

illustrates how unstable are all human affairs. You may remember that a surgeon had reported for duty just before I left. I presumed he had no higher rank than I; but on my return I found that he was my senior in rank. This insures, you know, if you are conversant with army rules, his right to the selection of quarters. Of course, I having the best quarters, he takes mine; and I in turn can turn out a junior; and so on. Well, out I must go; and in this you have an illustration of the fact that in the army one cannot be sure of the roof over his head. I regret to have to move; but as my evictor has a wife and two children, and a pretty sister, I can at least be gratified by the feeling that I am conducing to domestic happiness. A virtue of necessity!

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 17, 1870; 9, P.M.

The guns have just ceased firing the requiem of Stanton, whose memory, in our electric age, will soon be forgotten; and I am about going to my lonely couch, to indulge in troubled dreams.

JAN. 21, 1870.

Such pictures, to the ordinary mind, have more charm in the story they tell, and in the feelings they evoke, than in any purely artistic merit they possess. For that matter, the copy is as good as the original. . . . The influence of association is the most powerful of the many means by which the mind is affected through the senses; with music eminently so, but not much the less with pictures. Does not your picture recall the days of infancy and innocence, of a mother's tender care, and a father's anxious solicitude; of the happy, joyous glide along the stream of life, and the sunshine of light-footed hours now no more?

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON, Jan. 29, 1870; 9, P.M.

I have just returned from Portland. . . . On the afternoon of Wednesday, I left, with my battery, and joined a battery from Fort Adams, Newport, and two from Fort Warren, at India Wharf, Boston, and left at seven, P.M., on the steamer for Portland, to help bury Mr. Peabody; whose remains are on board "The Monarch," a double-turretted man-of-war, at that time lying in Portland Harbor. As we had our regimental band with us, we had a very pleasant time on the trip, and, the next morning, awoke in Portland Harbor.

We steamed over on a tug to Fort Preble, and there disembarked and quartered. I was invited to become the guest of General Hill, the commanding officer; and the other officers were taken care of. Here, then, on this little point of land, we were destined to stay nearly a week. Before leaving Boston, I met with an accident to my left foot, which became quite lame, so as to prevent my walking except with difficulty. . . . I began to think that it wasn't so pleasant to be *hors de combat* among a lot of live officers; but I concluded to remain a short time longer. The next day, the 28th, we all went off to "The Monarch," the English man-of-war, to see the remains of the great rich man laid out in state. The vessel lay just off the fort; and she is an admirable specimen of naval architecture. We went all over her, and verified for ourselves the accounts of her given in the papers.

We then visited one of the American monitors, and afterwards all went to the city. Owing to my game foot, I broke down, and had to return to the fort. The other officers staid in the city, and were handsomely entertained. Feeling like the fifth wheel of a coach, I determined to return to Boston. Gen-

eral Hill and the others wouldn't hear of it; but I was resolved to return, and return I did by the 8.40 train this morning. My foot is quite bad; and I am going to keep still. I like the Portland people. . . .

FEB. 3, 1870; 10, P.M.

My battery has returned. My foot is well. I went yesterday to Watertown Arsenal, and spent the night with Captain Michaelis,[1] whom you may remember as a young officer of ordnance in Albany some years ago. I was intensely bored by the obsequies of Peabody, and was glad to get away with a good excuse, a lame foot, which, by the way, was a very sore affair. I do not believe in travelling about the country on such errands.

FEB. 9, 1870; 7, P.M.

I returned this morning from the funeral of Mr. Peabody, who, thank the gods, is at last deposited in his mother earth. On Monday we got the notice; and on Tuesday, at daybreak, we started for "Peabody," late Danvers, where the venerated remains were lying in state, and had been for some time thus occupied. On the same train with the prince,[2] we reached the town, and were quartered in a church for several hours, till a heavy, very heavy snow-storm commenced, which seemed to be the appropriate signal for the march to the town with the venerated remains.

The troops having been drawn up in two lines, and the proper salutes having been paid to the hero whose *military* career has awakened the enthusiasm of two friendly and puissant nations, amid the discharge of artillery, and the howlings of as severe a snow-storm as I ever saw, we set off at a snail-like, funereal pace

[1] See p. 64. [2] Prince Arthur.

through drifting snow to the cemetery. This we reached; and, after standing in melting slush for some time, we marched back. The hospitality of the citizens cared well for us, and we went to the dépôt to take the train to Boston; but the storm had blocked the roads, and for hours no cars arrived.

At six, P.M., however, we got a train, and were until 11.30, P.M., travelling sixteen miles back to Boston. There, wet to the skin, we were well taken care of at the armory of the National Lancers. I did not sleep, although invited to a hotel. This morning, at nine o'clock, we returned to the fort. We had our band and four batteries at Peabody, and had a hard time. I saw the prince, and liked his looks.

FEB. 13, 1870; 7, P.M.

Your letter is dated the day of our famous snow-march at Peabody. In consequence of the extra fatigue, the diphtheria broke out on our return; and I have twelve men in the hospital down with it. The doctor feared that two would die; but they have not yet proved his prophecy true. Worst of all, my trouble is diphtheria, which is epidemic. I am suffering from it, but think it will pass away soon. I shall write, or have some one write, if it is at all serious. I regard it as a very bad cold, and differ with the doctor in his diagnosis.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON, MASS., Saturday, March 5, 1870; 9, P.M.

We are hard at work, studying the signal system of the army and navy. It is admirably arranged. Each officer has to be versed perfectly in it. When I visit home again, I shall explain it to you. . . . Next summer you must come and see me, if I have to go after you. . . . Lieutenant Lee, of our regiment, died of diphtheria week before last. . . . There is some report

of my going to Fort Monroe, as professor of law at the military school there.

WEDNESDAY, March 9, 1870; 6, P.M.

Last night, I went to a ball in Boston, at the St. James Hotel. It commenced at nine; and I danced every time till I left. General Foster of the engineers is a guest at that hotel, and has repeatedly invited me to the balls which are there given every two weeks. This was the last of the season, and the only one I attended. General Foster commanded one of the *corps d'armée* during the war, and was a very distinguished officer. . . . After supper, I left, although the ball continued till dawn, I suppose. I am too old a bird to run things to extremes now. I saw a number of Boston's beauties and heiresses. . . . It is pleasant, you know, to bask in the rays of the sun, but dangerous to get too near that luminary.

MARCH 27, 1870; 9, P.M.

I go now weekly to a French club in Boston. We have reading, music, and a supper. I have met some very pleasant people. It meets at different houses; and I enjoy it much. It is a full-dress affair, and all speak French.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, MASS., April 10, 1870; 9, P.M.

I did not go to Troy,[1] and am glad of it. Such performances are not to my taste. I regret, though, that, when the late lamented Burlinghame gets here, we shall be called on. It is reported that we are to have a summer campaign after the Fenians, who are threatening to invade Canada.

APRIL 25, 1870; 8, P.M.

I am at present engaged in enlisting men, as the terms of service of a large number of my men expire very soon. This,

[1] To attend a military funeral.

and the expectation of soon moving against the Fenians, keeps me at my post. But "it is an ill wind," &c.; for, were it not for the threatening Fenians, we should be hurried off to the impending Indian war in the West. . . . I have received an invitation to go into the Persian army, with a good command; and, if my health is re-instated, I may yet write a page of Eastern romance.

MAY 5, 1870; 9, P.M.

As to the Persian army, you know they have border wars, and expect yet to resist the approach of European influence. They are getting up a fine establishment; and I may yet (though at present I do not very seriously entertain the idea) go there. . . . I send you a paper giving an account of the prize drill of the Boston High School. It was a great time. I was called on for a speech; but my tongue does not wag in the army.

Last evening, I went to the meeting of the "Military Order of the Loyal Legion," at Parker's in Boston. The hall was beautifully decorated; and, after the meeting, there was a fine supper. No speeches, of course. . . . There is a commandery in each State; and I have just transferred from the Pennsylvania to the Massachusetts Commandery.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON HARBOR, MASS., May 15, 1870.

The season "hastens slowly" towards summer; and, indeed, to-day has been like a July day. Now we make up for the desolation of our winter; and truly the water is a source of perpetual delight. The rise and fall of the tide is at least ten feet; and the ever-changing appearance of the waves — now disturbed by the slightest ripple, and then lashed to fury by some easterly storm — is always interesting. . . . General Hayes is absent at

New York, on court-martial; and I am therefore in command here. To-morrow we receive General Canby,[1] lately commanding Virginia, who is *en route* to Oregon. We shall have a salute of thirteen guns.

[1] Killed by the Modoc Indians, April 11, 1873.

CHAPTER XXII.

ELEVEN MONTHS; SIX AT FORT INDEPENDENCE, AND FIVE ON LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON, MASS., May 25, 1870; 2.30, P.M.

I WRITE in haste to say that I have just got orders to leave with my battery for the Canadian frontier. . . . We leave at six, P.M., to-day.

ST. ALBANS, VERMONT, May 27, 1870; Friday, 6, P.M.

Last night, with the turf for my pillow, I took my first rest in the Green Mountain State. On the 25th, as I wrote you, I left with my command, and travelled in a passenger car for about two hundred and sixty miles from Boston to this point; most of the time "working the way," as railroad men express it. In other words, we had to get out of the way of all regular trains, freight and passenger trains alike; in fact, we had a special train without "the right of the road." Consequently it took about twenty-four hours, long and sleepless hours, to accomplish what should have been done in ten.

Reports of the "Finnegans" were many, *en route;* but we saw nothing to betoken that War had *wrinkled* his "horrid front" in our advance. We got to St. Albans about four, P.M.,

yesterday, the 26th; and I immediately went into camp near the railroad dépôt with my battery. The whole town was full of strange-looking men in Falstaffian garb, of which green was the predominant color. Some carried fire-arms, and some sabres; and we became fully aware that we were in the midst of the knights of Erin "thirsting for the fray."

St. Albans is a beautiful town of about four thousand people, in the county of the same name, and near Lake Champlain. It is near a number of Vermont watering-places, and in a fine and fertile section of the country. . . . Here is the great cheese and butter centre; and here is the body of the grand army of Fenian invasion, east of the upper extremity of Lake Champlain.

I reported to General Arnold, commanding about forty men, who had preceded us, and moved up to a camp in the midst of the town. Soon the *tentes d'abri* were pitched, and we were reviving reminiscences of the late war.

Batteries L and I of our regiment arrived soon after, and together we formed a battalion. The twilight is long in this latitude (above the 48th parallel), and we had plenty of time to make ourselves as comfortable as the soldier could expect to be. The night was cold, but we bundled up and slept, badly, I confess; for I expected, after my loss of rest the night before, that I could sleep on the edge of a board. The challenge of the sentinels and the watch-cries of the guard, however, roused us from each fresh slumber, and made us watch for the dawn.

In the mean time there were several hundred Fenians in the town, and many more in the vicinity. They looked at us fiercely; and I confess that if we had had to resort to arms they would not only have greatly outnumbered us, but would have found many sympathizers among the Irish soldiers in our ranks. Yet

all went well through the night. I got acquainted with General Foster, the United States marshal of the State, a thorough good man. He seized O'Neal, the Fenian leader, in the very midst of his army and in the crisis of a battle, on the 24th instant. All this you have read in the papers. Yet I may give you some account of the fight. Enough to say that we rose with the sun to-day, and have been in camp, taking it easy, and waiting for something to turn up.

It is surprising how events lengthen our appreciation of the lapse of time! It seems as if I had been here a week. All yesterday and to-day the Fenians have been in groups in the streets, talking over their discomfiture of day before yesterday. Many left on the trains last night. This morning, a force of several hundred marched out to their rendezvous; and General Foster estimates them at ten thousand in this vicinity or able to assemble at this point.

They are sadly demoralized and disheartened. They have numbers, courage almost to despair, and organization; all they lack is a leader of sufficient ability to unite and head them. Mosby has been in the town to-day. He was to have commanded the cavalry as soon as the force of Fenians in Canada justified it; but, alas! his dream in this quarter must be over. About two hundred and fifty Fenians have just marched past our camp *en route* to the dépôt, and all are scattering.

Our presence here keeps the town from pillage, and I suppose we shall stay till they have all flown. A strong force has been sent to arrest the leaders of the party, and bring them to this dépôt. About three hours ago one of our batteries left for Franklin, some eighteen miles from here and near the border. In all we had but a force of two hundred men. Three batteries

are yet here. General Meade arrives to-night. What our next move shall be, I know not. Of one thing rest assured: the Fenians have no chance in Canada. They are divided among themselves; and, even if they should be successful in several battles, they could not hold any advantage.

MALONE, N.Y, May 28, 1870; 4, P.M.

Yesterday afternoon in twenty minutes our tents were folded like those of the Arabs, and we marched away to the railroad for Malone, and here we are! The cause of this was, that a battle had been fought on the border between the contestants; and as there were no troops at Malone, the base of the Fenians, they had taken possession of the place, and were behaving badly. They had been worsted in the battle, or rather skirmish, if it even might be honored with such a title, and consequently were demoralized sadly.

To this point, some five hours' ride across Lake Champlain, was I ordered with two batteries in command; but no sooner had I reached the cars than a special train arrived with General Hunt and ten companies. I therefore accompanied him, and met a number of my friends among the officers. I had expected to have a good sleep, but, alas! I was disappointed: there was no sleep to favor my nervous eyelids, and at 12.30, A.M., to-day we got to Malone. About one o'clock I got my men into an old billiard alley, and by two I lay down on the soft side of a pine floor, and sought sleep, but it came not. The sun shone into my sleepless face, and I rose, and went forth to find more suitable quarters.

Even in the early morning the streets were filled with sleeping and waking Fenians, some in the "national" green, and

some in the rebel gray. For two hours I sought the sheriff and the marshal, and at last got quarters for my men in the chief hall of the town, "King's Hall," an old-fashioned but comfortable place. Hither they marched after they had taken their morning coffee; and, they being disposed of, I sought a place to divest myself of my three-days-old apparel, got breakfast, orders for the day, &c., and then took my ease as best I could.

The day is beautiful, and the only feature of interest is to be found in the groups of Fenians in the squares. Some officers have crossed to the Canada border (sixteen miles distant), and met Colonel Bagot and other regular officers there. The Canadians have about two thousand troops at this point, and the Fenians some fifteen hundred scattered about. . . .

I am informed that the advance of the Fenians at these points is merely in the nature of a diversion, and that the real point of attack is the Red River or Winnepeg country or some nearer point, with a view to intercepting the Canadian expedition to Winnepeg. This only can account for the continuance of the Fenians in the vicinity of their repulses, and would be a line of operation worthy of their abilities. It is said, in fact, that they are massing in the west; but reports are contradictory. . . . I am sitting up in the railroad tower writing this. General Gleason and other prominent Fenians are in town. . . . General Meade and General McDowell are expected here to-night.

MALONE, N.Y., June 3, 1870, Friday afternoon.

In the course of an hour we shall be whirling away for St. Albans with the expectation of reaching Boston to-morrow at break of day. Since reaching here last Friday night we have had strange and eventful experiences. . . . I shall content my-

self with giving you some account of my personal adventures. . . . Sunday was an exciting day, the streets being filled with Fenians clad in green, many of them carrying arms. Nothing occurred, however, worthy of remark, as their defeat in the skirmish of Trout River had quieted the belligerent wearers of the green.

On Monday a change in the policy of the government was evident; and as ten batteries of United States troops (five of the Fifth and five of the First Artillery) were concentrated here, the United States marshals commenced to seize the Fenian leaders as fast as possible, and to confine them under military guard. Arms and ammunition too began to be seized, and a general scheme of detachment of officers and forces to different points commenced. My rank, fortunately, saved me from going out to seize men or materials, and I simply looked on from my hotel. My usual duties, though, and the excitement, gave me but little sleep.

Mr. King, one of the magnates of the place, invited me to his mansion, a modern structure, where till to-day I have occupied a fine room, my men being quartered in the public hall belonging to my host. . . .

On Tuesday, Major Randolph and I proceeded to the scene of the late skirmish in order to officially settle the asserted fact that the pickets of the British were established inside of our lines. After riding twelve miles we came to the iron post marking the boundary, and found the English pickets all right. A pleasant half-day was spent with the British officers, examining the batteries and troops. I found them a right jolly set of fellows; and we enjoyed ourselves in the discussion of politics, Canada ale, and camp supplies. I got a map of the skirmish of

W. S. Gansevoort U.S.A

Trout River, if skirmish it can be called, and enclose it. I also send you a Canadian shinplaster, showing the force of bad example. . . .

The Fenian leaders in the mean time were sent off with two of our companies. I found among them several chaps from Albany, but I did not let them know that I hailed from there. . . . I contented myself with sending them a bottle of whiskey to relieve the tedium of confinement, for which they were doubly grateful.

Last Wednesday night, as I was officer of the day, I was up till morning receiving the boxes of ammunition and arms captured along the border by our detachments. It reminded me of war times to see the long trains of wagons coming in from all points, and the lines of soldiers. Each afternoon we have had "dress parade" *ad nauseam*, to the great admiration of the people. Last night we had a "hop" at the hotel, and to-day all the companies left except Randolph's and my own; and now I close by saying that I hasten to depart.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON, June 4, 1870; 2, P.M.

I have just got back to Fort Independence, covered with dust and glory; the glory rather pinchbeck, but the dust genuine. In a short campaign we have traversed nearly a thousand miles, and had a certain kind of experience which is hard to be obtained except in the military way. A solitary Fenian remained at Malone, and just before we started stood quietly, girded with sabre, at the late Fenian headquarters, his green uniform contrasting with the gleams from his drawn steel, and his martial bearing attracting the attention of all. After we left, others may have come forth from their hiding-places; but this was the last rep-

resentative of the threatening hordes that had swarmed along the border. As the Fenians left, they gave three cheers for the regular officers, and denounced their own with vengeance.

They left with considerable order and decency, liquor having been prohibited them; but I am told that at Rome, N.Y., a bayonet charge was necessary to quiet them. I met across the line in the British camp, a Captain D——, whose sister I met at Mrs. P——'s winter before last, and noticed the striking resemblance between himself and his sister. He was a deuced fine fellow.

I met at Malone, tell father, a Mr. Mead, an old gentleman who seemed to live in the long ago. He knew father when he was sent on a commission by Governor Clinton to examine into claims for slain *wolves*. Strange that father and son should be sent, at an interval of half a century, on much the same errand to the same place, the one in a civil and the other in a military capacity.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON, MASS., June 9, 1870; 9, P.M.

My health is very much improving; and, if it continues to improve, I trust I shall next year be able to take that "leave," and be with you for longer than lately. I find by my recent trip that the air of the interior is more suitable to my constitution than that of the seaboard.

JUNE 25, 1870; 10, P.M.

I have been appointed adjutant-general of the seacoast defences of New England. "Vox," &c.

JULY 14, 1870; 11, P.M.

Have just returned from a moonlight row, having taken back to South Boston several young ladies who came over to visit the Fort. They were charming and full of flirtation. We have had

Peter Gansevoort.

several excursions to the Fort this summer. Yesterday all the officers but myself went to the dedication of a soldiers' monument at Cambridge. They had a good time, but I am too old now for "side shows."

FORT INDEPENDENCE, MASS., Aug. 24, 1870, 8, P.M.

On the 17th I was taken down with a severe cold and fever. . . . My cook nursed me beautifully, and I am now "out of the woods," and shall go out to-morrow. It is pretty hard to be sick in such beautiful weather; yet after all it is so damp and changeable here that it is unhealthy. Yesterday I had to have a fire.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1870, P.M.

Your last letters have been received, but I have not been able to answer. I am now much better, and the doctor says that in a few days I can go home.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1870.[1]

I received your letter yesterday, and shall not be on as soon as I expected. I am still sick in bed; I have the bronchitis, and a slow fever, with some touches of neuralgia. I am taken care of quite well, and I hope soon to be out of bed. There is no necessity of coming on. . . .

SEPTEMBER 11, 1870.

I am much better to-day. The doctor thinks that in about a week I shall be able to go home. Do not think of coming on, for I am doing well. I will write you if any change takes place.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1870.

The doctor calls my fever the "intermittent." It was on me all last night, but to-day I have been quite easy, and free from

[1] The following letters are in the handwriting of an amanuensis, — C. H. Rouse, Battery E, Fifth Artillery.

it. It is particularly aggravating on account of the bronchitis, as when the fever is on I have great difficulty in breathing. The bronchitis is much better. I have been well taken care of, and what strength I have has been kept up pretty well.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1870.

I am glad to say that I am better, though still very weak, and confined of course to my bed. This is the thirteenth day I have been on my back, my present sickness being a relapse of the one I had in August.[1] About the middle of that month, I contracted the bronchitis; caused, perhaps, by the great changes of temperature on this island in the sea. I did not know what it was, and kept fighting it off till the end of August, being confined to my bed ten days in that month. I had then a little fever, but it only showed itself at intervals, and not severely. On the 1st of September, after having previously exposed myself by going to Boston, I was taken violently ill, and since then have been on my back. My whole left lung became very sore, and breathing through the left bronchial tube became difficult.

I then commenced treatment, and found a severe form of "intermittent fever" accompanying the bronchitis. . . . The doctor says it is the old "malarial fever" I had several times in the South, re-exhibiting itself. . . . A number of my men have been taken down with the same fever. I shall lose one of my best sergeants by discharge on account of consumption, in a few days. The winds are so fearfully high here, and the changes so sudden from dry to moist, that before you can prepare for the change you are chilled through and through. . . . The tem-

[1] After his return from a trip to Newport, R.I.

perature of Boston is entirely different, and you feel the difference on returning therefrom. . . .

The doctor thinks I shall be able to get up next Saturday, but cannot tell when I shall be strong enough to go home. My nerves are too weak to read or write; but one of my men, who writes this, reads to me together with others. The last time I wrote to Kate myself did me harm, but I feared some one would come, which I did not want. . . . Thank Abe for his willingness to come on and help me; but I would rather see him here when I get well.

On the 26th of September, Colonel Gansevoort telegraphed to Albany for a friend to come immediately to Fort Independence, and accompany him home. This devoted friend, who had once before taken the same journey on the same errand, was unable to go, and another went in his stead; and he reached Albany and home soon after in safety, but in a very feeble condition.

On the 25th of November, when on the eve of starting with another friend to return to the fort for a final adjustment of his affairs, official and personal, he wrote with his own hand letters of deep tenderness to his mother and sister, and to his father a touching letter, from which we forbear to make any extracts. In these letters he speaks with decision of the necessity of an immediate resignation of his commission on account of the imminent danger to his health from a longer residence at the sea-coast, stating it as a question of life and death.

His next two letters, dated at Nassau, New Providence, Dec. 25 and 26, both written with his own hand, are his last.[1]

[1] He wrote at the same time to his father and mother.

Both are addressed to his sister; both tell of suffering, weakness, and discomfort; both are written in a sweet, sad, minor key which reveals an instinctive foreboding of the end; and both call pleadingly that much loved and most devoted sister to his side. She promptly obeyed the summons, and devoted to him every hour of her life while his lasted; tended him by day, and watched him by night, slept upon his state-room floor on the homeward passage, ministered to all his wants, caught with quick ear his feeble parting words, and received his dying breath, ere they had reached that home for which he yearned so ardently.[1]

He entered into rest after so much suffering endured with patience and fortitude, five days after his arrival from Nassau by the steamer "Moro Castle," on the morning of the 12th of April, 1871, on board the Hudson River steamboat "Drew," opposite Rhinebeck.

As the circumstances which surrounded him faded away, dying, he said, "I commend my spirit to God and his Son, to whom all may come." . . . He smiled, seemed very calm and happy, sent kind messages to his parents and friends, and breathed back his soul to God who gave it, in the comfort of a reasonable faith and holy hope, in charity with the world, and in peace with all mankind.

For two months he had sat looking steadfastly at all moments into the eyes of death, — he, too, who had seen death upon the battle-field in all its shapes, who had been often face to face with its terrors and solemnities; and he bore himself with piety and trust and simplicity of heart through all. Weak, so weak that his voice was audible only to the ear of sisterly affection, he yet talked calmly for an hour or two, until, soon after mid-

[1] A kind friend had met them in New York, and accompanied them to Albany.

night, the faint last struggle was ended, and all the hopes and efforts and often foiled endeavors of six and thirty years lay hushed in death.

So passed away a true and noble soldier, who had been the most devoted and unselfish of sons and brothers; chivalrous and tender towards his mother, loving and confiding to his sister, and devoted with almost a daughter's reverence and affection to his aged father. Fidelity to his country and to his friends was his marked characteristic; and it may be truly said of him that he was—

> "Lofty and sour to those who loved him not,
> But to the men that sought him true and sweet as summer."

APPENDIX.

ON the twelfth day of December, 1843, Colonel Gansevoort's father, Peter Gansevoort, then a widower, married Susan Lansing, youngest daughter of the late Abraham G. Lansing, of Albany. She took to her heart his two motherless children, and gave them the love of an own mother, sharing with them the sorrows and joys of childhood, and making their riper years happy by doing all in her power to aid and comfort them; and gained in return their purest love and confidence, proving always their best friend and adviser.

Proud of this dear son whom she loved with all a mother's tenderness, it was with the deepest sorrow that she mourned his early death, having expected and hoped that he would be her stay down the vale of years; for he always gave her a chivalrous and devoted love, and was proud of the noble, pure, unselfish woman who had been the guide of his youth and the companion of his manhood, and who brought to him in his waning strength a heart overflowing with sympathy and tenderness.

Called from his earthly labor so soon, Colonel Gansevoort was spared the pain of surviving that dear mother, whose presence had made the home of his childhood so bright that in his later years it seemed a haven of rest, where he hoped to find repose in the shelter of her love.

The last eight years of Mrs. Gansevoort's life were years of patient and unwearied care of her invalid husband, who still survives, feeble in body, but with faculties of mind unclouded, patient and brave after the loss of such a wife and such a son, a spectator of the busy world where he moved so long as a conspicuous actor, calmly awaiting the summons to rejoin those who have gone before him.

The following tribute to Mrs. Gansevoort's memory, from the pen of one who knew her long and well, is free from flattery, for each word is true. K.

[From "The Argus," Albany, Oct. 31, 1874.]

A NOBLE LIFE.

DIED. — On Wednesday morning, Oct. 28, 1874, very suddenly, SUSAN LANSING, beloved wife of Peter Gansevoort.

It was "early in the morning, while it was yet dark," and as in "the old time before us" when the dear Lord "appeared unto the holy women," that he came now; and his angels, "as she slept," peacefully bore into Paradise the spirit of our beloved friend, there "to be forever with the Lord."

As I think of her faith in the promises, of her hope which never faltered, and of her charity which thought no evil, I thank God for her noble, unselfish life, her untiring patience, her equal, loving temper, her womanly pride in and love for her husband and children; that she was the head around which centred a large and influential family circle, and that she was the truest and most unchanging friend. Her peaceful end was the crowning glory of her noble life; and all through that last night on earth she must have heard the voices of the countless multitude saying, "Come up hither;" and the "morning stars sang together" for very joy, as it brought her loving soul —

"Nearer, my God, to thee."

A. P. P.

Hon. PETER GANSEVOORT.

Died. — At his residence in this city, on Tuesday, the 4th inst., Peter Gansevoort, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. — *Albany newspapers of 5th January*, 1876.

A sketch of the life and character of the late Peter Gansevoort was given in "The Albany Argus" of January 7, which, with some additions, appeared in "The Albany Evening Journal" of the next day. The two form the basis of the following notice: —

GEN. PETER GANSEVOORT.

The late Peter Gansevoort was of purely Dutch lineage, as his family name, as well as that of his mother (Van Schaick), clearly indicates. The family was from Groningen, in Holland, and numbered among its members the celebrated John Wessel Gansevoort (known in his day as Wessel), who was a leader in the pre-Reformation movement in Holland, and ranked among the most learned men of his time. He was an intimate friend in early life of Thomas à Kempis, studied at several of the great schools of Europe, and was offered and declined a professorship at Heidelberg. At Paris he was the instructor of two men who became very famous, Reuchlin and Agricola, and subsequently visited Rome when Sixtus IV. was pope. He had been on intimate terms with Sixtus when the latter was Superior General of the Franciscans. It is related that he was asked by Sixtus what favor he could do for him. Wessel asked for a Greek and Hebrew Bible from the Vatican Library. "You shall have it," said the Pope; "but what a simpleton you are! Why did you not ask for a bishopric, or something of that kind?" — "Because

I do not want it," replied Wessel; a reply characteristic of his high tone and independent spirit.

On religious subjects his views were broad and deep, and he promulgated with boldness the doctrines of the Reformation forty years in advance of Luther, who held his character and attainments in high esteem, and published an edition of part of his works.

His name (retained by the family in this country) is reverenced at Groningen, his native city, where, in 1862, an ancient tablet to his memory was restored by the authorities of the city, and placed in the large church with demonstrations of public regard.

Judge Gansevoort's ancestors were among the early Dutch settlers of this city, when the colony was known as New Netherland. Many of its members will be found named in our colonial and city annals as occupying official positions of respectability and influence.

The name became historic through Colonel, afterwards General, Peter Gansevoort of the Revolution, known as the hero of Fort Stanwix, who was the father of the deceased. He was born in Albany in 1748, where Stanwix Hall now stands, and died in his native city in 1812, at the age of sixty-three years. On July 2, 1775, he was appointed by Congress a major in the Second New York Regiment. In August of that year he joined the army which invaded Canada under Montgomery; in March, 1776, he was made lieutenant-colonel, and November 21, colonel of the regiment. In July, 1776, he was colonel commanding at Fort George, on Lake George. In April, 1777, he took command of Fort Stanwix, on the present site of Rome (afterwards called Fort Schuyler), and made a most gallant defence of the post against the British under St. Leger, which was the first blow to their great scheme to sever New York from the residue of the confederacy, and, by thus preventing the co-operation of that officer with Burgoyne, contributed most essentially to the great and decisive victory at Saratoga. For this gallant defence, the thanks of Congress were voted to Colonel Gansevoort.

In the spring of 1779 he was ordered to join Sullivan in the Western expedition. At the head of a chosen party from the army, he distinguished himself by surprising — by the celerity of his movements — the lower Mohawk castle, and capturing all the Indian inhabitants. In 1781 the State of New York appointed him a brigadier-general. He afterwards filled a number of important offices, among which was Commissioner of Indian Affairs and for fortifying the frontiers. He was also military agent and a brigadier-general in the United States Army in 1809, sheriff of Albany County from 1790 to 1792, a regent of the University from 1808 to the time of his death, and one of the first board of directors of the New York State Bank in 1803.

His son Peter Gansevoort, the subject of this notice, was born in Albany, December 22, 1789; graduated at the College of New Jersey, at Princeton; afterwards attended the celebrated Litchfield Law School; read law in the office of Harmanus Bleecker, and was admitted to the bar about 1811.

His practice was for many years very considerable, and he ranked among the prominent members of the profession.

He acted for some time as private secretary of Governor DeWitt Clinton, and then on his military staff as judge advocate general from 1819 to 1821. In 1830 and 1831 he was a member of the Assembly, and then a senator for four years, from 1833 to 1836 inclusive.

In all matters of public interest he took an active part, and was thoroughly attached to all that concerned his native city. He was a trustee of the Albany Academy for fifty years, and for twenty years was chairman of the board. In 1840 he was one of a committee, with Stephen Van Rensselaer, John A. Dix, and others, to organize the Albany Cemetery Association, and to select grounds for the cemetery. He was a trustee of the cemetery until his death, and took a warm interest in the arranging and beautifying of the grounds.

For many years he was a director of the New York State Bank, and occupied other positions of official trust. Although his military service was short, he took a warm interest throughout life in military matters.

Among the public positions held by General Gansevoort was that of first judge of the county courts of Albany County from 1843 to 1847, the duties of which office he discharged with great fidelity, and to the entire satisfaction of the legal profession and the public.

General Gansevoort, in 1833, married Mary Sanford, a daughter of the Hon. Nathan Sanford, Chancellor of this State, and subsequently United States Senator; one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her day. By this marriage he had four children, two of whom died in infancy. A third, the late Brigadier-General Henry Sanford Gansevoort of the United States Army, who entered the war of the Rebellion as a private in the celebrated Seventh New York, afterwards commanded a regiment, rose to the rank of brevet brigadier-general, and died in 1871. The other, a daughter, now the wife of Abraham Lansing, Esq., of this city, and whose noble devotion to her father during his last long and lingering illness is beyond all praise.

Mrs. Gansevoort died in 1841; and Judge Gansevoort in December, 1843, married Miss Susan Lansing, a daughter of the late Abraham G. Lansing of this city, a woman of noble heart and rare excellence of character, who died in October, 1874.

Judge Gansevoort carried marked traits of his ancestry with him through life, and was a most thorough representative of the Dutch element of our city. He was the very embodiment of high-souled honor and integrity, pure in private life, and devotedly attached to his country and its institutions. On more than one occasion he visited the countries of the Old World in search of health and instruction, but always returned home with his love for his own government strengthened by comparison with those abroad. He

was a man of courtly manners and commanding presence, and in society genial and engaging. His kind heart and generous impulses made him a favorite with all classes of men. He lived without enemies, and no one is left of all who knew him who does not mourn his death and honor his memory.

The illness of General Gansevoort was long and trying; but he retained his mental powers to the last, and sank quietly and peacefully to his rest, just as his country had entered on the centennial year of its independence, in achieving which his father had rendered such important service.

His funeral took place on Saturday, the eighth day of January, 1876, and was very largely attended by public officers, as well as by family friends and citizens.

The officers of the Albany Burgesses Corps, with the patriotic spirit which marks that organization, attended in military undress as a guard of honor; and the cadets of the Albany Academy, to the number of nearly one hundred, were also present in their drill uniform.

Religious services were performed at the house by the Rev. Dr. Clark of the North Dutch (Reformed) Church, of which church the deceased was a member in communion; and the remains were conveyed to that cemetery for which he had done so much. P.

The following tributes to the memory of the Hon. Peter Gansevoort, selected from those offered by the several public bodies of which he was a member, are here presented, for special reasons which may appear on perusal. Formal and deficient in individual interest as resolutions of this sort too often are, there is in this case a depth of meaning, which finds expression, perhaps, in simplicity and quiet reserve. To all who cherish his memory they will be precious; to others, unobtrusive, and, it is hoped, not uninteresting.

ADOPTED AT A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE ALBANY ACADEMY, HELD APRIL 11, 1876.

For more than fifty years General PETER GANSEVOORT was a member of this board. For twenty-one years, and until the time of his death, he was its presiding officer. While he had health, no member of the board was more active for the welfare of the school. After disease had rendered impossible his attendance at the meetings of the board, trustees and teachers still received frequent assurances of his unabated interest in all that concerned the welfare of the Academy. But a few months ago this interest led him to endow the medal which bears his name.

In recording his death, the board wish to give expression to their sense of their own loss of an esteemed friend, the Academy's loss of a wise counsellor and a faithful trustee, and the city's loss of a most honorable and valued citizen.

To his family and his immediate friends, the trustees of the Academy wish to send assurance of sympathy and of great regard.

By unanimous vote of the board.

MERRIL E. GATES, *Clerk.*

[From the "Albany Morning Times," January 8, 1876.]

TO ACADEMY BOYS.

The members of the Academic Department of the Albany Academy meet at the Academy at a quarter to one o'clock to-day, to attend the funeral services of the Hon. Peter Gansevoort, for fifty years a member of the board of trustees, and for the last twenty its presiding officer. The battalion will appear in citizens' dress; and boys who left the school within the last two or three years are invited to attend with the school.

ALBANY CEMETERY ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Albany Cemetery Association, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved, That the death of PETER GANSEVOORT has deprived us of one who has been a trustee of the Cemetery Association since its organization, to whose taste and judgment the Cemetery is largely indebted for its admirable design and embellishment.

Resolved, That we only express the universal sentiment and feelings of the community in recording our testimony to his uniform, consistent Christian life and character, to his considerate kindness, dignified demeanor, and graceful courtesy, for which he was so pre-eminently distinguished.

Resolved, That we sympathize with his afflicted family and friends in their bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and published in the daily papers.

THOMAS W. OLCOTT, *President.*
CHARLES VAN BENTHUYSEN, *Secretary.*

Dated January 6, 1876.

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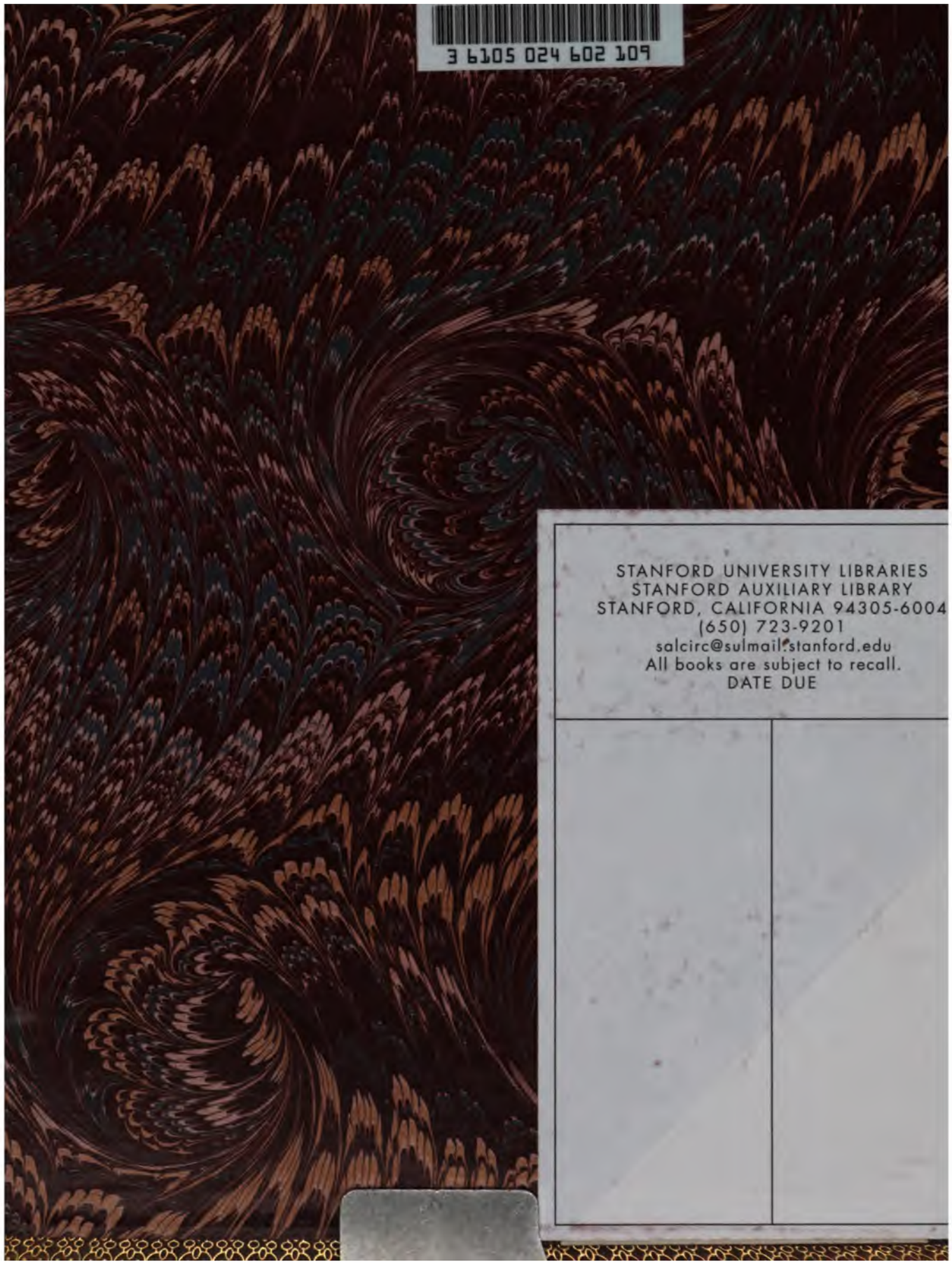

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